

THE
DRAMATICK WORKS
OF
Colley Cibber, Esq;

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING,

CARELESS HUSBAND.	XIMENA, or HEROICK
	DAUGHTER.
RIVAL FOOLS.	RICHARD III.



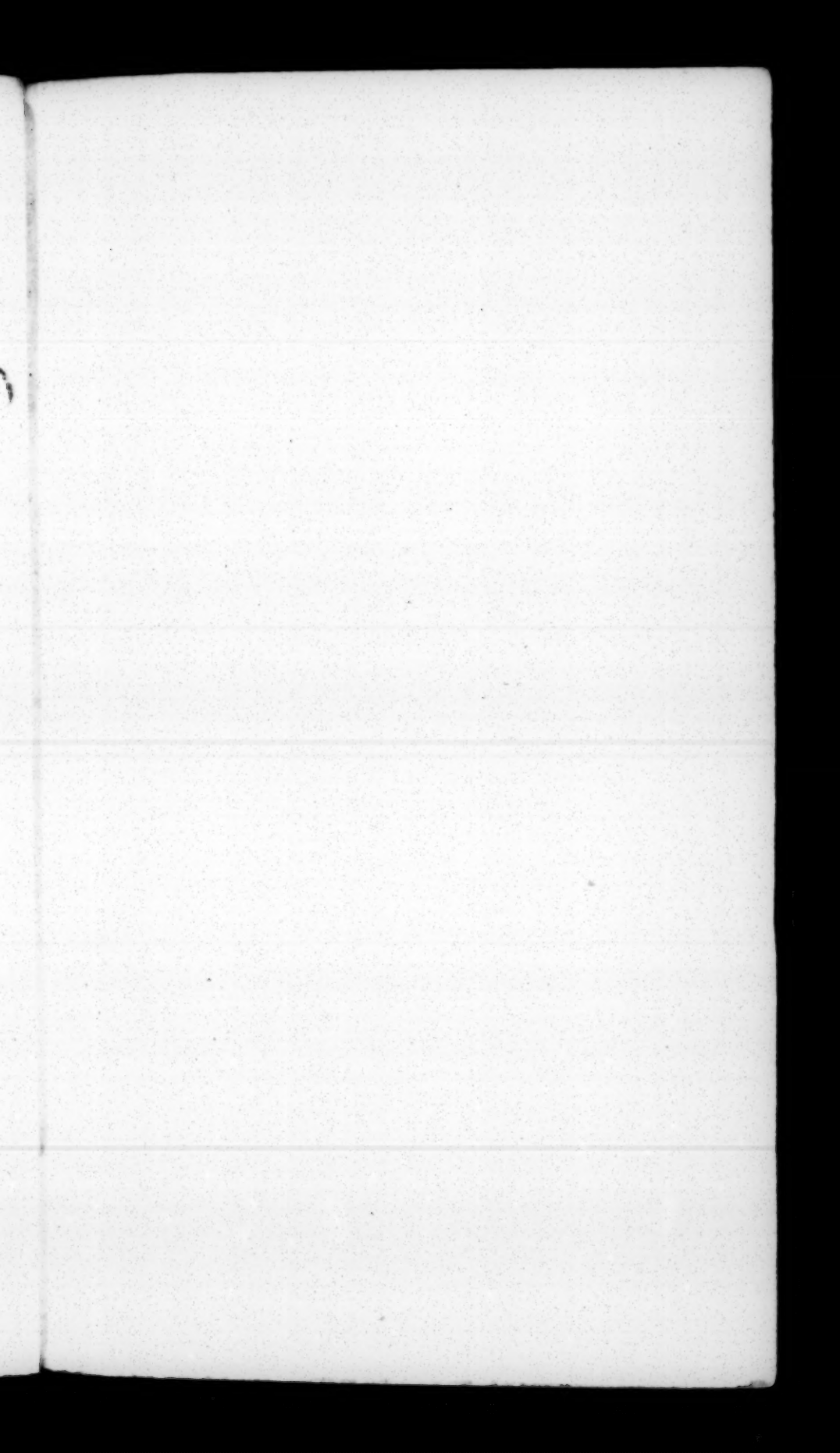
L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-
against *St. Clement's Church* in the Strand.

M. DCC. XXXVI.

1850







Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

T H E
Careless Husband.
A
C O M E D Y.

Written by C. C I B B E R.

*Yet none Sir Fopling Him, or Him can call :
He's Knight o'th' Shire, and represents you all.*

Prol. to Sir Fop.

Qui capit, ille facit.



L O N D O N,
Printed for JACOB TONSON, in the Strand.
MDCCXXXV.





To the most Illustrious

J O H N

DUKE of ARGYLE.



HIS Play, at last, through many Difficulties, has made way to throw it self at your Grace's Feet: And considering what well-meant Attempts were made to intercept it in its Course to so great an Honour, I have had Reason not to think it intirely successful, till (where my Ambition always design'd it) I found it safe in your Protection: Which, when several Means had fail'd of making it less worthy of, the Spleen ended with the Old Good-nature that was offer'd to my first Play, *viz.* That it was none of my own: But that's a Praise I have indeed some Reason to be proud of, since your Grace from evincing Circumstances is able to divide the Malice from the Compliment.

DEDICATION.

The best Criticks have long and justly complain'd, that the Coarseness of most Characters in our late Comedies have been unfit Entertainments for People of Quality, especially the Ladies: And therefore I was long in hopes that some able Pen (whose Expectation did not hang upon the Profits of Success) wou'd generously attempt to reform the Town into a better Taste than the World generally allows 'em: But nothing of that kind having lately appear'd, that would give me an Opportunity of being wise at another's Expence, I found it impossible any longer to resist the secret Temptation of my Vanity, and so even struck the first Blow my self: And the Event has now convinc'd me, that whoever sticks closely to Nature, can't easily write above the Understanding of the Galleries, tho' at the same time he may possibly deserve Applause of the Boxes.

This Play before its Trial on the Stage was examin'd by several People of Quality, that came into your Grace's Opinion of its being a just, a proper and diverting Attempt in Comedy; but few of 'em carry'd the Compliment beyond their private Approbation: For when I was wishing for a little farther Hope, they stopt short of your Grace's Penetration, and only kindly wisht me what they seem'd to fear, and you assur'd me of, a General Success.

But your Grace has been pleas'd, not only to encourage me with your Judgment; but have likewise by your favourable Influence in the Bounties that were rais'd for me the Third and Sixth Day, defended me against any Hazards of an entire Disappointment from so bold an Undertaking: And therefore, whatever the World may think

DEDICATION.

think of me, as one they call a *Poet*, yet I am confident, as your Grace understands me, I shall not want your Belief, when I assure you that this *Dedication* is the Result of a profound Acknowledgment, an Artless Inclination, proudly Glad and Grateful.

And if the Dialogue of the following Scenes flows with more easy turn of Thought and Spirit, than what I have usually produc'd; I shall not yet blame some People for saying 'tis not my own, unless they knew at the same time I owe most of it to the many stolen Observations I have made from your Grace's Manner of Con-
versing.

And if ever the Influence of your Grace's more shining Qualities should persuade me to attempt a *Tragedy*, I shall then, with the same Freedom, borrow all the Ornamental Virtues of my Hero, where now I only am indebted for part of the Fine Gentleman. Greatness of Birth and Mind, Sweetness of Temper, flowing from the fixt and Native Principles of Courage and of Honour, are Beauties that I reserve for a farther Opportunity of expressing the Zeal and Gratitude of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most Obedient,

Dec. 15,
1704.

Most Oblig'd and Humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.



T H E
P R O L O G U E.

OF all the various Vices of the Age,
And Shoals of Fools expos'd upon the Stage,
A few are left that call for Satyr's Rage!
What can you think to see our Plays so full
Of Madmen, Coxcombs, and the dicing Fool;
Of Cits, of Sharpers, Rakes and roaring Bullies,
Of Cheats, of Cuckolds, Aldermen and Cullies?
Wou'd not one swear, 'twere taken for a Rule,
That Satyr's Rod in the Dramatick School,
Was only meant for the incorrigible Fool?
As if too Vice and Folly were confin'd
To the vile Scum alone of human Kind,
Creatures a Muse shou'd scorn; such abject Trash
Deserve not Satyr's but the Hangman's Lash.
Wretches so far shut out from Sense of Shame,
Newgate or Bedlam only shou'd reclaim;
For Satyr ne'er was meant to make wild Monsters tame.
No Sirs. —————

We rather think the Persons fit for Plays,
Are they whose Birth and Education says
They've every Help that shou'd improve Mankind,
Yet still live Slaves to a vile tainted Mind;
Such as in Wit are often seen t'abound,
And yet have some weak Part, where Folly's found:
For Follies sprout like Weeds, highest in fruitful Ground.

And

PROLOGUE.

*And 'tis observ'd, the Garden of the Mind
To no infective Weed's so much inclin'd.
As the rank Pride that some from Affectation find.
A Folly too well known to make its Court
With most Success among the better Sort.
Such are the Persons we to day provide,
And Nature's Fools for once are laid aside.
This is the Ground on which our Play we build;
But in the Structure must to Judgment yield:
And where the Poet fails in Art, or Care,
We beg your wonted Mercy to the Player.*



PROLOGUE

Upon the last CAMPAIGN.

Written by a Person of Quality; design'd
for the Sixth Day, but not spoken.

A *Paying Nation hates the fighting Trade,
And lingring War in usual Methods made;
When Armies walk about from Wood to River,
And Threescore Thousand only get together,
To eat, and drink, consult, and find the way
How without fighting they may earn their Pay;
When prudent Generals get, by Safeguard giving,
An honest, quiet, comfortable Living;
But neerer fight it up to a Thanksgiving.
These manage War with the Physician's Skill,
And use such Means, as neither cure, nor kill:*

P R O L O G U E.

*Like the wise Doctors, safe by their Degrees,
They give weak Doses, but take swinging Fees.
The Trade continuing, which can never end,
While the sick State has any Thing to spend.
Thanks then to him, who strikes at the Disease,
And bravely tries to set the World at ease:
For if such fighting last but one Year more,
Two Danube Victories will quit the Score,
And soon recruit our almost lavish'd Store.
A happy Peace regains our Treasure lost;
Our own the Glory, and our Foes the Cost.*

*No Favour let the homebred Sparks expect,
But Scorn from Men, and from the Fair Neglect.
Beaux, that spend all their Time in soft Love-making;
Those tender Souls, whose Hearts are always aking,
Shun 'em, ye Fair, prevent their am'rous Boasting;
Nor poorly yield to idle Talk, and Toasting.
If you have Favours which you must bestow,
Give 'em the Soldiers, they deserve 'em now;
Who made proud Tyrants sleep, should only kneel to you.*

*Minerva guides our General to Fame,
No Cruelties in War affect his Name.
Mild in the Camp, by no Success made Vain.
A gentle Goddess animates his Mind;
Bold for his Friends, to conquer'd Foes as Kind,
Design'd by Heaven for Anna's happy Reign,
Whose generous Soul seeks only to restrain
Unbounded Tyranny, and lawless Might,
Revenge Oppression, and restore the Right:
War not her Choice, but necessary Foe,
Truth to promote, and humble Insolence.
Where'er her Influence flies, it Joy creates,
And Peace and Safety brings to distant States:
With such Success her Chief begins his Race,
That his first Battle brightly does efface*

The

PROLOGUE.

*The tedious Labours of our Modern Wars;
Outdoes at once, old Soldiers and the Tars.
In him no sauntring in the Field we find,
No Doubt remains where Victory inclin'd.
His Sword decides; no double Praise is giv'n,
Where neither Side is pleas'd, yet both thank Heav'n.
From War he quickly Kingdoms will release:
Rapine and Rage soon turn to Joy and Peace,
And by Destruction make Destruction cease.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

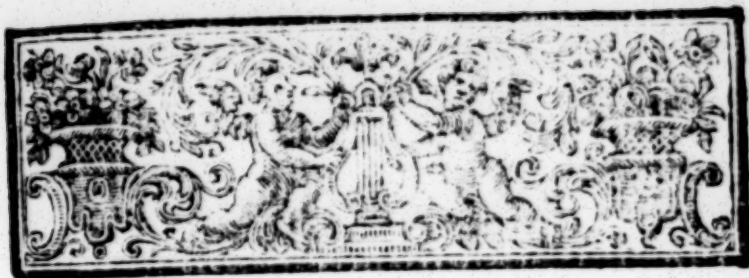
<i>Lord Morelove,</i>	<i>Mr. Powel.</i>
<i>Lord Foppington,</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Sir Charles Easy,</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Betty Modish,</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Lady Easy,</i>	<i>Mrs. Knight.</i>
<i>Lady Graveairs,</i>	<i>Mrs. More.</i>
<i>Mrs. Edging, Woman to Lady Easy,</i>	<i>Mrs. Lucas.</i>

SCENE, *WINDSOR.*

THE



THE
Careless Husband.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Easy alone.

L. E A S Y.



AS ever Woman's Spirit, by an injurious Husband, broke like mine? A vile, licentious Man! must he bring home his Follies too? Wrong me with my very Servant! O! how tedious a Relief is Patience! and yet in my Condition 'tis the only Remedy: For to reproach him with my Wrongs is taking on my self the Means of a Redress, bidding Defiance to his Falshood, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. The uneasy Thought of my continual Jealousy may teize him to a fixt Aversion; and hitherto, tho' he neglects, I cannot think he hates me.— It must be so, since I want Power to please him, he never

never shall upbraid me with an Attempt of making him uneasy—My Eyes and Tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my Wrongs; nor would I have him think my Virtue cou'd suspect him, 'till by some gross apparent Proof of his Mifdoing, he forces me to see—and to forgive it.

Enter Edging hastily.

Edg. O Madam!

L. Ea. What's the matter?

Edg. I have the strangest thing to shew your Ladyship—such a Discovery——

L. Ea. You are resolv'd to make it without much Ceremony, I find? What's the Business pray?

Edg. The Business, Madam, I have not Patience to tell you, I am out of Breath at the very Thoughts on't, I shall not be able to speak this half Hour.

L. Ea. Not to the Purpose I believe! but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of Ease.

Edg. Nay, Madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your Ladyship thinks; there's that will speak to the purpose, I am sure—A base Man—— [*Gives a Letter.*]

L. Ea. What's this, an open Letter! Whence comes it?

Edg. Nay, read it, Madam. you'll soon guess—If these are the Tricks of Husbands, keep me a Maid still, say I.

L. Ea. [*Looking on the Superscription*] To Sir Charles Easy! Ha! Too well I know this hateful Hand—— O my Heart! but I must veil my Jealousy, which 'tis not fit this Creature should suppose I am acquainted with. [*Aside*]——This Direction is to your Master, how came you by it?

Edg. Why, Madam, as my Master was lying down, after he came in from Hunting, he sent me into his Dressing Room to fetch his Snuff-Box out of his Waistcoat-Pocket, and so as I was searching for the Box, Madam, there I found this wicked Letter from a Mistress;

tr^efs; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very Blood rose at him again, methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

L. Ea. Intolerable! This odious Thing's jealous of him her self, and wants me to join with her in a Revenge upon him——Sure I am fallen indeed! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. *[Aside.]*

Edg. Nay, pray, Madam, read it, you'll be out of Patience at it.

L. Ea. You are bold, Mistress; has my Indulgence or your Master's good Humour, flatter'd you into the Assurance of reading his Letters? a Liberty I never gave my self——Here——lay it where you had it immediately——shou'd he know of your Sauciness, 'twould not be my Favour cou'd protect you. *[Exit L. Easy.]*

Edg. Your Favour! Marry come up! Sure I don't depend upon your Favour!——'tis not come to that, I hope——Poor Creature——don't you think I am my Master's Mistress for nothing——you shall find, Madam, I won't be snapt up as I have been——Not but it vexes me to think she shou'd not be as uneasy as I. I am sure he is a bale Man to me, and I could cry my Eyes out that she shou'd not think him as bad to her every Jot. If I am wrong'd, sure she may very well expect it, that is but his Wife——A conceited Thing——she need not be so easy neither——I am as handsome as she, I hope——Here's my Master——I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her, or no. *[Walks behind.]*

Enter Sir Charles Easy.

Sir Cha. So! the Day is come again——Life but rises to another Stage, and the same dull Journey is before us——How like Children do we judge of Happiness! When I was stinted in my Fortune, almost every thing was a Pleasure to me, because most Things then being out of my Reach, I had always the Pleasure of hoping for 'em; now

Fortune's

Fortune's in my Hand she's as insipid as an old Acquaintance—It's mighty silly, Faith—Just the same thing by my Wife too; I am told she's extremely handsome—nay, and have heard a great many People say she is certainly the best Woman in the World—why I don't know but she may, yet I could never find that her Person or good Qualities gave me any Concern—In my Eye the Woman has no more Charms than my Mother.

Edg. Hum!—he takes no Notice of me yet—I'll let him see, I can take as little Notice of him. [*She walks by him gravely, he turns her about and holds her, she struggles*] Pray Sir.

Sir Cha. A pretty pert Air that—I'll humour it—What's the Matter, Child? Are not you well? Kiss me, Huffy.

Edg. No, the Duce fetch me, if I do.

Sir Cha. Has any thing put thee out of Humour, Love?

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis not worth my being out of Humour at—tho' if ever you have any thing to say to me again, I'll be burn'd.

Sir Cha. Some body has bely'd me to thee.

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis you have bely'd your self to me—did not I ask you when you first made a Fool of me, if you would be always constant to me, and did not you say, I might be sure you would? And here instead of that, you are going on in your old Intrigue with my Lady Graceairs.—

Sir Cha. So—

Edg. Beside, don't you suffer my Lady to huff me every Day as if I were her Dog, or had no more concern with you—I declare I won't bear it, and she shan't think to huff me—for ought I know I am as Agreeable as she; and tho' she dares not take any Notice of your Baseness to her, you shan't think to use me so—and so pray take your nasty Letter—I know the Hand well enough—for

my

my part I won't stay in the Family to be abus'd at this rate: I that have refus'd Lords and Dukes for your sake: I'd have you to know, Sir, I have had as many blue and green Ribbons after me, for ought I know, as would have made me a Falbala Apron.

Sir *Cha.* My Lady *Graveairs*! my nasty Letter! and I won't stay in the Family! Death!—I'm in a pretty Condition—What an unlimited Privilege has this Jade got from being a Whore?

Edg. I suppose, Sir, you think to use every Body as you do your Wife.

Sir *Cha.* My Wife, hah! Come hither Mrs. *Edging*, hark you, Drab. [Seizing her by the Shoulder.

Edg. Oh!

Sir *Cha.* When you speak of my Wife, you are to say your Lady, and you are never to speak of your Lady to me in any regard of her being my Wife—for look you, Child, you are not her Strumpet but Mine, therefore I only give you leave to be saucy with me—in the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such Person as my Lady *Graveairs*; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this Letter?

Edg. It's no matter, perhaps.

Sir *Cha.* Ay, but if you shou'd not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great Piece of Flesh out of your Shoulder?—My Dear. [Shakes her.

Edg. O lud! O lud! I will tell you, Sir.

Sir *Cha.* quickly then.—

[Again.

Edg. Oh! I took it out of your Pocket, Sir.

Sir *Cha.* When?

Edg. Oh! this Morning, when you sent me for your Snuff box.

Sir *Cha.* And your Ladyship's pretty Curiosity has look'd it over, I presume—ha— [Again.

Edg. O lud! dear Sir, don't be angry—indeed I'll never touch one again.

Sir

Sir *Cha.* I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Cha.* By stedfastly believing, that the next time you offer it, you will have your pretty white Neck twisted behind you.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

[*Curtesying.*]

Sir *Cha.* And you will be sure to remember every thing I have said to you?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Cha.* And now, Child, I was not angry with your Person, but your Follies; which since I find you are a little sensible of——don't be wholly discourag'd——for I believe I———I shall have Occasion for you again——

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Cha.* In the mean time let me hear no more of your Lady, Child.

Edg. No, Sir.

Sir *Cha.* Here she comes, be gone.

Edg. Yes, Sir——Oh! I was never so frighten'd in my Life.

[*Exit.*]

Sir *Cha.* So! good Discipline makes good Soldiers——It often puzzles me to think, from my own Carelessness, and my Wife's continual good Humour, whether she really knows any thing of the Strength of my Forces——I'll fift her a little.

Enter Lady Easy.

My Dear, how do you do? You are dress'd very early to Day, are you going out?

L. *Ea.* Only to Church, my Dear.

Sir *Cha.* Is it so late then?

L. *Ea.* The Bell has just rung.

Sir *Cha.* Well, Child, how does *Windfor* Air agree with you? Do you find your self any better yet? or have you a Mind to go to *London* again?

L. *Ea.*

L. Ea. No, indeed, my Dear; the Air's so very pleasant, that if it were a Place of less Company, I could be content to end my Days here.

Sir Cha. Pr'ythee, my Dear, what sort of Company would most please you?

L. Ea. When Business would permit it, Yours; and in your Absence a sincere Friend, that were truly happy in an honest Husband, to sit a cheerful Hour, and talk in mutual Praise of our Condition.

Sir Cha. Are you then really very happy, my Dear?

L. Ea. Why should you question it? [*Smiling on him.*]

Sir Cha. Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

L. Ea. Pshaw!

Sir Cha. Nay, the Duce take me if I don't really confess my self so bad, that I have often wonder'd how any Woman of your Sense, Rank and Person, could think it worth her while to have so many usefess good Qualities.

L. Ea. Fy, my Dear.

Sir Cha. By my Soul, I'm serious.

L. Ea. I can't boast of my good Qualities, nor if I could, do I believe you think 'em usefess.

Sir Cha. Nay, I submit to you — Don't you find 'em so? Do you perceive that I am one Tittle the better Husband for your being so good a Wife?

L. Ea. Pshaw! you jest with me.

Sir Cha. Upon my Life I don't — Tell me truly, was you never jealous of me?

L. Ea. Did I ever give you any Sign of it?

Sir Cha. Um — that's true — but do you really think I never gave you Occasion?

L. Ea. That's an odd Question — but suppose you had?

Sir Cha. Why then, what good has your Virtue done you, since all the good Qualities of it could not keep me to your self?

L. Ea.

L. *Ea.* What Occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to my self?

Sir *Cha.* I given you Occasion — Fy! my Dear — you may be sure — I — look you, that is not the Thing, but still a — (Death what a Blunder have I made) — a still, I say, Madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real Cause, but I know Women of your Principles have more Pride than those that have no Principles at all; and where there is Pride there must be some Jealousy — so that if you are jealous, my Dear, you know you wrong me, and —

L. *Ea.* Why then, upon my Word, my Dear, I don't know that ever I wrong'd you that way in my Life.

Sir *Cha.* But suppose I had given a real Cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

L. *Ea.* It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

Sir *Cha.* Say it were a substantial one, suppose now I were well with a Woman of your own Acquaintance, that under Pretence of frequent Visits to you, should only come to carry on an Affair with me — Suppose now my Lady *Graveairs* and I were great? —

L. *Ea.* Wou'd I could not suppose it. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Cha.* If I come off here I believe I am pretty safe. [*Aside.*] — Suppose, I say, my Lady and I were so very familiar, that not only your self, but half the Town should see it!

L. *Ea.* Then I should cry my self sick in some dark Closet, and forget my Tears when you spoke kindly to me.

Sir *Cha.* The most convenient Piece of Virtue sure that ever Wife was Mistress of. [*Aside.*]

L. *Ea.* But pray, my Dear, did you ever think that I had any ill Thoughts of my Lady *Graveairs*?

Sir *Cha.* O fy! Child; only you know she and I us'd to be a little free sometimes, so I had a Mind to see if you

you thought there was any harm in it: But since I find you very easy, I think my self oblig'd to tell you, that upon my Soul, my Dear, I have so little regard to her Person, that the Duce take me, if I would not as soon have an Affair with thy own Woman.

L. Ea. Indeed, my Dear, I should as soon suspect you with one as t'other.

Sir Cha. Poor Dear — should'st thou — give me a Kiss.

L. Ea. Pshaw? you don't care to kiss me.

Sir Cha. By my Soul I do — I wish I may die if I don't think you a very fine Woman.

L. Ea. I only wish you would think me a good Wife. [*Kisses her.*] But pray, my Dear, what has made you so strangely inquisitive?

Sir Cha. Inquisitive — Why — a — I don't know, one's always saying one foolish Thing or another — Toll le roll. [*Sings and talks.*] My Dear, what! are we never to have any Ball here? Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practise. Toll loll loll!

L. Ea. This Excess of Carelessness to me excuses half his Vices: If I can make him once think seriously — 'Time yet may be my Friend.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lord Morelove gives his Service —

Sir Cha. Lord Morelove! where is he?

Serv. At the Chocolate-House; he call'd me to him as I went by, and bid me tell your Honour he'll wait upon you presently.

L. Ea. I thought you had not expected him here again this Season, my Dear?

Sir Cha. I thought so too, but you see there's no depending upon the Resolution of a Man that's in Love.

L. Ea. Is there a Chair?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

L. Ea. I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

Sir Cha.

Sir *Cha.* Ay, poor Soul, for all his Bravery, I am afraid so.

L. *Ea.* Well, my Dear, I han't Time to ask my Lord how he does now ; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

Sir *Cha.* I'll ask him. If you see Lady *Betty* at Prayers make her dine too, but don't take any Notice of my Lord's being in Town.

L. *Ea.* Very well ! if I shou'd not meet her there, I'll call at her Lodgings.

Sir *Cha.* Do so.

L. *Ea.* My Dear, Your Servant. [Ex. L. Easy.

Sir *Cha.* My Dear, I'm yours. Well ! one way or other this Woman will certainly bring about her Business with me at last ; for tho' she can't make me happy in her own Person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the Women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair way of being as weary of them too.

Enter Servant and Lord Morelove.

Serv. Sir, my Lord's come.

L. *Mo.* Dear *Charles* !

Sir *Cha.* My dear Lord ! this is an Happiness undreamt of ; I little thought to have seen you at *Windfor* again this Season ; I concluded of course, that Books and Solitude had secur'd you till Winter.

L. *Mo.* Nay, I did not think of coming my self, but I found my self not very well in *London*, so I thought — a — little Hunting, and this Air —

Sir *Cha.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

L. *Mo.* What do you laugh at ?

Sir *Cha.* Only because you should not go on with your Story : If you did but see how silly a Man fumbles for an Excuse, when he's a little ashamed of being in Love, you would not wonder what I laugh at, ha ! ha !

L. *Mo.*

L. Mo. Thou art a very happy Fellow — nothing touches thee — always easy — Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again.

Sir Cba. Yes, Faith do I : and to make you easy, my Lord, I cannot see why a Man that can ride fifty Miles after a poor Stag, should be asham'd of running twenty in Chase of a fine Woman, that in all probability, will make him so much the better Sport too. [Embracing.

L. Mo. Dear Charles don't flatter my Distemper, I own I still follow her: Do you think her Charms have Power to excuse me to the World?

Sir Cba. Ay! ay! a fine Woman's an Excuse for any Thing; and the Scandal of her being in Jest, is a Jest it self: we are all forced to be their Fools, before we can be their Favourites.

L. Mo. You are willing to give me hope, but I can't believe she has the least Degree of Inclination for me.

Sir Cba. I don't know that — I'm sure her Pride likes you, and that's generally your fine Lady's darling Passion.

L. Mo. Do you suppose if I could grow indifferent, it wou'd touch her.

Sir Cba. Sting her to the Heart — Will you take my Advice?

L. Mo. I have no Relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an Hour, my Life were insupportable.

Sir Cba. I am sorry for that, my Lord — but mind what I say to you — But hold, first let me know the Particulars of your late Quarrel with her.

L. Mo. Why — about three Weeks ago, when I was last here at *Windfor*, she had for some Days treated me with a little more Reserve, and another with more Freedom than I found my self easy at.

Sir Cba. Who was that other?

L. Mo. One of my Lord *Foppington's* Gang, the pert Coxcomb that's just come to a small Estate, and a great Perriwig — he that sings himself among the Women

men——What d'ye call him——He won't speak to a Commoner when a Lord's in Company——You always see him with a Cane dangling at his Button, his Breast open, no Gloves, one Eye tuck'd under his Hat, and a Tooth-pick——*Startup*, that's his Name.

Sir Cha. O! I have met him in a Visit——but pray go on.

L. Mo. So, disputing with her about the Conduct of Women, I took the Liberty to tell her how far I thought she err'd in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any Man could love a Woman, that thought her in the wrong in any thing she had a Mind to, at least if he dar'd to tell her so——This provok'd me into her whole Character, with as much Spite and Civil Malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a Woman of true Beauty, when the Men first toald her; so in the middle of my Wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud Heart along with me and trouble her no more——I——bow'd very low, and as I left the Room, vow'd I never wou'd, and that my proud Heart should never be humbled by the Outside of a fine Woman——About an Hour after, I whip'd into my Chaise for *London*, and have never seen her since.

Sir Cha. Very well, and how did you find your proud Heart by that time you got to *Hounslow*?

L. Mo. I am almost aghast to tell you——I found her so much in the right, that I curs'd my Pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think according to her Maxim, that no Woman could be in the wrong to a Man that she had in her Power.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! well, I'll tell you what you shall do. You can see her without trembling, I hope?

L. Mo. Not if she receives me well.

Sir Cha. If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you——first, you shall dine with her.

L. Mo.

L. Mo. How! where! when!

Sir Cha. Here! here! at two a Clock.

L. Mo. Dear Charles!

Sir Cha. My Wife's gone to invite her; when you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see by the Ease in your Behaviour, you are still pleas'd in being near her, while she is upon reasonable Terms with you. This will either open the Door of an *Eclaircissement* or quite shut it against you——and if she is still resolv'd to keep you out——

L. Mo. Nay, if she insults me then, perhaps I may recover Pride enough to rally her by an over-acted Submission.

Sir Cha. Why, you improve, my Lord; this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

L. Mo. Was it, Faith! Hark you, dare you stand by me?

Sir Cha. Dare I! ay, to my last drop of Assurance, against all the insolent Airs of the proudest Beauty in *Christendom*.

L. Mo. Nay, then Defiance to her——We two——Thou hast inspir'd me, I find my self as valiant as a flatter'd Coward.

Sir Cha. Courage, my Lord----I'll warrant we beat her.

L. Mo. My Blood flirs at the very thought on't; I long to be engag'd.

Sir Cha. She'll certainly give Ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provok'd.

L. Mo. Dear Charles, thou art a Friend indeed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* gives his Service, and if your Honours at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he's dress'd.

L. Mo. Lord *Foppington*! is he in Town?

Sir Cha. Yes——I heard last Night he was come. Give my Service to his Lordship, and tell him I shall be glad he'll do me the Honour of his Company here at Dinner.

mer. [*Exit Serv.*] We may have Occasion for him in our Design upon Lady Betty.

L. Mo. What Use can we make of him?

Sir Cha. We'll see when he comes; at least there's no Danger in him; not but I suppose you know he's your Rival.

L. Mo. Pshaw! a Coxcomb.

Sir Cha. Nay, don't despise him neither—he's able to give you Advice; for tho' he's in Love with the same Woman, yet to him she has not Charms enough to give a Minute's Pain.

L. Mo. Pr'ythee, what Sense has he of Love?

Sir Cha. Faith very near as much as a Man of Sense ought to have; I grant you he knows not how to value a Woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just Esteem for most Ladies about Town.

L. Mo. That he follows, I grant you—for he seldom visits any of extraordinary Reputation.

Sir Cha. Have a Care, I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

L. Mo. To be laugh'd at.

Sir Cha. Don't be too confident of that, the Women now begin to laugh With him, not At him: for he really sometimes rallies his own Humour with so much Ease and Pleasantry, that a great many Women begin to think he has no Follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his Youth, and a great Estate, as want of natural Wit: 'Tis true, he's often a Bubble to his Pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the Ladies humble Servant in Love.

L. Mo. There indeed I almost envy him.

Sir Cha. The Easiness of his Opinion upon the Sex, will go near to pique you—We must have him.

L. Mo. As you please—but what shall we do with our selves till Dinner?

Sir Cha

Sir Cba. What think you of a Party at Picquet?

L. Mo. O! you are too hard for me.

Sir Cba. Fy! fy! what, when you play with his Grace?

L. Mo. Upon my Soul, he gives me three Points.

Sir Cba. Does he? why then you shall give me but two—Here, Fellow, get Cards. *Allons.* [Exit.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Lady Betty Modish's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy, meeting.

L. Bet. OH! my Dear! I am overjoy'd to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just receiv'd my new Scarf from *London*, and you are most critically come to give me your Opinion of it.

L. Ea. O! your Servant, Madam, I am a very indifferent Judge, you know: What, is it with Sleeves?

L. Bet. O! 'tis impossible to tell you what it is!—'Tis all Extravagance both in Mode and Fancy, my Dear, I believe there's Six Thousand Yards of Edging in it—Then such an enchanting Sloop from the Elbow—something so New, so Lively, so Noble, so Coquet and Charming—but you shall see it, my Dear—

L. Ea. Indeed I won't, my Dear; I am resolv'd to mortify you for being so wrongly fond of a Trifle.

L. Bet. Nay, now, my Dear, you are ill-natur'd.

L. Ea. Why truly, I'm half asgry to see a Woman of your Sense, so warmly concern'd in the Care of her Out-

Edo; for when we have taken our best Pains about it, 'tis the Beauty of the Mind alone that gives us lasting Value.

L. Bet. Ah! my Dear, my Dear! you have been a married Woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the Taste of Mankind: Take my Word, a new Fashion, upon a fine Woman, is often a greater Proof of her Value, that you are aware of.

L. Ea. That I can't comprehend, for you see among the Men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new Fashion. Those of the first Sense are always the last that come into 'em?

L. Bet. That is, because the only Merit of a Man is his Sense; but doubtless the greatest Value of a Woman is her Beauty; an homely Woman at the Head of a Fashion, would not be allowed in it by the Men, and consequently not follow'd by the Women: So that to be successful in one's Fancy, is an evident Sign of one's being admir'd, and I always take Admiration for the best Proof of Beauty, and Beauty certainly is the Source of Power, as Power in all Creatures is the height of Happiness.

L. Ea. At this rate you would rather be thought Beautiful than Good.

L. Bet. As I had rather Command than Obey: The wisest homely Woman can't make a Man of Sense of a Fool, but the veriest Fool of a Beauty shall make an Ass of a Statesman; so that in short, I can't see a Woman of Spirit has any Business in this World but to dress—— and make the Men like her.

L. Ea. Do you suppose this is a Principle the Men of Sense will admire you for?

L. Bet. I do suppose, that when I suffer any Man to like my Person, he shan't dare to find Fault with my Principle.

L. Ea. But Men of Sense are not so easily humbled.

L. Bet. The easiest of any; one has Ten thousand times the Trouble with a Coxcomb.

L. Ea.

L. *Ea.* Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good Humour in hopes of a *Tendresse* from my Lord *Foppington*, who loves all Women alike, than would have made my Lord *Morelove* perfectly happy, who loves only you.

L. *Bet.* The Men of Sense, my Dear, make the best Fools in the World: their Sincerity and good Breeding throw's 'em so entirely into one's Power, and gives one such an agreeable Thirst of using them ill, to shew that Power——'tis impossible not to quench it.

L. *Ea.* But methinks, my Lord *Morelove*'s Manner to you might move any Woman to a kinder Sense of his Merit.

L. *Bet.* Ay! but would it not be hard my Dear, for a poor weak Woman to have a Man of his Quality and Reputation in her Power, and not let the World see him there? Would any Creature fit New-dress'd all Day in her Closet? Could you bear to have a sweet fan'y'd Suit, and never shew it at the Play, or the Drawing-Room?

L. *Ea.* But one wou'd not ride in't, methinks, or haras it out, when there's no occasion.

L. *Bet.* Pooh! my Lord *Morelove*'s a meer *Indian* Damask, one can't wear him out; o' my Conscience I must give him to my Woman at last, I begin to be known by him: Had not I best leave him off, my Dear? for (poor Soul) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

L. *Ea.* Now 'tis to me amazing, how a Man of his Spirit can bear to be us'd like a Dog for four or five Years together——but nothing's a Wonder in Love; yet pray, when you found you cou'd not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him?

L. *Bet.* Why, what wou'd you have one do? for my part, I cou'd no more choose a Man by my Eye, than a Shoe; one must draw 'em on a little to see if they are right to one's Foot.

L. Ed. But I'd no more fool on with a Man I cou'd not like, than I'd wear a Shoe that pinch'd me.

L. Bet. Ay, but then a poor Wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a Trifle, as a pair of Shoes or an Heart, upon a Fellow's Hands again.

L. Ea. Well! I confess you are very happily distinguished among most Women of Fortune, to have a Man of my Lord *Morelove's* Sense and Quality so long and honourably in Love with you: For now-a days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a Man of Quality in Love with the Woman he wou'd marry: To be in Love now, is only having a Design upon a Woman, a modish way of declaring War against her Virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her Vanity.

L. Bet. Ay, but the World knows that is not the Case between my Lord and me.

L. Ea. Therefore I think you happy.

L. Bet. Now I don't see it, I'll swear I'm better pleas'd to know there are a great many foolish Fellows of Quality, that take Occasion to toast me frequently.

L. Ea. I vow I shou'd not thank any Gentleman for toasting me, and I have often wonder'd how a Woman of your Spirit cou'd bear a great many other Freedoms I have seen some Men take with you.

L. Bet. As how, my Dear? come pr'ythee be free with me, for you must know, I love dearly to hear my Faults—Who is't you have observ'd to be too free with me?

L. Ea. Why there's my Lord *Foppington*; cou'd any Woman but you bear to see him with a respectful Fleece stare full in her Face, draw up his Breath and cry—Gad, you're handsome?

L. Bet. My Dear, fine Fruit will have Flies about it, but, poor things, they do it no harm: For if you observe, People are generally most apt to choose that the Flies have been busy with, ha! ha!

L. Ea.

L. *Ea.* Thou art a strange giddy Creature.

L. *Bet.* That may be from so much Circulation of Thought, my Dear.

L. *Ea.* But my Lord *Foppington's* married, and one would not fool with him for his Lady's sake; it may make her uneasy, and——

L. *Bet.* Poor Creature, her Pride indeed makes her carry it off without taking any notice of it to me; tho' I know she hates me in her Heart, and I can't endure malicious People, so I us'd to dine with her once a Week, purely to give her Disorder; if you had but seen when my Lord and I fool'd a little, the Creature look'd so ugly.

L. *Ea.* But I should not think my Reputation safe; my Lord *Foppington's* a Man that talks often of his Amours, but seldom speaks of Favours that are refus'd him.

L. *Bet.* Pshaw; will any thing a Man says make a Woman less agreeable? Will his talking spoil one's Complexion, or put one's Hair out of order?——and for Reputation, look you, my Dear, take it for a Rule, that as amongst the lower Rank of People, no Woman wants Beauty that has Fortune; so amongst People of Fortune, no Woman wants Virtue that has Beauty: But an Estate and Beauty join'd, are of an unlimited, nay, a Power Pontifical, make one not only Absolute, but Infallible——A fine Woman's never in the Wrong, or if we were, 'tis not the Strength of a poor Creature's Reason that can unfetter him——O! how I love to hear a Wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a——

“ Yet for the Plague of human Race,

“ This Devil has an Angel's Face.

L. *Ea.* At this rate, I don't see you allow Reputation to be at all Essential to a fine Woman.

L. *Bet.* Just as much as Honour to a great Man: Power always is above scandal: Don't you hear People say, the King of *France* owes most of his Conquests to break-

ing his Word? and would not the Confederates have a fine time on't, if they were only to go to War with Reproaches? Indeed, my Dear, that Jewel Reputation is a very fanfiful Business; one shall not see an homely Creature in Town, but wears it in her Mouth as monstrously as the *Indians* do Bobs at their Lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

L. *Ea.* Have a care, my Dear, of trussing too far to Power alone: For nothing is more ridiculous than the Fall of Pride; and Woman's Pride at best may be suspected to be more a Distrust, than a real Contempt of Mankind: For when we have said all we can, a deserving Husband is certainly our best Happiness; and I don't question but my Lord *Morelove's* Merit, in a little time, will make you think so too; for whatever Airs you give your self to the World, I'm sure your Heart don't want good Nature.

L. *Bet.* You are mistaken, I am very ill-natur'd, tho' your good Humour won't let you see it.

L. *Ea.* Then to give me a Proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promis'd Sir *Charles* to bring you.

L. *Bet.* Pray don't ask me.

L. *Ea.* Why?

L. *Bet.* Because to let you see I hate good Nature, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the Malice to say I did you a Favour.

L. *Ea.* Thou art a mad Creature. [*Ex. Arm in Arm.*]



The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Lord Morelove and Sir Charles at Picquet.

Sir Cha. COME, my Lord, one single Game for the Tout, and so have done.

L. Mo. No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em; Ill Cards are the dullest Company in the World—How much is it?

Sir Cha. Three Parties.

L. Mo. Fifteen Pound——very well.

[While L. Mo. counts out his Money, a Servant gives Sir Charles a Letter, which he reads to himself.]

Sir Cha. [to the Servant] Give my Service, say I have Company dines with me, if I have time I'll call here in the Afternoon——ha! ha! ha! [Ex. Serv.]

L. Mo. What's the Matter——there——

[Paying the Money.]

Sir Cha. The old Affair——my Lady Graveairs.

L. Mo. O! pr'ythee how does that go on?

Sir Cha. As agreeably as a Chancery Suit: For now it's come to the intolerable Plague of my not being able to get rid on't; as you may see—— [Giving the Letter.]

L. Mo. [Reads.] “Your Behaviour since I came to
“Windfor, has convinc'd me of your Villany with-
“out my being surpriz'd, or angry at it: I desire you
“would let me see you at my Lodgings immedi-
“ately, where I shall have a better Opportunity to
“convince you, that I never can, or positively will
“be as I have been, Yours, &c.

A very whimsical Letter!---Faith, I think she has hard luck with you; if a Man were oblig'd to have a Mistress, her Person and Condition seem to be cut out for the

Ease of a Lover: For she's a young, handsome, wild, well-jointured Widow—But what's your Quarrel?

Sir *Cha.* Nothing—she sees the Coolness happens to be first on my side, and her Business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me, how heartily she's vex'd, that she was not beforehand with me.

L. *Mo.* Her Pride and your Indifference must occasion a pleasant Scene sure; what do you intend to do?

Sir *Cha.* Treat her with a cool familiar Air, till I pique her to forbid me her Sight, and then take her at her Word.

L. *Mo.* Very gallant and provoking. [*Enter a Serv.*

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Foppington*— [*Exit.*

Sir *Cha.* O—now, my Lord, if you have a mind to be let into the Mystery of making Love without Pain,—here's one that's a Master of the Art, and shall declaim to you—

Enter Lord Foppington.

My dear Lord *Foppington*!

L. *Fop.* My Dear Agreeable! *Que Je t'embrasse! Pardi! Il y a cent Anns que Je ne Tay veu*—my Lord, I am your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

L. *Mo.* My Lord, I kiss your Hands—I hope we shall have you here some Time; you seem to have laid in a Stock of Health to be in at the Diversions of the Place.—You look extremely well.

L. *Fop.* To see one's Friends look so, my Lord, may easily give a *Vermeile* to one's Complexion.

Sir *Cha.* Lovers in hope, my Lord, always have a visible *Brillant* in their Eyes and Air.

L. *Fop.* What dost thou mean, *Charles*?

Sir *Cha.* Come, come, confess what really brought you to *Windfor*, now you have no Business there?

L. *Fop.* Why two Hours, and six of the best Nags in Christendom, or the Devil drive me.

L. *Mo.* You make haste, my Lord.

L. *Fop.*

L. Fop. My Lord, I always fly when I pursue——But they are well kept indeed——I love to have Creatures go as I bid 'em; you have seen 'em, *Charles*, but so has all the World; *Foppington's* Long-tails are known in every Road in *England*.

Sir *Cha*. Well, my Lord, but how came they to bring you this Road? You don't use to take these irregular Jaunts without some Design in your Head of having more than Nothing to do.

L. Fop. Pshaw! Pox! pr'ythee *Charles*, thou know'st I am a fellow *sans Consequence*, be where I will.

Sir *Cha*. Nay, nay, this is too much among Friends, my Lord; come, come,——we must have it, your real Business here?

L. Fop. Why then, *Entre Nous*, there is a certain *Fille de Joye* about the Court here that loves Winning at Cards better than all the fine things I have been able to say to her,——so I have brought an odd Thousand Bill in my Pocket that I design *Tete a Tete*, to play off with her at Picquet, or so; and now the Business is out.

Sir *Cha*. Ah! and a very good Business too, my Lord.

L. Fop. If it be well done, *Charles*——

Sir *Cha*. That's as you manage your Cards, my Lord.

L. Mo. This must be a Woman of Consequence by the Value you set upon her Favours.

Sir *Cha*. O! nothing's above the Price of a fine Woman.

L. Fop. Nay, look you, Gentlemen, the Price may not happen to be altogether so high neither——For I fancy I know enough of the Game, to make it but an even Bett I get her for nothing.

L. Mo. How so, my Lord?

L. Fop. Because, if she happen to lose a good Sum to me, I shall buy her with her own Money.

L. Mo. That's new, I confess.

L. Fop. You know, *Charles*, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred Pounds deep with her,——then Bills

may fall short, and the Devil's in't if I want Assurance to ask her to pay me some way or other.

Sir *Cha.* And a Man must be a Churl indeed, that won't take a Lady's Personal Security ; hah ! hah ! hah !

L. Fop. Heh ! heh ! heh ! thou art a Devil, *Charles.*

L. Mo. Death ! how happy is this Coxcomb ? [*Aside.*

L. Fop. But to tell you the Truth, Gentlemen, — I had another pressing Temptation that brought me hither, which was — my Wife.

L. Mo. That's kind indeed, my Lady has been here this Month, she'll be glad to see you.

L. Fop. That I don't know ; for I design this Afternoon to send her to *London.*

L. Mo. What ! the same Day you come, my Lord ? that would be cruel.

L. Fop. Ay, but it will be mighty convenient, for she is positively of no Manner of Use in my Amours.

L. Mo. That's your Fault, the Town thinks her a very deserving Woman.

L. Fop. If she were a Woman of the Town, perhaps I shou'd think so too ; but she happens to be my Wife, and when a Wife is once given to deserve more than her Husband's Inclinations can pay, in my Mind she has no Merit at all.

L. Mo. She's extremely well-bred, and of a very prudent Conduct.

L. Fop. Um — ay — the Woman's proud enough.

L. Mo. Add to this, all the World allows her handsom.

L. Fop. The World's extremely civil, my Lord ; and I should take it as a Favour done to me, if they could find an Expedient to unmarry the poor Woman from the only Man in the World that can't think her handsom.

L. Mo. I believe there are a great many in the World that are sorry 'tis not in their Power to unmarry her.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. I am a great many in the World's very humble Servant, and whenever they find 'tis in their Power, their high and mighty Wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an Hour's Warning.

L. Mo. Pray, my Lord, what did you marry for?

L. Fop. To pay my Debts at play, and disinherit my younger Brother.

L. Mo. But there are some Things due to a Wife.

L. Fop. And there are some Debts I don't care to pay — to both which I plead Husband, and my Lord.

L. Mo. If I should do so, I shou'd expect to have my own Coach sloop in the Street, and to meet my Wife with the Windows up in a Hackney.

L. Fop. Then wou'd I put in Bail, and order a separate Maintenance.

L. Mo. So pay double the Sum of the Debt, and be marry'd for nothing.

L. Fop. Now I think deferring a Dun, and getting rid of one's Wife, are two the most agreeable Sweets in the Liberties of an *English* Subject.

L. Mo. If I were marry'd, I wou'd as soon part from my Estate, as my Wife.

L. Fop. Now I wou'd not, Sun burn me if I wou'd.

L. Mo. Death! But since you are thus indifferent, my Lord, why would you needs marry a Woman of so much Merit? Cou'd not you have laid out your Spleen upon some ill-natur'd Shrew, that wanted the Plague of an ill Husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest Man of Quality that wou'd have deserv'd her.

L. Fop. Why faith, my Lord, that might have been consider'd; but I really grew so passionately fond of her Fortune, that, Curse catch me, I was quite blind to the rest of her good Qualities: For to tell you the Truth, if it had been possible the old Put of a Peer cou'd have toss'd me in t'other five Thousand for 'em, by my Consent, she shou'd

shou'd have relinquish'd her Merit and Virtues to any of her younger Sisters.

Sir *Cha.* Ay, ay, my Lord, Virtues in a Wife are good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the World in mind of her Husband's Faults.

L. *Fop.* Right, *Charles*: And strike me Blind, but the Women of Virtue are now grown such Ideots in Love, they expect of a Man, just as they do of a Coach-Horse, that one's Appetite, like t'other's Flesh, should increase by Feeding.

Sir *Cha.* Right, my Lord, and don't consider that *Toutjours Chapons Bouilles* will never do with an *English Stomach*.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! To tell you the Truth, *Charles*, I have known so much of that sort of Eating, that I now think, for an hearty Meal, no Wild Fowl in *Europe* is comparable to a Joint of *Banstead* Mutton.

L. *Mo.* How do you mean?

L. *Fop.* Why, that for my Part, I had rather have a plain Slice of my Wife's Woman, than my Guts full of e'er an *Ortolan* Duchefs in *Christendom*.

L. *Mo.* But I thought, my Lord, your chief Business now at *Windſor* had been your Design upon a Woman of Quality.

L. *Fop.* That's true, my Lord, tho' I don't think your fine Lady the best Dish my self, yet a Man of Quality can't be without such Things at his Table.

L. *Mo.* O! then you only desire the Reputation of an Affair with her.

L. *Fop.* I think the Reputation is the most inviting Part of an Amour with most Women of Quality.

L. *Mo.* Why so, my Lord?

L. *Fop.* Why who the Devil would run through all the Degrees of Form and Ceremony, that lead one up to the last Favour, if it were not for the Reputation of understanding the nearest Way to get over the Difficulty.

L. *Mo.*

L. Mo. But, my Lord, does not the Reputation of your being so general an Undertaker frighten the Women from engaging with you? For they say, no Man can love but one at a Time.

L. Fop. That's just one more than ever I came up to: For, stop my Breath, if ever I lov'd one in my Life.

L. Mo. How do you get 'em then?

L. Fop. Why sometimes as they get other People; I dress, and let them get me; or, if that won't do, as I got my Title, I buy 'em.

L. Mo. But how can you, that profess Indifference, think it worth your while to come so often up to the Price of a Woman of Quality?

L. Fop. Because you must know, my Lord, that most of them begin now to come down to Reason; I mean those that are to be had, for some die Fools: But with the wiser Sort, 'tis not of late so very expensive; now and then a *Partie Quarrie*, a Jaunt or two in a Hack to an *Indian House*, a little *China*, an odd Thing for a Gown, or so, and in three Days after you meet her at the Conveniency of trying it *Chez Mademoiselle D'Epingles*.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, my Lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little Chat, a Dish of Tea, *Mademoiselle's* good Humour, and a *Petit Chanson*, or two, the Devil's in't if a Man can't fool away the Time, 'till he sees how it looks upon her by Candle-light.

L. Fop. Heh! heh! well said, *Charles*, I'gad I fancy thee and I have unlac'd many a Reputation there — — Your great Lady is as soon undress'd as her Woman.

L. Mo. I could never find it so — — the Shame or Scandal of a Repulsi^{on}, always made me afraid of attempting a Woman of Condition.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! I'gad, my Lord, you deserve to be ill us'd, your Modesty's enough to spoil any Woman in the World; but my Lord and I understand the Sex a little better, we see plainly that Women are only cold, as some
Men

Men are Brave, from the Modesty or Fear of those that attack 'em.

L. Fop. Right *Charles* — a Man should no more give up his Heart to a Woman, than his Sword to a Bully; they are both as insolent as the Devil after it.

Sir Cha. How do you like that, my Lord?

[*Aside to L. Mo.*

L. Mo. Faith I envy him — But, my Lord, suppose your Inclination should stumble upon a Woman truly virtuous, would not a severe Repulse from such an one put you strangely out of Countenance?

L. Fop. Not at all, my Lord — for if a Man don't mind a Box o' the Ear in a fair Struggle with a fresh Country Girl, why the Duce should he be concern'd at an impertinent Frown for an Attack upon a Woman of Quality?

L. Mo. Then you have no Notion of a Lady's Cruelty?

L. Fop. Ha! ha! let me Blood, if I think there's a greater Jest in Nature. I am ready to crack my Guts with laughing to see a senseless Flirt, because the Creature happens to have a little Pride that she calls Virtue about her, give her self all the insolent Airs of Resentment and Disdain to an honest Fellow, that all the while does not care three Pinches of Snuff if she and her Virtue were to run with their last Favours through the first Regiment of Guards — Ha! ha! — it puts me in mind of an Affair of mine, so impertinent —

L. Mo. O! that's impossible, my Lord — pray let's hear it.

L. Fop. Why I happen'd once to be very well in a certain Man of Quality's Family, and his Wife lik'd me.

L. Mo. How do you know she lik'd you?

L. Fop. Why from the very Moment I told her I lik'd her, she never durst trust her self at the End of a Room with me.

L. Mo. That might be her not liking you.

L. Fop.

The CARELESS HUSBAND. 41

L. Fop. My Lord ——— Women of Quality don't use to speak the Thing plain ——— but to satisfy you I did not want Encouragement, I never came there in my Life, but she did immediately smile, and borrow my Snuff-Box.

L. Mo. She lik'd your Snuff at least ——— Well, but how did she use you!

L. Fop. By all that's infamous she jilted me.

L. Mo. How! Jilt you?

L. Fop. Ay, Death's Curse, she jilted me.

L. Mo. Pray let's hear.

L. Fop. For when I was pretty well convinc'd she had a Mind to me, I one Day made her a Hint of an Appointment: Upon which, with an insolent Frown in her Face (that made her look as ugly as the Devil) she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her Lord should know that she had forbidden me the House before; ——— Did you ever hear of such a Slut?

Sir Cha. Intolerable!

L. Mo. But how did her Answer agree with you?

L. Fop. O, passionately well! for I star'd full in her Face, and burst out a laughing; at which she turn'd upon her Heel, and gave a Crack with her Fan like a Coach-whip, and bridl'd out of the Room with the Air and Complexion of an incens'd Turkey-Cock.

[*A Servant whispers Sir Charles.*]

L. Mo. What did you then?

L. Fop. I ——— look'd after her, gap'd, threw up the Sash, and fell a singing out of the Window, ——— so that you see, my Lord, while a Man is not in Love, there's no great Affliction in missing one's way to a Woman.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, you talk this very well, my Lord; but now let's see how you dare behave your self upon Action ——— Dinner's serv'd, and the Ladies stay for us ——— There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a Man as your self.

L. Mo.

42 *The CARELESS HUSBAND.*

L. Mo. I guess who you mean — Have a Care, my Lord, she'll prove your Courage for you.

L. Fop. Will she! then she's an undone Creature. For let me tell you, Gentleman, Courage is the whole Mystery of making Love, and of more use than Conduct is in War; for the bravest Fellow in *Europe* may beat his Brains out against the stubborn Walls of a Town — But

—— “Women, born to be controll'd,

“ Stoop to the Forward, and the Bold.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Lord Morelove and Sir Charles.

L. Mo. SO! Did not I bear up bravely?

Sir Cha. Admirably! with the best bred Insolence in Nature, you insulted like a Woman of Quality when her Country-bred Husband's jealous of her in the wrong Place.

L. Mo. Ha! ha! Did you observe, when I first came into the Room, how carelessly she brush'd her Eyes over me, and when the Company saluted me, stood all the while with her Face to the Window? ha! ha!

Sir Cha. What astonish'd Airs she gave her self, when you ask'd her, what made her so grave upon her old Friends?

L. Mo.

The CARELESS HUSBAND. 43

L. Mo. And whenever I offer'd any Thing in Talk, what affected Care she took to direct her Observations of it to a third Person?

Sir Cha. I observ'd she did not eat above the Rump of a Pigeon all Dinner Time.

L. Mo. And how she colour'd when I told her, her Ladyship had lost her Stomach.

Sir Cha. If you keep your Temper she's undone.

L. Mo. Provided she sticks to her Pride, I believe I may.

Sir Cha. Ah! never fear her; I warrant in the Humour she is in, she would as soon part with her Sense of Feeling.

L. Mo. Well! what's to be done next?

Sir Cha. Only observe her Motions; for by her Behaviour at Dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my Lord *Foppington*: If so, you must even stand her Fire, and then play my Lady *Graveairs* upon her, whom I'll immediately pique and prepare for your Purpose.

L. Mo. I understand you —— the properest Woman in the World too, for she'll certainly encourage the least Offer from me, in hopes of revenging her Slights upon you.

Sir Cha. Right; and the very Encouragement she gives you, at the same Time will give me a Pretence to widen the Breach of my Quarrel to her.

L. Mo. Besides, *Charles*, I own I am fond of any Attempt that will forward a Misunderstanding there, for your Lady's sake: A Woman so truly good in her Nature, ought to have something more from a Man, than bare Occasions to prove her Goodness.

Sir Cha. Why then, upon Honour, my Lord, to give you Proof that I am positively the best Husband in the World, my Wife —— never yet found me out.

L. Mo. That may be her being the best Wife in the World; She, may be, won't find you out.

Sir

Sir *Cha.* Nay, if she won't tell a Man of his Faults, when she sees 'em, how the Duce should he mend 'em? but however, you see I am going to leave 'em off as fast as I can.

L. *Mo.* Being tir'd of a Woman is indeed a pretty tolerable Assurance of a Man's not designing to fool on with her — Here she comes, and if I don't mistake, Brim-full of Reproaches — You can't take her in a better Time — I'll leave you.

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant, is the Company broke up, pray?

L. *Gra.* No, my Lord, they are just talking of Buffet; my Lord *Foppington* has a Mind to tally, if your Lordship would encourage the Table.

L. *Mo.* O Madam, with all my Heart! But Sir *Charles*, I know, is hard to be got to it; I'll leave your Ladyship to prevail with him. [Ex. L. *Mo.*

Sir Charles and Lady Graveairs salute coldly, and trifle some Time before they speak.

L. *Gra.* Sir *Charles*, I sent you a Note this Morning —

Sir *Cha.* Yes, Madam, but there were some Passages I did not expect from your Ladyship; you seem'd to tax me with Things that —

L. *Gra.* Look you, Sir, 'tis not at all material, whether I tax'd you with any Thing or no: I don't in the least desire to hear you clear your self, upon my Word, you may be very easy as to that Matter; for my Part, I am mighty well satisfy'd, Things are as they are; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give your self the Trouble to call at my Lodgings this Afternoon, if you should have 'Time, as you were pleas'd to send me Word — and so your Servant, Sir, that's all — [Going.

Sir *Cha.* Hold, Madam.

L. *Gra.* Look you, Sir *Charles*, 'tis not your calling me back that will signify any Thing, I can assure you.

Sir *Cha.* Why this extraordinary Haste, Madam?

L. *Gra.* In short, Sir *Charles*, I have taken a great many Things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer: — But I see Things are in vain, and the more People strive to oblige People, the less they are thank'd for't: And since there must be an end of one's Ridiculousness one Time or other, I don't see any Time so proper as the present, and therefore, Sir, I desire you'd think of Things accordingly — your Servant — [Going, he holds her.

Sir *Cha.* Nay, Madam, let's start fair however; you ought at least to stay 'till I'm as ready as your Ladyship; and then — if we must part —

Affectedly { Adieu ye silent Grotts, and shady Groves;
Ye soft Amusements of our growing Loves;
Adieu ye whisper'd Sighs that fann'd the
Fire,
And all the thrilling Joys of young Desire.

L. *Gra.* O mighty well, Sir: I am very glad we are at last come to a right Understanding, the only way I have long wish'd for; not but I'd have you to know, I see your Design through all your painted Ease of Resignation: I know you'd give your Soul to make me uneasy now.

Sir *Cha.* O fy, Madam, upon my Word, I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my Power.

L. *Gr.* O dear Sir, you need not take such Care, upon my Word; you'll find I can part with you without the least Disorder — I'll try at least, and so once more, and for ever, Sir, your Servant: Not but you must give me Leave to tell you, as my last Thought of you too, that I do think — you are a Villain —

[Exit hastily.

Sir *Cha.* O your very humble Servant, Madam —

[Bowing low.

What a charming Quality is a Woman's Pride, that's strong

strong enough to refuse a Man her Favours, when he's weary of 'em — Ah! [Lady Graveairs returns.

L. Gra. Look you, Sir Charles — don't presume upon the Easiness of my Temper: For to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this Matter, I desire you would let me have what Letters you have had of mine since you came to *Windfor*, and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will yours, as soon as we come to *London*.

Sir Cha. Upon my Faith, Madam, I never keep any, I always put Snuff in 'em, and so they wear out.

L. Gra. Sir Charles, I must have 'em, for positively I won't stir without 'em.

Sir Cha. Ha! Then I must be civil, I see. [Aside. Perhaps, Madam, I have no Mind to part with them — or you.

L. Gra. Look you, Sir, all those Sort of Things are in vain, now there's an End of every Thing between us — If you say you won't give 'em, I must e'en get 'em as well as I can.

Sir Cha. Hah! that won't do then, I find. [Aside.

L. Gra. Who's there? Mrs. Edging — Your keeping a Letter, Sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did your Ladyship call me, Madam?

L. Gra. Ay, Child, pray do me the Favour to fetch my Scarf out of the Dining-Room.

Edg. Yes, Madam —

Sir Cha. O! then there's Hope again. [Aside.

Edg. Ha! She looks as if my Master had quarrell'd with her; I hope she's going away in a Huff — she shan't stay for her Scarf, I warrant her — This is pure.

[Aside. Exit smiling.

L. Gra. Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me Leave now, after all, to ask you — why you have us'd me thus?

Sir Cha. What is it you call Usage, Madam?

L. Gra.

L. Gra. Why then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me of late? Only tell me seriously wherein I have deserv'd this.

Sir Cba. Why then, seriously, Madam ———

Re-enter Edging with a Scarf.

We are interrupted ———

Edg. Here's your Ladyship's Scarf, Madam.

L. Gra. Thank you, Mrs. *Edging* ——— O law! pray will you let some Body get me a Chair to the Door.

Edg. Humh! She might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to no ——— [*Exit.*]

L. Gra. Now, Sir.

Sir Cba. Then seriously, I say, I am of late grown so very lazy in my Pleasures, that I had rather lose a Woman, than go through the Plague and Trouble of having or keeping her; and to be free, I have found so much even in my Acquaintance with you, whom I confess to be a Mistress in the Art of pleasing, that I am from henceforth resolv'd to follow no Pleasure that arises above the Degree of Amusement ——— and that Woman that expects I should make her my Business; why ——— like my Business, is then in a fair Way of being forgot: — When once she comes to reproach me with Vows, and Usage, and Stuff ——— I had as lief hear her talk of Bills, Bonds, and Ejectments; her Passion becomes as troublesome as a Law-suit, and I would as soon converse with my Solicitor ——— In short, I shall never care Six-pence for any Woman that won't be obedient. ———

L. Gra. I'll swear, Sir, you have a very free way of treating People; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your Principles however ——— and you'd have me obedient?

Sir Cba. Why not? my Wife's so, and I think she has as much Pretence to be proud as your Ladyship.

L. Gra. Lard! is there no Chair to be had, I wonder?

Enter

Enter Edging.

Edg. Here's a Chair, Madam.

L. Gra. 'Tis very well, Mrs. *Edging*: Pray will you let some Body get me a Glas of fair Water.

Edg. Humh! her Huff's almost over, I suppose, — I see he's a Villain still. [*Exit.*]

L. Gra. Well that was the prettiest Fancy about Obedience sure that ever was! Certainly a Woman of Condition must be infinitely happy under the Dominion of so generous a Lover! But how came you to forge kicking and whipping all this while? Methinks you should not have left so fashionable an Article out of your Scheme of Government.

Sir Cha. Um! No there is too much Trouble in that, though I have known 'em of admirable Use in the Reformation of some humourfome Gentlewomen.

L. Gra. But one Thing more and I have done — Pray what Degree of Spirit must the Lady have, that is to make her self happy under so much Freedom, Order and Tranquillity.

Sir Cha. O! she must at least have as much Spirit as your Ladyship, or she'd give me no Pleasure in breaking it.

L. Gra. No; that would be troublesome — You had better take one that's broken to your Hand, — there are such Souls to be hir'd, I believe; Things that will rub your Temples in an Evening 'till you fall fast asleep in their Laps. Creatures too that think their Wages their Reward; I fancy, at last, that will be the best Method for the lazy Passion of a marry'd Man, that has outliv'd his any other Sense of Gratification.

Sir Cha. Look you, Madam, — I have lov'd you very well a great while; now you wou'd have me love you better and longer, which is not in my Power to do, and I don't think there's any Plague upon Earth like
a Dun

a Dun that comes for more Money than one's ever likely to be able to pay.

L. *Gra.* A Dun! do you take me for a Dun, Sir? do I come a Dunning to you? [*Walks in an Heat.*]

Sir *Cha.* H't! don't expose your self—here's Company——

L. *Gra.* I care not——A Dun! You shall see, Sir, I can revenge an Affront, tho' I despise the Wretch that offers it——A Dun! Oh! I cou'd die with laughing at the Fancy. [*Exit.*]

Sir *Cha.* So! she's in admirable Order——Here comes my Lord, and I'm afraid in the very Nick of his Occasion for her.

Enter Lord Morelove.

L. *Mo.* O *Charles!* Undone again! all's lost and ruin'd.

Sir *Cha.* What's the matter now?

L. *Mo.* I have been playing the Fool yonder even to Contempt, my senseless Jealousy has confess'd a Weakness I never shall forgive my self——She has insulted on it to that Degree too——I can't bear the Thought——O *Charles!* this Devil still is Mistress of my Heart, and I could dash my Brains to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

Sir *Cha.* Ah! how it would tickle her if she saw you in this Condition: Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mo.* Pr'ythee don't torture me: Think of some present Ease, or I shall burst——

Sir *Cha.* Well, well, let's hear, pray——what has she done to you? ha! ha!

L. *Mo.* Why, ever since I left you she treated me with so much Coolness and ill Nature, and that thing of a Lord with so much laughing Ease, such an acquainted, such a spiteful Familiarity, that at the last she saw and triumph'd in my Uneasiness.

Sir *Cha.* Well! and so you left the Room in a Pet? ha!

L. *Mo.* O worse, worse still! for at last, with half

Shame and Anger in my Looks. I thrust my self between my Lord and her, press'd her by the Hand, and in a Whisper trembling begg'd her in Pity of her self and me to shew her good Humour only where she knew it was truly valued; at which she broke from me with a cold Smile, sat her down by the Peer, whisper'd him, and burst into a loud Laughter in my Face.

Sir *Cha.* Ha! ha! then would I have given fifty Pound to have seen your Face: Why, what in the Name of Common Sense, had you to do with Humility? Will you never have enough on't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted Match to Gunpowder to blow your self up.

L. *Mo.* I see my Folly now, *Charles*——but what shall I do with the Remains of Life that she has left me?

Sir *Cha.* O throw it at her Feet by all means, put on your Tragedy Face, catch fast hold of her Petticoat, whip out your Handkerchief, and in point Blank Verse, desire her one way or other, to make an End of the Business.

[in a whining Tone.]

L. *Mo.* What a Fool dost thou make me?

Sir *Cha.* I only shew you, as you come out of her Hands, my Lord.

L. *Mo.* How contemptibly have I behav'd my self?

Sir *Cha.* That's according as you bear her Behaviour.

L. *Mo.* Bear it! no: I thank thee, *Charles*——thou hast wak'd me now; and if I bear it——What have you done with my Lady *Graceairs*?

Sir *Cha.* Your Business, I believe——She's ready for you, she's just gone down Stairs, and if you don't make haste after her, I expect her back again with a Knife or a Pistol, presently.

L. *Mo.* I'll go this Minute.

Sir. *Cha.* No, stay a little, here comes my Lord: We'll see what we can get out of him first.

L. *Mo.* Methinks I now could laugh at her.

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee—We have been so *Chagrin* without thee, that, stop my Breath, the Ladies are gone half asleep to Church for want of thy Company.

Sir Cha. That's hard indeed, while your Lordship was among 'em: Is Lady Betty gone too?

L. Fop. She was just upon the Wing—But I caught her by the Snuff-Box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

L. Mo. Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only Present she ever would receive from me—Ask him how he came by it? *[Aside to Sir Charles.]*

Sir Cha. Pr'ythee don't be uneasy—Did she give it you, my Lord?

L. Fop. Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not, but we were playing the Fool, and I took it—a la —Pshaw! I can't tell thee in *French* neither, but *Horace* touches it to a Nicety—'twas *Pignus direptum male pertinaci*.

L. Mo. So! but I must bear it—-if your Lordship has a Mind to the Box, I'll stand by you in the keeping of it.

L. Fop. My Lord, I am passionately oblig'd to you, but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the Lady's Favour.

L. Mo. Not at all, my Lord: 'Tis possible I may not have the same Regard to her Frown that your Lordship has.

L. Fop. That's a Bite, I am sure—he'd give a Joint of his little Finger to be as well with her as I am. *[Aside.]* But here she comes! Charles stand by me—Must not a Man be a vain Coxcomb now, to think this Creature follow'd one?

Sir Cha. Nothing so plain, my Lord.

L. Fop. Flattering Devil!

Enter Lady Betty.

L. Bet. Pshaw! my Lord *Foppington*! Pr'ythee don't play the Fool now, but give me my Snuff-Box——*Sir Charles*, help me to take it from him.

Sir Cha. You know I hate Trouble, Madam.

L. Bet. Pooh! You'll make me stay till Prayers are half over now.

L. Fop. If you'll promise me not to go to Church, I'll give it you.

L. Bet. I'll promise nothing at all, for positively I will have it. *[Struggling with him.]*

L. Fop. Then comparatively I won't part with it, ha! ha! *[Struggles with her.]*

L. Bet. O you Devil! you have kill'd my Arm! Oh Well!—if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

L. Mo. O *Charles*! that has a view of distant Kindness in it. *[Aside to Sir Cha.]*

L. Fop. Nay now I keep it superlatively—I find there's a secret Value in it.

L. Bet. O dismal! upon my Word, I am only ashamed to give it you; Do you think I wou'd offer such an odious-fanfy'd Thing to any Body I had the least Value for?

Sir Cha. Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any Kindness at all.

[Aside to L. Mo.]

L. Fop. Why, really, Madam, upon second View, it has not extremely the Mode of a Lady's Utensil; are you sure it never held any thing but Snuff?

L. Bet. O! you Monster!

L. Fop. Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me to have very much the Air and Fancy of Monsieur *Smockandjoh's* Tobacco-box.

L. Mo. I can bear no more.

Sir Cha. Why don't then; I'll step into the Company and return to your Relief immediately. *[Exit.]*

L. Mo.

L. Mo. [*To L. Bet*] Come, Madam, will your Ladyship give me leave to end the Difference——Since the Slightness of the Thing may let you bestow it without any Mark of Favour, shall I beg it of your Ladyship?

L. Fop. O my Lord, no Body sooner——I beg you give it my Lord.

[*Locking earnestly on L. Fop. who smiling gives it to L. Mo. and then bows gravely to her.*]

L. Mo. Only to have the Honour of restoring it to your Lordship; and if there be any other Trifle of mine, your Lordship has a Fancy to, tho' it were a Mistress, I don't know any Person in the World that has so good a Claim to my Resignation.

L. Fop. O my Lord, this Generosity will distract me.

L. Mo. My Lord, I do you but common Justice: But from your Conversation, I had never known the true Value of the Sex; You positively understand 'em the best of any Man breathing, therefore I think every one of common Prudence ought to resign to you.

L. Fop. Then positively your Lordship's the most obliging Person in the World, for I'm sure your Judgment can never like any Woman that is not the finest Creature in the Universe.

[*Bowing to L. Bet.*]

L. Mo. O! Your Lordship does me too much Honour, I have the worst Judgment in the World, no Man has been more deceiv'd in it.

L. Fop. Then your Lordship I presume, has been apt to choose in a Mask, or by Candle-light.

L. Mo. In a Mask i deed, my Lord, and of all Masks the most dangerous.

L. Fop. Pray what's that, my Lord?

L. Mo. A bare Face

L. Fop. Your Lordship will pardon me, if I don't really comprehend how a Woman's bare Face can hide her Face.

L. Mo. It often hides her Heart, my Lord, and therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous Mask than a Piece of Velvet: That's rather a Mark than a Disguise of an ill Woman: But the Mischiefs skulking behind a Beauteous Form, give no Warning; they are always Sure, Fatal, and Innumerable.

L. Bet. O barbarous Asperſion! my Lord *Foppington* have you nothing to ſay for the poor Women?

L. Fop. I muſt confeſs, Madam, nothing of this Nature ever happen'd in my Courſe of Amours: I always judge the Beauteous Form of a Woman to be the moſt agreeable Part of her Compoſition, and when once a Lady does me the Honour to toſs that into my Arms, I think my ſelf obliged in good Nature, not to quarrel about the reſt of her Equipage.

L. Bet. Why ay, my Lord, there's ſome good Humour in that now.

L. Mo. He's happy in a plain *Engliſh* Stomach, Madam. I could recommend a Diſh that's perfectly to your Lordſhip's Guſt, where Beauty is the only Sauce to it.

L. Bet. So!

L. Fop. My Lord, when my Wine's right, I never care it ſhould be Zeſted.

L. Mo. I know ſome Ladies would thank you for that Opinion.

L. Bet. My Lord *Morelove's* really grown ſuch a Churl to the Women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be in Love.

L. Mo. Upon my Word, Madam, I once thought I was. [Smiling.]

L. Bet. Fy! fy! how could you think ſo? I fanſy now you had only a mind to domineer over ſome poor Creature, and ſo you thought you were in Love, ha! ha!

L. Mo. The Lady I lov'd, Madam, grew ſo unfortunate in her Conduct, that ſhe at laſt brought me to treat
her

her with the same Indifference and Civility as I now pay your Ladyship.

L. *Bet.* And ten to one, just at that time she never thought you such tolerable Company.

L. *Mo.* That I can't say, Madam, for at that time she grew so affected, there was no judging of her Thoughts at all.

[*Mimicking her.*]

L. *Bet.* What, and so you left the poor Lady? O you inconstant Creature!

L. *Mo.* No, Madam, to have lov'd her on had been Inconstancy; for she was never two Hours together the same Woman.

[*L. Bet. and L. Mo. seem to talk.*]

L. *Fop.* [*Aside*] Ha! ha! ha! I see he has a Mind to abuse her; so I'll ev'n give him an Opportunity of doing his Business with her at once for ever—My Lord, I perceive your Lordship's going to be good Company to the Lady, and for her sake I don't think it good Manners in me to disturb you—

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir *Cha.* My Lord *Foppington*!

L. *Fop.* O *Charles*! I was just wanting thee—Hark thee—I have three thousand Secrets for thee—I have made such Discoveries! to tell thee all in one Word—*Morelove's* as jealous of me as the Devil; heh! heh! heh!

Sir *Cha.* Is't possible? has she given him any Occasion?

L. *Fop.* Only rally'd him to Death upon my Account; she told me within, just now, she'd use him like a Dog, and begg'd me to draw off for an Opportunity.

Sir *Cha.* O! keep in while the Scent lies, and she's your own, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* I can't tell that, *Charles*, but I'm sure she's fairly unharbour'd; and when once I throw off my Inclinations, I usually follow 'em 'till the Game has enough on't; and between thee and I she's pretty well blown too, she can't stand long, I believe, for, Curse catch me,

if I have not rid down half a Thousand Pound after her already.

Sir *Cha.* What do you mean?

L. *Fop.* I have lost Five hundred to her at Picquet since Dinner.

Sir *Cha.* You are a fortunate Man, faith; you are resolv'd not to be thrown out, I see.

L. *Fop.* Hang it! What should a Man come out for, if he does not keep up to the Sport?

Sir *Cha.* Well pass'd, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* *Tayo!* Have at her——

Sir *Cha.* Down! down, my Lord——ah——'ware Hanches.

L. *Fop.* Ah! *Charles.* [*Embracing him.*] Pr'ythee let's observe a little, there's a foolish Cur, now I have run her to a Stand, has a Mind to be at her by himself, and thou shalt see she won't stir out of her way for him.

[*They stand aside.*]

L. *Mo.* Ha! ha! Your Ladyship's very grave of a sudden, you look as if your Lover had insolently recover'd his common Senses.

L. *Bea.* And your Lordship is so very gay, and unlike your self, one would swear you were just come from the Pleasure of making your Mistress afraid of you.

L. *Mo.* No, faith, quite contrary——For do you know, Madam, I have just found out, that upon your Account I have made my self one of the most ridiculous Puppies upon the Face of the Earth——I have upon my faith!———nay and so extravagantly such———ha! ha! ha! that it's at last become a Jest even to my self; and I can't help laughing at it for the Soul of me; ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bea.* I want to cure him of that Laugh now. [*Aside.*]
My Lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another Secret: Do you know too, that I still find spite of all your great Wisdom, and my contemptible Qualities, as
you

you are pleas'd now and then to call them.) Do you know, I say, that I see under all this, you still love me with the same helpless Passion; and can your vast Foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly, for these extraordinary Airs you are pleas'd to give your self?

L. Mo. O by all means, Madam, 'tis fit you should, and I expect it, whenever it is in your Power—Confusion! [*Exit*]

L. Bet. My Lord, you have talk'd to me this half Hour, without confessing Pain. [*Pauses and affects to Gape.*] only remember it.

L. Mo. Hell and Torture!

L. Bet. What did you say, my Lord?

L. Mo. Fire and Furies!

L. Bet. Ha! ha! he's disorder'd—Now I am easy—My Lord *Foppington*, have you a Mind to your Revenge at Picquet?

L. Fop. I have always a Mind to an Opportunity of entertaining your Ladyship, Madam.

[*L. Bet. retreats with L. Fop.*]

L. Mo. O! *Charles*—The Insolence of this Woman might furnish out a thousand Devils.

Sir Cha. And your Temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such Women.—Come away—I have Business for you upon the Terrace.

L. Mo. Let me but speak one Word to her——

Sir Cha. Not a Syllable—the Tongue's a Weapon you'll always have the worst at: For I see you have no Guard, and she carries a Devilish Edge.

L. Bet. My Lord, don't let any thing I've said frighten you away; for if you have the least Inclination to fly and rail, you know the old Conditions; 'tis but your asking me Pardon next Day, and you may give your Passion any Liberty you think fit.

L. Mo. Diggers and Death!

Sir Cha. Are you Mad?

L. Mo. Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst—

Sir Cha. Upon Condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my Lord, do as you please.

L. Mo. Pr'ythee pardon me—I know not what to do.

Sir Cha. Come along—I'll set you to work I warrant you——Nay, nay, none of your parting Ogles——Will you go?

L. Mo. Yes——and I hope for ever.——

[Ex. Sir Cha. pulling away L. Mo.]

L. Fop. Ha! ha! ha! Did ever mortal Monster set up for a Lover with such unfortunate Qualifications?

L. Bet. Indeed, my Lord Morelove has something strangely singular in his Manner.

L. Fop. I thought I should have burst to see the Creature pretend to Rally, and give himself the Airs of one of Us——But, run me through, Madam, your Ladyship push'd like a Fencing-Master, that last Thrust was a *Coup de Grace*, I believe——I'm afraid his Honour will hardly meet your Ladyship in haste again.

L. Bet. Not unless his Second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in Practice, perhaps——Well the Humour of this Creature has done me signal Service to Day, I must keep it up for fear of a second Engagement. [Aside.]

L. Fop. Never was poor Wit so foil'd at his own Weapon sure.

L. Bet. Wit? Had he ever any Pretence to it?

L. Fop. Ha! ha! he has not much in Love, I think, though he wears the Reputation of a very pretty young Fellow, among some sort of People; but, strike me stupid, if ever I could discover common Sense in all the Progress of his Amours: He expects a Woman should like him for endeavouring to convince her, that she has not one good Quality belonging to the whole Composition of her Soul and Body.

L. Bet. That, I suppose, is only in a modest Hope, that she'll mend her Faults, to qualify her self for his vast Merit, ha! ha!

L. Fop.

L. Fop. Poor *Morelove*, I see she can't endure him.

[*Aside.*

L. Bet. Or if one really had all those Faults, he does not consider, that Sincerity in Love is as much out of Fashion as sweet Snuff; no Body takes it now.

L. Fop. O! no Mortal, Madam, unless it be here and there a Squire, that's making his lawful Court to the Cherry-cheek Charms of my Lord Bishop's great fat Daughter in the Country.

L. Bet. O what a surfeiting Couple has he put together—— [Throwing her Hand carelessly upon his.

L. Fop. Fond of me, by all that's tender——Poor Fool, I'll give thee Ease immediately. [*Aside.*]——But, Madam, you were pleas'd just now to offer me my Revenge at Picquet——Now here's no Body within, and I think we can't make use of a better Opportunity.

L. Bet. O! no: Not now, my Lord!——I have a Favour I would fain beg of you first.

L. Fop. But Time, Madam, is very precious in this Place, and I shall not easily forgive my self if I don't take him by the Forelock.

L. Bet. But I have a great mind to have a little more Sport with my Lord *Morelove* first, and would fain beg your Assistance.

L. Fop. O! with all my Heart; and, upon second Thoughts, I don't know but piquing a Rival in publick may be as good Sport, as being well with a Mistress in private: For, after all, the Pleasure of a fine Woman is like that of her own Virtue, not so much in the thing, as the Reputation of having it. [*Aside.*]——Well, Madam, but how can I serve you in this Affair?

L. Bet. Why, methought, as my Lord *Morelove* went out, he shew'd a stern Resentment in his Look, that seem'd to threaten me with Rebellion, and downright Defiance: Now I have a great Fancy, that you and I should follow

him to the Terrace, and laugh at his Resolution before he has time to put it in Practice.

L. Fop. And so punish his Fault before he commits it! ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. Nay, we won't give him time, if his Courage should fail, to repent it.

L. Fop. Ha! ha! ha! let me Blood, if I don't long to be at it. ha! ha!

L. Bet. O! 'twill be such a Diversion to see him bite his Lips, and brist within, only with seeing us ready to split our Sides in laughing at nothing, ha! ha!

L. Fop. Ha! ha! I see the Creature does really like me, [*Aside.*] And, then, Madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a Tune, in Affectation of his not minding us—'twill be so foolish when we know he loves us to Death all the while, ha! ha!

L. Bet. And if at last his sage Mouth should open in early Contradiction of our Humour, then will we, in pure opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not Gallant, and Fashionable; Constancy shall be the Mark of Age and Ugliness, Virtue a Jest, we'll rally Discretion out of Doors, by Gravity at our Feet, and only Love, free Love, Disorder, Liberty and Pleasure be our standing Principles.

L. Fop. Madam, you transport me: For if ever I was obliged to Nature for any one tolerable Qualification 'twas positively the Talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this Subject——I am impatient——my Fancy's upon the Wing already——let's fly to him.

L. Bet. No, no; stay 'till I am just got out, our going together won't be so proper.

L. Fop. As your Ladyship please, Madam——But when this Affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain Revenge due.

L. Bet.

The CARELESS HUSBAND. 61

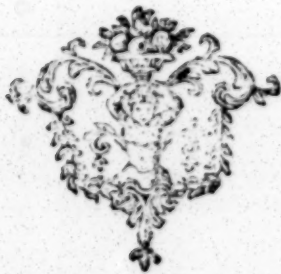
L. Bet. Ay! ay! after Supper I am for you — Nay, you shan't stir a Step, my Lord —

[Seeing her to the Door.

L. Fop. Only to tell you, you have fix'd me yours to the last Existence of my Soul's eternal Entity —

L. Bet. O, your Servant. [Exit.

L. Fop. Ha! ha! stark mad for me, by all that's handsome! Poor *Maiden*! That a Fellow who has ever been abroad, should think a Woman of her Spirit is to be taken as the Confederates do Town, by a regular Siege, when so many of the *French* Sweeties might have shewn him the surest Way to whisper the Governor — How can a Coxcomb give himself the Fatigue of Bombarding a Woman's Understanding, when he may with so much Ease make a Friend of her Constitution — I'll see if I can shew him a little *French* Play with Lady Betty — let me see — Ay, I'll make an end of it the old way, get her into Picquet at her own Lodgings — not mind one Tittle of my Play, give her every Game before she's half up, that she may judge the Strength of my Inclination by my haste of losing up to her Price; then of a sudden, with a familiar Leer cry — Rat Piquet — sweep Counters, Cards and Money all upon the Floor, & done — *L'Affaire est faite.* [Exit.



A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Castle Terrass.**Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy.*

L. *Ea.* **M**Y Dear, you really talk to me as if I were your Lover, and not your Friend; or else I am so dull, that by all you've said I can't make the least Guess at your real Thoughts — Can you be serious for a Moment?

L. *Bet.* Not easily: But I would do more to oblige you.

L. *Ea.* Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without Reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord *Morelowe*?

L. *Bet.* Then seriously — I think not — But because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my Symptoms — First, I own I like his Conversation, his Person has neither Fault, nor Beauty — well enough — I don't remember I ever secretly wish'd my self married to him, or — that I ever seriously resolv'd against it.

L. *Ea.* Well, so far you are tolerably safe: — But come — as to his Manner of addressing to you, what Effect has that had?

L. *Bet.* I am not a little pleas'd to observe few Men follow a Woman with the same Fatigue and Spirit, that he does me — am more pleas'd when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable Thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that Usage.

L. *Ea.*

The CARELESS HUSBAND. 65

L. Ea. Have a Care, that last is a dangerous Symptom — He pleases your Pride, I find.

L. Bet. Oh! perfectly: In that — I own no Mortal ever can come up to him.

L. Ea. But now, my Dear! now comes the main Point — Jealousy! are you sure you have never been touch'd with it? Tell me that with a safe Conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

L. Bet. Nay, then I defy him; for positively I was never jealous in my Life.

L. Ea. How, Madam! have you never been stir'd enough, to think a Woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in Talk with him? Or are you sure his Gallantry to another never gave you the least Disorder? Were you never, upon no Accident, in an Apprehension of losing him?

L. Bet. Hah! Why, Madam — Bless me! — wh — wh — why sure you don't call this Jealousy, my Dear?

L. Ea. Nay, nay, that is not the Business — Have you ever felt any Thing of this Nature, Madam?

L. Bet. Lord! don't be so hasty, my Dear — any Thing of this Nature — O Lud! I swear I don't like it: Dear Creature, bring me off here; for I am half frighted out of my Wits.

L. Ea. Nay, if you can't rally upon't, your Wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

L. Bet. Well, that's comfortably said, however.

L. Ea. But come, to the Point — how far have you been jealous?

L. Bet. Why — O bless me! He gave the Musick one Night to my Lady *Languish* here upon the Terrass; and (tho' she and I were very good Friends) I remember I cou'd not speak to her in a Week for't — Oh!

L. Ea. Nay, now you may laugh if you can; for, take my Word the Marks are upon you — But come — what else?

L. Bet.

64 *The CARELESS HUSBAND.*

L. Bet. O nothing else, upon my Word, my Dear!

L. Ea. Well, one Word more, and then I give Sentence: Suppose you were heartily convinc'd, that he actually follow'd another Woman?

L. Bet. But, pray, my Dear, what occasion is there to suppose any such Thing at all?

L. Ea. Guilty, upon my Honour.

L. Bet. Pshaw! I defy him to say, that ever I own'd any Inclination for him.

L. Ea. No, but you have given him terrible Leave to guess it.

L. Bet. If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little Reason to think so, I can assure you.

L. Ea. That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I am sure my Lord can't be far off.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Servant Lady Betty — my Dear, how do you do?

L. Ea. At your Service, my Dear — But pray what have you done with my Lord *Merclove*?

L. Bet. Ay, Sir Charles, pray how does your Pupil do? Have you any Hope of him? Is he docile?

Sir Cha. Well, Madam, to confess your Triumph over me, as well as him, I own my Hopes of him are lost. I offer'd what I cou'd to his Instruction, but he's incorrigibly yours, and undone — and the News, I presume, does not displease your Ladyship.

L. Bet. Ty, ty, Sir Charles, you disparage your Friend, I am afraid you don't take Pains with him.

Sir Cha. Ha! I fancy, Lady Betty, your good Nature won't let you sleep a Nights: Don't you love dearly to hurt People?

L. Bet. O! your Servant; then without a Jest, the Man is so unfortunate in his want of Patience, that let me die, if I don't often pity him.

Sir Cha.

Sir *Cba.* Ha! Strange Goodness—O that I were your Lover for a Month or two.

L. *Bet.* What then?

Sir *Cba.* I would make that pretty Heart's Blood of yours ake in a Fortnight.

L. *Bet.* Hugh——I should hate you, your Assurance would make your Address intolerable

Sir *Cba.* I believe it would, for I'd never Address to you at all.

L. *Bet.* O! you Clown you!

[*Hitting him with her Fan.*]

Sir *Cba.* Why, what to do? to feed a diseas'd Pride, that's eternally breaking out in the Affectation of an ill Nature that——in my Conscience I believe is but Affectation.

L. *Bet.* You, nor your Friend have no great Reason to complain of my Fondness, I believe. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Cba.* [*Looking earnestly on her.*] Thou insolent Creature! How can you make a Jest of a Man, whose whole Life's but one continu'd Torment from your want of common Gratitude?

L. *Bet.* Torment! for my Part, I really believe him as easy as you are.

Sir *Cba.* Poor intolerable Affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours, you know your Power, and the whole Pleasure of your Life's the poor and low Abuse of it.

L. *Bet.* Pray how do I abuse it——If I have any Power.

Sir *Cba.* You drive him to Extremes that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his Reason: You've almost turn'd his Brain, his common Judgment fails him; he's now, at this very Moment, driven by his Despair upon a Project, in hopes to free him from your Power, that I am sensible, and so must any one be that has his Sense, of course must ruin him with you,
for

for ever; I almost blush to think of it, yet your unreasonable Disdain has forc'd him to it; and should he now suspect I offer'd but a Hint of it to you, and in Contempt of his Design, I know he'd call my Life to answer it: But I have no regard to Men in Madness, I rather choose for once to trust in your good Nature, in hopes the Man, whom your unwary Beauty had made Miserable, your Generosity wou'd scorn to make Ridiculous.

L. Bet. Sir *Charles*, you charge me very home, I never had it in my Inclination to make any thing ridiculous that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this Business you think so extravagant in him?

Sir Cha. Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive ev'n me that tell it you.

L. Bet. O fy! If it be a Fault, Sir *Charles*, I shall consider it as His, not Yours. Pray what is it?

L. Ea. I long to know, methinks.

Sir Cha. You may be sure he did not want my Dissuasions from it.

L. Bet. Let's hear it?

Sir Cha. Why this Man, whom I have known to love you with such Excess of generous Desire, whom I have heard in his ecstatick Praises on your Beauty talk, till from the soft Heat of his distilling Thoughts the Tears have fall'n ———

L. Bet. O! Sir *Charles* ——— [Blushing.

Sir Cha. Nay, grudge not, since 'tis past, to hear what was (tho' you condemn'd it) once his Merit: But now I own that Merit ought to be forgotten.

L. Bet. Pray, Sir, be plain

Sir Cha. This Man, I say, whose unhappy Passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his Hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my Friendship had lately flatter'd him) his Hopes of even deserving now your lowest Pity or Regard.

L. Bet.

L. Bet. You amaze me — For I can't suppose his utmost Malice dares assault my Reputation — and what —

Sir Cha. No, but he maliciously presumes the World will do it for him; and indeed he has taken no unlikely Means to make 'em busy with their Tongues: For he is this Moment upon the open Terrass, in the highest Publick Gallantry with my Lady *Graveairs*. And to convince the World and me, he said, he was not that tame Lover we fancied him, he'd venture to give her the Musick to-night: Nay, I heard him, before my Face, speak to one of the Hautboys to engage the rest, and desired they would all take their Directions only from my Lady *Graveairs*.

L. Bet. My Lady *Graveairs*! truly I think my Lord's very much in the right on't — for my Part, Sir Charles, I don't see any Thing in this that's so very ridiculous, nor indeed that ought to make me think either the better or worse of him for't.

Sir Cha. Pshaw! Pshaw! Madam, you and I know 'tis not in his Power to renounce you; this is but the poor Disguise of a resenting Passion vainly ruffled to a Storm, which the least gentle Look from you can reconcile at Will, and laugh into a Calm again.

L. Bet. Indeed, Sir Charles, I shan't give my self that Trouble, I believe.

Sir Cha. So I told him, Madam; Are not all your Complaints, said I, already owing to her Pride, and can you suppose this publick Defiance of it (which you know you can't make good too) won't incense her more against you? — That's what I'd have, said he, starting wildly, I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it.

L. Bet. Upon my Word, I fancy my Lord will find himself mistaken — I shan't be piqued I believe — I must first have a Value for the Thing I lose, before it piques me: Piqued! ha! ha! ha!

[Disorder'd.

Sir Cha.

Sir *Cha.* Madam, you've said the very Thing I urg'd to him; I know her Temper so well, said I, that tho' she deatod on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than shew the least Motion of Uneasiness.

L. *Bet.* I can assure you, Sir *Charles*, my Lord won't find himself deceiv'd in your Opinion——Piqued!

Sir *Cha.* She has it.

[*Aside.*

L. *Eu.* Alas, poor Woman! how little do our Passions make us?

L. *Bet.* Not but I wou'd advise him to have a little Regard to my Reputation in this Business: I wou'd have him take heed of publicly affronting me.

Sir *Cha.* Right, Madam, that's what I strictly warn'd him of; for among Friends, whenever the World sees him follow another Woman, the malicious 'Tea-tables will be very apt to be free with your Ladyship.

L. *Bet.* I'd have him consider that, methinks.

Sir *Cha.* But alas! Madam, 'tis not in his Power to think with Reason, his mad Resentment has destroy'd ev'n his Principles of common Honesty: He considers nothing but a senseless proud Revenge, which in his Fit of Lunacy 'tis impossible that either Threats or Danger can dissuade him from.

L. *Bet.* What! does he defy me, threaten me! then he shall see, that I have Passions too, and know, as well as he, to stir my Heart against any Pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? Fear the little Malice of a slighted Passion, that my own Scorn has flung into a despoised Resentment! Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dare have such a Thought!

L. *Eu.* Dear Creature, don't disorder your self so.

L. *Bet.* Let me but live to see him once more within my Power, and I'll forgive the rest of Fortune.

[*Walking disorder'd.*

L. *Eu.*

L. *Ea.* Well! certainly I am very ill-natur'd; for tho' I see this News has disturb'd my Friend, I can't help being pleas'd with any Hopes of my Lady *Graveair's* being otherwise dispos'd of. [*Aside.*] My Dear, I am afraid you have provok'd her a little too far.

Sir *Cha.* Oh! not at all — You shall see — I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a Dish of Tea.

L. *Bet.* I may see him with his complaining Face again —

Sir *Cha.* I am sorry, Madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in Hopes to have stirr'd your Pity, not your Anger; I little thought your Generosity would punish him for Faults, which you your self resolv'd he should commit — Yonder he comes and all the World with him: Might I advise you, Madam, you should not resent the Thing at all — I would not so much as go to see him in his Fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it: Nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his Folly, as your utter Neglect of it.

L. *Ea.* Come, dear Creature, be persuaded, and go home with me, indeed it will shew more indifference to avoid him.

L. *Bet.* No, Madam, I'll oblige his Vanity for once, and stay to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

Sir *Cha.* [*Aside.*] O not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that Pride of yours, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome Companion to you.

[*Goes from them and calls for Lord Morelove.*]

Enter Lord Foppington: a little after, Lord Morelove, Lady *Graveairs*, and other Ladies.

L. *Fop.* Ladies, your Servant — O! we have wanted you beyond Reparation — such Diversion.

L. *Bet.* Well! my Lord! have you seen my Lord *Morelove*?

L. *Fop.*

L. *Fop*. Seen him! — ha! ha! ha! — O, I have such Things to tell you, Madam — you'll die —

L. *Bet*. O pray let's hear 'em, I was never in a better Humour to receive them.

L. *Fop*. Hark you.

[*They whisper*]

L. *Mo*. So, she's engag'd already.

[*To Sir Charles*]

Sir *Cha*. So much the better; make but a just Advantage of my Success, and she's undone.

L. *Fop*.

L. *Bet*.

} Ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Cha*. You see already what ridiculous Pains she's taking to stir your Jealousy, and cover her own.

L. *Fop*.

L. *Bet*.

} Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mo*. O never fear me; for, upon my Word, it now appears ridiculous even to me.

Sir *Cha*. And hark you —

[*Whispers L. More*]

L. *Bet*. And so the Widow was as full of Airs as his Lordship?

Sir *Cha*. Only observe that, and 'tis impossible you can fail.

[*Aside*]

L. *Mo*. Dear *Charles*, you have convinc'd me, and I thank you.

L. *Gra*. My Lord *Morelove*! What, do you leave us?

L. *Mo*. Ten thousand Pardons, Madam, I was but just —

L. *Gra*. Nay, nay, no Excuses, my Lord, so you will but let us have you again.

Sir *Cha*. [*Aside to L. Gra*] I see you have good Humour, Madam, when you like your Company.

L. *Gra*. And you I see, for all your mighty Thirst of Dominion, cou'd stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

Sir *Cha*. Ha! Power would make her an admirable Tyrant.

[*Aside*]

L. *Ed*

L. Ea. [*Observing Sir Charles and L. Graveairs.*] So! there's another Couple have quarrel'd too, I find ——— Those *Airs* to my Lord *Morelove*, look as if design'd to recover Sir *Charles* into Jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the Company, and it may be, that will let me into the Secret. [*Aside.*] My Lord *Foppington*, I vow this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a Part of the Company to your self.

Sir Cha. Nay, my Lord, this is not fair indeed to enter into Secrets among Friends! ——— Ladies, what say you! I think we ought to declare against it.

Ladies. O! no Secrets, no Secrets.

L. Bet. Well, Ladies, I ought only to ask your Pardon: My Lord's excusable, for I wou'd haul him into a Corner.

L. Fop. I swear 'tis very hard ho! I observe two People of extreme Condition, can no sooner grow particular, but the Multitude of both Sexes are immediately up, and think their Properties invaded ———

L. Bet. Odious Multitude ———

L. Fop. Perish the *Canaille*.

L. Gra. O, my Lord, we Women have all Reason to be jealous of Lady *Betty Modish's* Power.

L. Mo. [*To L. Betty.*] As the Men, Madam, have of my Lord *Foppington*; beside Favourites of great Merit discourage those of an inferior Class for their Prince's Service: He has already lost you one of your Retinue, Madam.

L. Bet. Not at all, my Lord, he has only made room for another: One must sometimes make Vacant or there could be no Preferments.

L. Ea. Ha! ha! Ladies Favours, my Lord, at Court, are not always held for Life, y

L. Bet. No, indeed! if they were, the men, wou'd be all us'd like their Wives, minded than the Business of the Nation.

Ea.

L. *Ea* Have a care, Madam, an undeserving Favorite has been the Ruin of many a Prince's Empire.

L. *Fop*. Ha! ha! Upon my Soul, Lady *Betty*, we must grow more discreet; for positively if we go on at this rate, we shall have the World throw you under the Scandal of Constancy; and I shall have all the Swords of Condition at my Throat for a Monopolist.

L. *Mo*. O! there's no great Fear of that, my Lord, tho' the Men of Sense give it over, there will be always some idle Fellows vain enough to believe their Merit may succeed as well as your Lordship's.

L. *Bet*. Or if they shou'd not, my Lord, Cast-Lovers you know, need not fear being long out of Employment, while there are so many well-dispos'd People in the World—There are generally Neglected Wives, Stale Maids, or Charitable Widows always ready to relieve the Necessities of a disappointed Passion—and, by the way, Hark you, Sir *Charles*.

L. *Mo*. [*Aside*.] So! she's stir'd, I see; for all her Pains to hide it——she wou'd hardly have glanc'd an *À-front* at a Woman she was not piqued at.

L. *Gra*. [*Aside*.] That Wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

L. *Bet*. [*Softly to Sir Charles*.] Pray, how came you all this while to trust your Mistress so easily?

Sir *Cha*. One is not so apt, Madam, to be alarm'd at the Liberties of an old Acquaintance, as perhaps your Ladyship ought to be at the Resentment of an Hard-us'd, Honourable Lover.

L. *Bet*. Suppose I were alarm'd, how does that make you easy?

Sir *Cha*. Come, come, be wise at last; my trusting them together, may easily convince you, that (as I told you before) I know his Addresses to her are only outward, and 'twill be your Fault now, if you let him go on 'till the World thinks him in earnest; and a Thousand

busy Tongues are set upon malicious Enquiries into your Reputation.

L. Bet. Why, Sir *Charles*, do you suppose while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my Indifference?

Sir *Cha*. But hear me, Madam—

L. Gra. [*Afide*.] The Air of that Whisper looks as if the Lady had a Mind to be making her Peace again; and 'tis possible, his Worship's being so busy in the Matter too, may proceed as much from his Jealousy of my Lord with me, as Friendship to her, at least I fancy so; therefore I'm resolv'd to keep her still piqued and prevent it, tho' it be only to gall him——Sir *Charles*, that is not fair to take a Privilege you just now declar'd against in my Lord *Foppington*.

L. Mo. Well observ'd, Madam.

L. Gra. Beside, it looks so affected to whisper, when every Body guesses the Secret.

L. Mo. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. O! Madam, your Pardon in particular: But 'tis possible you may be mistaken: The Secrets of People that have any Regard to their Actions, are not so soon guess'd, as theirs that have made a Confident of the whole Town.

L. Fop. Ha! ha ha!

L. Gra. A *Coquette* in her affected Airs of Disdain to a revolted Lover, I'm afraid must exceed your Ladyship in Prudence, not to let the World see at the same time, she'd give her Eyes to make her Peace with him: Ha! ha!

L. Mo. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. 'Twould be a Mortification indeed, if it were in the Power of a fading Widow's Charms to prevent it; and the Man must be miserably reduc'd sure, that cou'd bear to live buried in Wollen, or take up

D

with

with the Motherly Comforts of a Swan-skin Petticoat,
Ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Gra.* Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their Interest, they know their own Minds and take the Man they like, tho' it happens to be one, that a froward vain Girl has disoblig'd, and is pining to be Friends with.

L. *Mo.* Nay, tho' it happens to be one, that confesses he once was fond of a Piece of Folly, and afterwards ashamed on't.

L. *Bet.* Nay, my Lord, there's no standing against two of you.

L. *Fop.* No, Faith, that's odds at Tennis, my Lord: Not but if your Ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your Back-hand a little: Tho' upon my Soul you may safely set me up at the Line: For, knock me down, if ever I saw a Rest of Wit better play'd, than that last, in my Life——What say you, Madam, shall we engage?

L. *Bet.* As you please, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! *Allons! Tout de Bon, Jouons-mor.*

L. *Mo.* O pardon me, Sir, I shall never think myself in any thing a Match for the Lady.

L. *Fop.* To you, Madam.

L. *Bet.* That's much my Lord, when the World knows you have been so many Years teasing me to play the Fool with you.

L. *Fop.* Ah! *Bien joue.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mo.* At that Game, I confess your Ladyship has chosen a much properer Person to improve your Hand with.

L. *Fop.* To me, Madam——My Lord, I presume whoever the Lady thinks fit to play the Fool with will at least be able to give as much Envy as the wise Person

Person that had not Wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

L. *Gra.* O! my Lord! Both Parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear, neither will have any Rivals to disturb 'em.

L. *Mo.* Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* None that will disturb 'em, I dare swear.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mo.*

L. *Gra.* } Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* }

Sir *Cha.* I don't know, Gentlefolks—but you are all in extreme good Humour, methinks; I hope there's none of it affected.

L. *Ea.* I shou'd be loth to answer for any but my Lord *Foppington*. [Aside.]

L. *Bet.* Mine is not I'll swear.

L. *Mo.* Nor mine, I'm sure.

L. *Gra.* Mine's sincere, depend upon't.

L. *Fop.* And may the eternal Frowns of the whole Sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

L. *Ea.* Well, good People, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all perform'd extremely well; But if you please, you shall ev'n give over your Wit now, while it is well.

L. *Bet.* [To her self.] Now I see his Humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for't.

Sir *Cha.* You shou'd not have proceeded so far with my Lord *Foppington*, after what I had told you.

[Aside to L. *Bet.*

L. *Bet.* Pray, Sir *Charles*, give me leave to understand my self a little.

Sir *Cha.* Your Pardon, Madam, I thought a right Understanding wou'd have been for both your Interests, and Reputation.

L. *Bet.* For his perhaps.

Sir *Cha.* Nay then, Madam, it's time for me to take care of my Friend.

L. *Bet.* I never in the least doubted your Friendship to him in any thing that was to shew your self my Enemy.

Sir *Cha.* Since I see, Madam, you have so ungrateful a Sense of my Lord *Morelove's* Merit, and my Service, I shall never be ashamed of using my Power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your Ladyship's.

L. *Bet.* Was ever any thing so insolent! I could find in my Heart to run the Hazard of a downright Compliance, if it were only to convince him, that my Power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. [To her self.]

L. *Ea.* My Lord *Foppington*, I think you generally lead the Company upon these Occasions. Pray will you think of some prettier sort of Diversion for us, than Parties and Whispers?

L. *Fop.* What say you, Ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the Basset Table?

L. *Bet.* With all my Heart; Lady *Easy*——

L. *Ea.* I think 'tis the best thing we can do, and because we won't part to Night, you shall all Sup where you Din'd——What say you, my Lord?

L. *Mo.* Your Ladyship may be sure of me, Madam.

L. *Fop.* Ay! ay! we'll all come.

L. *Ea.* Then pray let's change Parties a little. My Lord *Foppington*, you shall Squire me.

L. *Fop.* O! you do me Honour, Madam.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Morelove*, pray let me speak with you.

L. *Mo.* Me, Madam?

L. *Bet.* If you please, my Lord.

L. *Mo.* Ha! That Look shot through me! what can this Mean? [Aside.]

L. *Bet.* This is no proper Place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answer'd in: I suppose

suppose you'll be at my Lady *Eady's* by and by, and if you'll give me leave there——

L. Mo. If you please to do me that Honour, Madam, I shall certainly be there.

L. Bet. That's all, my Lord.

L. Mo. Is not your Ladyship for walking?

L. Bet. If your Lordship dares venture with me.

L. Mo. O! Madam! [*Taking her Hand*] How my Heart dances, what Heav'nly Musick's in her Voice, when softned into Kindness. [*Aside.*]

L. Bet. Ha! his Hand trembles——Sir *Charles* may be mistaken.

L. Fep. My Lady *Graveairs*, you won't let Sir *Charles* leave us?

L. Gra. No, my Lord, we'll follow you——stay a little. [*To Sir Charles.*]

Sir Cha. I thought your Ladyship design'd to follow 'em.

L. Gra. Perhaps I'd speak with you.

Sir Cha. But, Madam, consider, we shall certainly be observ'd.

L. Gra. Lord, Sir! If you think it such a Favour.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Sir Cha. Is she gone! let her go, &c.

[*Exit singing.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Sir Charles and Lord Morelove.

Sir Cha. COME a little this way——my Lady *Graveairs* had an Eye upon me, as I stole off,

off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of any Opportunity to talk with me.

L. Mo. O! we are pretty safe here——well: you were speaking of Lady *Betty*.

Sir Cha. Ay, my Lord——I say, notwithstanding all this sudden Change of her Behaviour, I wou'd not have you yet be too secure of her: For, between you and I, since, I told you, I have profes'd my self an open Enemy to her Power with you, 'tis not impossible but this new Air of good Humour may very much proceed from a little Woman's Pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her Power.

L. Mo. Not unlikely: But still can we make no Advantage of it?

Sir Cha. That's what I have been thinking of——look you——Death! my Lady *Graveairs*!

L. Mo. Ha! She will have Audience, I find.

Sir Cha. There's no avoiding her——the Truth is, I have ow'd her a little good Nature a great while——I see there is but one way of getting rid of her——I must ev'n appoint her a Day of Payment at last. If you'll step into my Lodgings, my Lord, I'll just give her an Answer, and be with you in a Moment.

L. Mo. Very well, I'll stay there for you.

[*Exit Lord Morelove.*]

Enter Lady Graveairs on the other side.

L. Gra. Sir *Charles*!

Sir Cha. Come, come, no more of these reproachful Looks; you'll find, Madam, I have deserv'd better of you than your Jealousy imagines——Is it a Fault to be tender of your Reputation?——fy, fy,——This may be a proper time to talk, and of my Contriving too.——You see I just now shook off my Lord *Morelove* on purpose.

L. Gra. May I believe you?

Sir Cha. Still doubting my Fidelity, and mistaking my Discretion

Discretion for want of good Nature.

L. *Gra.* Don't think me troublesome—For I confess 'tis Death to think of parting with you: Since the World sees, for you I have neglected Friends and Reputation; have flood the little Insults of disdainful Prudes, that envy'd me perhaps your Friendship; have born the freezing Looks of near and general Acquaintance—Since this is so—don't let 'em ridicule me too, and say my foolish Vanity undid me; don't let 'em point at me as a Cast Mistress.

Sir *Cha.* You wrong me to suppose the Thought; you'll have better of me when we meet: When shall you be at leisure?

L. *Gra.* I confess, I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my Interest to part with you—Can you come to Night?

Sir *Cha.* You know we have Company, and I'm afraid they'll stay too late—Can't it be before Supper—What's a Clock now?

L. *Gra.* It's almost Six.

Sir *Cha.* At Seven then be sure of me, 'till when I'd have you go back to the Ladies to avoid Suspicion, and about that time have the Vapours.

L. *Gra.* May I depend upon you?

[*Exit.*]

Sir *Cha.* Depend on every thing—A very troublesome Business this—send me once fairly rid on't—if ever I'm caught in an *Honourable* Affair again!—A Debt now that a little ready Civility, and away, would satisfy, a Man might bear with; but to have a Rent Charge upon one's good Nature, with an unconscionable long Scroll of Arrears too, that would eat out the Profits of the best Estate in Christendom—ah—Intolerable! Well! I'll ev'n to my Lord, and shake off the Thoughts on't. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Betty and Lady Easy.

L. *Bet.* I observe, my Dear, you have usually this great

80 *The CARELESS HUSBAND.*

Fortune at Play, it were enough to make one suspect your good luck with an Husband.

L. Ea. Truly I don't complain of my Fortune either way.

L. Bet. Pr'ythee tell me, you are often advising me to it, are there those real Comfortable Advantages in Marriage, that our old Aunts and Grandmothers would persuade us of?

L. Ea. Upon my Word, If I had the worst Husband in the World, I should still think so.

L. Bet. Ay, but then the Hazard of not having a good one, my Dear.

L. Ea. You may have a good one, I dare say, if you don't give Aids till you spoil him.

L. Bet. Can there be the same dear, full Delight in giving Ease, as Pain? O! my Dear, the Thought of parting with one's Power is insupportable!

L. Ea. And the keeping it, till it dwindles into no Power at all, is most ruefully foolish.

L. Bet. But still to marry before one's heartily in Love.—

L. Ea. Is not half so formidable a Calamity—but if I have any Eyes, my Dear, you'll run no great Hazard of that, in venturing upon my Lord *Morelove*——You don't know, perhaps, that within this half Hour the Tone of your Voice is strangely soften'd to him, ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. My Dear, you are positively, one or other, the most censorious Creature in the World—and so I see it's in vain to talk with you——Pray, will you go back to the Company?

L. Ea. Ah! Poor Laely *Betty*!

[*Exeunt.*]



The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Sir Charles and Lord Morelove.

L. Mo. **C**harles! you have transported me! you have made my Part in the Scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

Sir Cha. That's what I consider'd; for now the more you throw your self into her Power, the more I shall be able to force her into yours.

L. Mo. After all (begging the Ladies Pardon) Your fine Women, like Bullies, are only stout when they know their Men: A Man of an honest Courage may fight 'em into any thing! Well I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly—Won't you go along with me?

Sir Cha. That may not be so proper;—besides I have a little Business upon my Hands.

L. Mo. O! your Servant, Sir—Good by to you—you shan't stir.

Sir Cha. My Lord, your Servant—[Exit L. Mo. So! now to dispose of my self, 'till 'tis time to think of my Lady *Graciana*—Umph! I have no great Maw to that Business, methinks—I don't find my self in Humour enough to come up to the Civil things, that are usually expected in the making up of an old Quarrel—

[Edging crosses the Stage.] There goes a warmer Temptation by half:—Ha! into my Wife's Bedchamber too——I question if the Jide has any great Business there;—I have a Fancy she has only a mind to be taking the Opportunity of no Body's being at Home, to make her Peace with me—let me see—ay, I shall have time enough to go to her Ladyship afterwards—Besides I want a little Sleep, I find—Your young Fops

may talk of their Women of Quality——but to me now, there's a strange agreeable Convenience in a Creature one is not oblig'd to say much to upon these Occasions.

[Going.

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did you call me, Sir!

Sir Cha. Ha! all's Right—[*Aside.*]——Yes, Madam, I did call you.

[*Sits down.*

Edg. What wou'd you please to have, Sir?

Sir Cha. Have! why, I wou'd have you grow a good Girl, and know when you are well us'd, Hussy.

Edg. Sir I don't complain of any thing, not I.

Sir Cha. Well, don't be uneasy——I am not Angry with you. Now——Come and kiss me.

Edg. Lard, Sir!

Sir Cha. Don't be a Fool now——come hither.

Edg. Pshaw——

[*Goes to him.*

Sir Cha. No wry Face——so——sit down. I won't have you look Grave neither, let me see you smile, you Jade you.

Edg. Ha! ha!

[*Laughs and Blushes.*

Sir Cha. Ah, you melting Rogue.

Edg. Come, don't you be at your Tricks now——Lard! can't you sit still and talk with one! I am sure there's ten times more Love in that, and fifty times the Satisfaction, People may say what they will.

Sir Cha. Well! now you're Good, you shall have your own way.——I am going to lie down in the next Room; and, since you love a little Chat, come and throw my Night Gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep——

[*Exit Sir Charles.*

Edg. Yes, Sir——for all his way, I see he likes me still.

[*Exit after him.*



The SCENE changes to the Terras.

Enter Lady Betty, Lady Easy, and Lord Morelove.

L. Mo. **N**AY, Madam, there you are too severe upon him; for bating now and then a little Vanity, my Lord *Foppington* does not want Wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable Woman's Man.

L. Bet. But such Eternal Vanity grows Tiresome.

L. Ea. Come, if he were not so loose in his Morals, Vanity methinks might be easily excus'd, considering how much 'tis in Fashion: For pray observe, what's half the Conversation of most of the fine young People about Town, but a perpetual Affectation of appearing foremost in the Knowledge of Manners, new Modes, and Scandal? and in that I don't see any Body comes up to him.

L. Mo. Nor I indeed — and here he comes — Pray, Madam, let's have a little more of him; no Body shews him to more Advantage than your Ladyship.

L. Bet. Nay, with all my Heart; you'll second me, my Lord.

L. Mo. Upon Occasion, Madam —

L. Ea. Engaging upon Parties, my Lord?

[Aside and smiling to L. Mo.]

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. So, Ladies! what's the Affair now?

L. Bet. Why you were, my Lord; I was allowing you a great many good Qualities, but Lady *Easy* says you are a perfect Hypocrite: and that whatever Aims you give your self to the Women, she's confident you value no Woman in the World equal to your own Lady.

L. Fop. You see, Madam, how I am scandaliz'd upon
D. G your

your Account. But it's so natural for a Prude to be malicious, when a Man endeavours to be well with any Body but her self; did you never observe she was Piqu'd at that before? Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* I'll swear you are a provoking Creature.

L. *Fop.* Let's be more familiar upon't, and give her Disorder: Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Stap my Breath, but Lady *Easy* is an Admirable Discoverer—Marriage is indeed a Prodigious Security of one's Inclination: A Man's likely to take a World of Pains in an Employment, where he can't be turn'd out for his Idleness.

L. *Bet.* I vow, my Lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine Women, you are for giving them a Despotick Power in Love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! Right, Madam, what signifies Beauty without Power? And a fine Woman when she's married makes as ridiculous a Figure, as a Beaten General marching out of a Garrison.

L. *Es.* I'm afraid, Lady *Betty*, the greatest Danger in your Use of Power, would be from a too heedless Liberality: you would more mind the Man than his Merit.

L. *Fop.* Piqued again, by all that's Fretful—Well, certainly to give Envy is a Pleasure inexpressible.

[To Lady *Betty*:

L. *Bet.* Ha! ha!

L. *Es.* Does not she show him well, my Lord?

[*Aside to L. Mo.*

L. *Mo.* Perfectly, and me to my self—For now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him.

[To Lady *Easy*.

L. *Fop.* Lady *Easy*, I ask ten thousand Pardons, I'm afraid I am rude all this while.

L. *Es.* O not at all, my Lord, you are always good Company, when you please: not but in some things, indeed,

deed, you are apt to be like other fine Gentlemen, a little too loose in your Principles.

L. *Fop*. O, Madam, never to the Offence of the Ladies, I agree in any Community with them; no Body is a more constant Churchman, when the fine Women are there.

L. *Ea*. O fy, my Lord, you ought not to go for their sakes at all. And I wonder, you that are for being such a good Husband of your Virtues, are not afraid of bringing your Prudence into a Lampoon or a Play.

L. *Bet*. Lampoons and Plays, Madam, are only things to be laugh'd at.

L. *Mo*. Plays now indeed one need not be so much afraid of, for since the late short-sighted View of 'em, Vice may go on and prosper, the Stage dares hardly shew a Vicious Person speaking like himself, for fear of being call'd Prophane for exposing him.

L. *Ea*. 'Tis hard, indeed, when People won't distinguish between what's meant for Contempt, and what for Example.

L. *Fop*. Od so! Ladies, the Court's coming home, I see, shall not we make our Bow?

L. *Bet*. O! by all means.

L. *Ea*. Lady Betty, I must leave you; For I'm oblig'd to write Letters, and I know you won't give me Time after Supper.

L. *Bet*. Well, my Dear, I'll make a short Visit and be with you.

[*Exit Lady Easy.*]

Pray what's become of my Lady *Graciana*?

L. *Mo*. Oh, I believe she's gone home, Madam, she seem'd not to be very well.

L. *Fop*. And where's Sir *Charles*, my Lord?

L. *Mo*. I left him at his own Lodgings.

L. *Bet*. He's upon some Ramble, I'm afraid.

L. *Fop*. Nay, as for that Matter, a Man may ramble at home sometimes——But here come the Chaises, we must make a little more Haste, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

The



The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Easy, and a Servant.

L. Ea. **I**S your Master come home?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

L. Ea. Where is he?

Serv. I believe, Madam, he's laid down to sleep.

L. Ea. Where's Edging? Bid her get me some Wax and Paper——stay, it's no matter, now I think on it——there's some above upon my Toilet. *Exeunt severally.*



The SCENE opens, and discovers Sir Charles without his Peritwig, and Edging by him, both asleep in two easy Chairs.

Then Enter Lady Easy, who starts and trembles, some time unable to speak.

L. Ea. **H**A!

Protect me Virtue, Patience, Reason!
Teach me to bear this killing Sight, or let
Me think my dreaming Senses are deceiv'd!
For sure a Sight like this, might raise the Arm
Of Duty, ev'n to the Breast of Love! At least
I'll throw this Vizard of my Patience off:
Now wake him in his Guilt,
And barefac'd front him with my Wrongs.
I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay till he——
Frowns on me, perhaps——and then
I'm lost again——The Ease of a few Tears

Is all that's left to me——

And Duty too forbids me to insult,
When I have vow'd Obedience——Perhaps
The Fault's in me, and Nature has not form'd
Me with the Thousand little Requisites
That warm the Heart to Love——
Somewhere there is a Fault.——

But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve:

Ha! Bare-headed, and in so sound a Sleep!

Who knows, while thus expos'd to th'unwholsom Air,

But Heav'n offended may o'ertake his Crime,

And, in some languishing Distemper leave him

A severe Example of its violated Laws——

Forbid it Mercy, and forbid it Love.

This may prevent it.

[Takes a Steinkirk off her Neck, and lays it gently on his Head.]

And if he shou'd wake offended at my too busy Care, let
my Heart-breaking Patience, Duty, and my fond Affec-
tion plead my Pardon. *[Exit.]*

*[After she has been out some Time, a Bell rings;
Edging wakes, and stirs Sir Charles.]*

Edg. Oh!

Sir Cha. How now! what's the matter?

Edg. O! Bless my Soul, my Lady's come home.

Sir Cha. Go, go then.

[Bell rings.]

Edg. O lud! My Head's in such a Condition too. *[Runs to the Glass]* I am coming, Madam — O lud! here's no
Powder neither——Here, Madam. *[Exit.]*

Sir Cha. How now! *[Finding the Steinkirk upon his Head.]* What's this? How came it here? *[Puts on his Wig.]* Did not I see my Wife wear this to Day?——
Death! she can't have been here, sure——It could not be
Jealousy that brought her home——for my coming
was accidental——so too, I fear, might hers.——
How careless have I been?——not to secure the Door
neither

neither——'Twas foolish——It must be so! She certainly has seen me here sleeping with her Woman:—— If so, how low an Hypocrite to her must that Sight have prov'd me?——The Thought has made me despicable ev'n to my self——How mean a Vice is Lying? and how often have these empty Pleasures lull'd my Honour and my Conscience to a Lethargy,——while I grossly have abus'd her, poorly skulking behind a thousand Falshoods? Now I reflect, this has not been the first of her Discoveries——How contemptible a Figure must I have made to her?——A Crowd of recollected Circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my Follies, and yet with what amazing Prudence has she born the secret Pangs of injur'd Love, and wore an everlasting Smile to me? This asks a little Thinking——something should be done——I'll see her instantly, and be resolv'd from her Behaviour. [*Exit.*]



The SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter Lady Easy and Edging.

L. Ea. **W**HERE have you been, Edging?

Edg. Been, Madam! I—I—I—I came as soon as I heard you Ring, Madam.

L. Ea. How Guilt confounds her! but she's below my Thought——Fetch my last new Scarf hither——I have a mind to alter it a little——make haste.

Edg. Yes, Madam,——— I see she does not suspect any thing. [*Exit.*]

L. Ea. Heigh ho! [*Sitting down.*] I had forgot——but I'm unfit for writing now——'Twas an hard Conflict——yet it's a Joy to think it over: A secret Pride, to tell my Heart my Conduct has been
just

Just——How low are vicious Minds, that offer Injuries, how much superior Innocence that bears 'em?——Still there's a Pleasure ev'n in the Melancholy of a quiet Conscience——Away my Fears, it is not yet impossible——for while his Human Nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

Re-enter Edging with a Scarf.

Edg. Here's the Scarf, Madam.

L. Ea. So, sit down there——and, let me see——here——Rip off all that Silver.

Edg. Indeed, I always thought it would become your Ladyship better without it——But now suppose, Madam, you carry'd another Row of Gold round the Scoilops, and then you take and lay this Silver plain all along the Gathers, and your Ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the Thing ten thousand times another Air.

L. Ea. Pr'ythee don't be impertinent, do as I bid you.

Edg. Nay, Madam, with all my Heart, your Ladyship may do as you please.

L. Ea. This Creature grows so confident, and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it Jealousy. [*Aside.*

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. So, my Dear! What, at work! How are you employ'd, pray?

L. Ea. I was thinking to alter this Scarf, here.

Sir Cha. What's amiss? methinks it's very pretty.

Edg. Yes, Sir, it's pretty enough for that matter, but my Lady has a mind it should be proper too.

Sir Cha. Indeed!

L. Ea. I fancy plain Gold and Black, would become me better.

Sir Cha. That's a grave Thought, my Dear.

Edg. O dear Sir, not at all, my Lady's much in the Right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing but a Girl.

Sir Cha. Leave the Room.

Edg.

Edg. Lard, Sir! I can't stir——I must stay to——

Sir Cba. Go——

[*Angrily.*]

Edg. [*Throwing down the Work hastily, and crying, aside.*]

If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burn'd.

[*Exit Edging.*]

Sir Cba. Sit still, my Dear,——I came to talk with you——and which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of Importance too, but 'tis in order to my Hereafter always talking kindly to you.

L. Ea. Your Words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a Look that ever had the Appearance of unkind.

Sir Cba. The perpetual Spring of your good Humour, lets me draw no Merit from what I have appear'd to be, which makes me curious now to know your Thoughts of what I really am: And never having assur'd you this before, it puzzles me; nor can I (my strange Negligence consider'd) reconcile to Reason, your first Thoughts of venturing upon Marriage with me.

L. Ea. I never thought it such a Hazard.

Sir Cba. How could a Woman of your Restraint in Principles, Sedateness, Sense, and tender Disposition, propose to see an happy Life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an Hour's Pains ev'n before Marriage, to appear but what I am: Alas! that unheeded Wretch, absent in all I do, Civil, and as often Rude without Design, unseasonably thoughtful, easy to a Fault, and in my best of Praise, but carelessly good-natur'd; How shall I reconcile your Temper with having made so strange a Choice?

L. Ea. Your own Words may answer you——Your having never seem'd to be, but what you really were; and thro' that Carelessness of Temper there still shone forth to me an undesigning Honesty, I always doubted of in smoother Faces: Thus while I saw you took least Pains to win me, you pleas'd and woo'd me most: Nay, I have thought, that such a Temper could never be deliberately

liberately unkind: Or at the worst I knew that Errors from want of 'Thinking might be born; at least, when probably one Moment's serious Thought would end 'em: These were my worst of Fears, and these, when weigh'd by growing Love against my solid Hopes, were nothing.

Sir *Cba.* My Dear, your Understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a Jewel in my Bosom, and till this Hour, have scarce been curious once to look upon it's Lustre.

L. *Ea.* You set too high a Value on the common Qualities of an easy Wife.

Sir *Cba.* Virtues, like Benefits, are double, when conceal'd: And I confess, I yet suspect you of an higher Value far, than I have spoke you.

L. *Ea.* I understand you not.

Sir *Cba.* I'll speak more plainly to you——be free and tell me——Where did you leave this Handkerchief?

L. *Ea.* Ha!

Sir *Cba.* What is't you start at? You hear the Question.

L. *Ea.* What shall I say? my Fears confound me.

Sir *Cba.* Be not concern'd, my Dear, be easy in the Truth and tell me.

L. *Ea.* I cannot speak——and I cou'd wish you'd not oblige me to it——'tis the only Thing I ever yet refus'd you——and tho' I want a Reason for my Will, let me not answer you.

Sir *Cba.* Your Will then be a Reason, and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, 'tis fit I shou'd be easy in my Gratitude, and make what ought to be my Shame, my Joy; let me be therefore pleas'd to tell you now, your wondrous Conduct has wak'd me to a Sense of your Disquiet past, and Resolution never to disturb it more——And (not that I offer
it

it as a Merit, but yet in blind Compliance to my Will let me beg you would immediately discharge your Woman.

L. Ea. Alas! I think not of her — O, my Dear, distract me not with this Excess of Goodness. [*Weeping.*]

Sir Cha. Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserv'd it — I see you're in Pain to give me this Confusion — Come, I will not shock your Softness by my untimely Blush for what is past, but rather soothe you to a Pleasure at my Sense of Joy, for my recover'd Happiness to come. Give then to my new-born Love, what Name you please, it cannot, shall not be too kind: O! it cannot be too soft for what my Soul swells up with Emulation to deserve — Receive me then intire at last, and take what yet no Woman ever truly had, my conquer'd Heart.

L. Ea. O the soft Treasure! O the dear Reward of long desiring Love — Now I am blest indeed to see you kind without th' Expence of Pain in being so, to make you mine with Easiness: Thus! thus to have you mine, is something more than Happiness, 'tis double Life, and Madness of abounding Joy. But 'twas a Pain intolerable to give you a Confusion.

Sir Cha. O thou engaging Virtue! But I'm too slow in doing Justice to thy Love: I know thy Softness will refuse me; but remember I insist upon it — let thy Woman be discharg'd this Minute.

L. Ea. No, my Dear, think me not so low in Faith, to fear that after what you've said, 'twill ever be in her Power to do me future Injury: When I can conveniently provide for her, I'll think on't: But to discharge her now, might let her guess at the Occasion; and methinks, I wou'd have all our Differences, like our Endearments, be equally a Secret to our Servants.

Sir Cha. Still my Superior every way — be it as you have better thought — Well, my Dear, now I'll
 , confess

confess a Thing that was not in your Power to accuse me of; to be short, I own this Creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

L. Ea. I know she is not, and was always less concern'd to find it so, for Constancy in Errors might have been fatal to me.

Sir Cha. What is't you know, my Dear? [Surpriz'd.]

L. Ea. Come, I am not afraid to accuse you now — my Lady *Graveairs* — Your Carelessness, my Dear, let all the World know it, and it would have been hard indeed, had it been only to me a Secret.

Sir Cha. My Dear, I'll ask no more Questions, for fear of being more ridiculous: I do confess, I thought my Discretion there had been a Master-piece — How contemptible must I have look'd all this while?

L. Ea. You shan't say so.

Sir Cha. Well, to let you see I had some Shame, as well as Nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady *Graveairs*, upon my first discovering that you knew I had wrong'd you: Read it.

L. Ea. [Reads.] “ Something has happen'd, that prevents the Visit I intended you; and I could
“ gladly wish, you never would reproach me if
“ I tell you, 'tis utterly inconvenient that I should
“ ever see you more.

This indeed was more than I had merited.

Enter Sergeant.

Sir Cha. Who's there? Here — Step with this to my Lady *Graveairs*.

[Seals the Letter, and gives it to the Sergeant.]

Serv. Yes, Sir — Madam, my Lady *Betty's* come.

L. Ea. I'll wait on her.

Sir Cha. My Dear, I'm thinking there may be other Things my Negligence may have wrong'd you in; but be assured, as I discover 'em, all shall be corrected: Is there any Part or Circumstance in your Fortune that I

can

can change, or yet make easier to you?

L. Ea. None, my Dear, your good Nature never stinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less Occasion there than ever.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Mordlove's* come.

Sir Cha. I am coming——I think I told you of the Design we had laid against Lady *Betty*.

L. Ea. You did, and I shou'd be pleas'd to be my self concern'd in it.

Sir Cha. I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with Impatience. But, my Dear, won't you think me tasteless to the Joy you've given me, to suffer at this time any Concern but you, t'employ my Thoughts?

L. Ea. Seasons must be obey'd; and since I know your Friend's Happiness depending, I cou'd not taste my own, shou'd you neglect it.

Sir Cha. Thou easy Sweetness——O! what a Waste on thy neglected Love, has my unthinking Brain committed? But Time and future Thrift of Tenderness, shall yet repair it all. The Hours will come when this soft gliding Stream that sweells my Heart, uninterrupted shall renew its Course——

And like the Ocean after Ebb, shall move
With constant Force of due returning Love.

[*Exeunt*]





The SCENE changes to another Room.

And then Re-enter Lady Easy and Lady Betty.

L. Bet. **Y**ou've been in Tears, my Dear, and yet you look pleas'd too.

L. Ea. You'll pardon me, if I can't let you into Circumstances: But be satisfied, Sir *Charles* has made me happy ev'n to a Pain of Joy.

L. Bet. Indeed I'm truly glad of it, tho' I am sorry to find that any one who has Generosity enough to do you Justice, shou'd unprovok'd be so great an Enemy to me.

L. Ea. Sir *Charles* your Enemy!

L. Bet. My Dear, you'll pardon me if I always thought him so, but now I am convinc'd of it.

L. Ea. In what, pray? I can't think you'll find him so.

L. Bet. O! Madam, it has been his whole Business of late to make an utter Breach between my Lord *Merclore* and me.

L. Ea. That may be owing to your Usage of my Lord: Perhaps he thought it wou'd not disoblige you; I am confident you are mistaken in him.

L. Bet. O! I don't use to be out in Things of this Nature, I can see well enough; But I shall be able to tell you more when I have talk'd with my Lord.

L. Ea. Here he comes; and because you shall talk with him—No Excuses—for positively I will leave you together.

L. Bet. Indeed, my dear, I desire you would stay then; for, I know you think now, that I have a Mind to—to—

L. Ea.

96 *The CARELESS HUSBAND.*

L. Ea. To — to — ha! ha! ha!

[*Going.*]

L. Bet. Well! remember this.

Enter Lord Morelove.

L. Mo. I hope I don't fright you away, Madam?

L. Ea. Not at all my Lord; but I must beg your Pardon for a Moment, I'll wait upon you immediately.

[*Exit.*]

L. Bet. My Lady *Easy* gone?

L. Mo. Perhaps, Madam, in Friendship to you; she thinks I may have deserv'd the Coldness you of late have shewn me, and was willing to give you this Opportunity to convince me, you have not done it without just Grounds and Reason.

L. Bet. How handsomely does he reproach me? But I can't bear that he should think I know it — [Aside.] My Lord, whatever has pass'd between you and me, I dare swear that could not be her Thoughts at this Time: For when two People have appear'd profess'd Enemies, she can't but think one will as little care to give, as t'other to receive a Justification of their Actions.

L. Mo. Passion indeed often does repeated Injuries on both Sides, but I don't remember in my Heat of Error I ever yet profess'd my self your Enemy.

L. Bet. My Lord, I shall be very free with you — I confess I do think now I have not a greater Enemy in the World.

L. Mo. If having long loved you, to my own Disquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to stand the foremost of your Enemies.

L. Bet. O my Lord, there's no great Fear of your being my Enemy that way, I dare lay —

L. Mo. There's no other way my Heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing.

L. Bet. Fie, fie, my Lord, we know where your Heart is well enough.

L. Mo.

The CARELESS HUSBAND. 97

L. Mo. My Conduct has indeed deserv'd this Scorn,
and therefore 'tis but just I should submit to your Re-
sentment, and beg (tho' I'm assur'd in vain) for Pardon.
[*Kneels.*]

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. How, my Lord! [*L. Mo. rises.*]

L. Bet. Ha! He here? This was unlucky. [*Aside.*]

L. Mo. O pity my Confusion! [*To L. Betty.*]

Sir Cha. I am sorry to see you can so soon forget your
self; methinks the Insult you have born from that Lady,
by this Time, shou'd have warn'd you into a Disgust or
her regardless Principles.

L. Mo. Hold, *Sir Charles!* While you and I are
Friends, I desire you would speak with Honour of this
Lady——'Tis sufficient I have no complaint against
her, and——

L. Bet. My Lord, I beg you wou'd resent this thing
no farther: An Injury like this, is better punish'd with
our Contempt; apparent Malice shou'd only be laugh'd
at.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! the old Recourse. Offers of any
Hopes to delude him from his Resentment; and then,
as the grand Monarch did with *Catalar*, you are sure
to keep your Word with him.

L. Bet. *Sir Charles*, to let you know how far I am
above your little Spleen, my Lord, your Hand from this
Hour.——

Sir Cha. Pshaw! Pshaw! All Design! all Pique! meer
Artifice, and disappointed Woman.

L. Bet. Look you, Sir, not that I doubt my Lord's
Opinion of me; yet——

Sir Cha. Look you, Madam, in short, your Word has
been too often taken to let you make up Quarrels, as you
used to do, with a soft Look, and a fair Promise you ne-
ver intended to keep.

L. Bet. Was ever such an Insolence? he won't give me leave to speak.

L. Mo. Sir Charles!

L. Bet. No pray, my Lord, have Patience; and since his Malice seems to grow particular, I dare his word, and urge him to the Proof on't: Pray, Sir, wherein can you charge me with Breach of Promise to my Lord?

Sir Cha. Death, you won't deny it? How often to piece up a Quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and tho' you have promis'd to see no other Company the whole Day, when he has come, he has found you among the Laugh of noisy Fops, Coquets, and Coxcombs, dissolutely Gay, while your full Eyes ran o'er with Transport of their Flattery, and your own vain Power of pleasing? How often, I say, have you been known to throw away, at least, four Hours of your good Humour, upon such Wretches; and the Minute they were gone, grew only dull to him, sunk into a distasteful Spleen, complain'd you had talk'd yourself into the Head-ach, and then indulg'd upon the dear Delight of seeing him in Pain: And by that time you had stretch'd, and gap'd him heartily out of Patience, of a sudden most importantly remember you had out-sate your Appointment with my Lady Fiddle-faddle; and immediately order your Coach to the Park.

L. Bet. Yet, Sir, have you done?

Sir Cha. No—tho' this might serve to shew the Nature of your Principles: But the noble Conquest you have gain'd at last, over defeated Sense of Reputation too, has made your Fame immortal.

L. Mo. How, Sir?

L. Bet. My Reputation?

Sir Cha. Ay, Madam, your Reputation—my Lord, if I advance a Falshood, then relent it—I say, your Reputation—'t has been your Life's whole Pride of

late

late, to be the common Toast of every publick Table, vain ev'n in the infamous Addresses of a marry'd Man, my Lord *Foppington*; let that be reconcil'd with Reputation, I'll now shake Hands with Shame, and bow me to the low Contempt which you deserve from him; not but I suppose you'll yet endeavour to recover him. Now you find ill Usage in Danger of losing your Conquest, 'tis possible you'll stop at nothing to preserve it.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*—

[*Walks disorder'd, and he after her.*]

Sir *Cha.* I know your Vanity is so voracious, 'twill ev'n wound it self to feed it self; offer him a Blank, perhaps to fill up with Hopes of what Nature he pleases, and part with even your Pride to keep him.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles.* I have not deserv'd this of you.

[*Bursting into Tears.*]

Sir *Cha.* Ah! True Woman, drop him a soft dissembling Tear, and then his just Resentment must be hast of Course.

L. *Mo.* O *Charles!* I can bear no more, those Tears are too reproaching.

Sir *Cha.* Hift for your Life! [*Aside and then aloud.*]
My Lord, if you believe her, you're undone; the very next Sight of my Lord *Foppington*, would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Foppington!* Is that the mighty Crime that must condemn me then? You know I us'd him but as a Tool of my Resentment, which you your self, by a pretended Friendship to us both, most artfully provok'd me to—

L. *Mo.* Hold, I conjure you, Madam, I want not this Conviction.

L. *Bet.* Send for him this Minute, and you and he shall both be Witnesses of the Contempt, and Detestation I have for any forward Hopes his Vanity may have given him, or your Malice would insinuate.

Sir *Cha.* Death! you would as soon eat Fire, as soon part with your luxurious Taste of Folly, as dare to own the half of this before his Face, or any one, that would make you blush to deny it to—Here comes my Wife now we shall see—Ha! and my Lord *Foppington* with her—Now! now, we shall see this mighty Proof of your Sincerity—Now, my Lord, you'll have a Warning sure, and henceforth know me for your Friend indeed,——

Enter Lady Easy and Lord Foppington.

L. Ea. In Tears, my Dear, what's the matter!

L. Bet. O, my Dear, all I told you's true; Sir *Charles* has shewn himself so inveterably my Enemy, that if I believed I deserv'd but half his Hate, 'twould make me hate my self.

L. Fop. Hark you, *Charles*, pr'ythee what is this Business?

Sir *Cha.* Why yours, my Lord, for ought I know—I have made such a Breach betwixt 'em—I can't promise much for the Courage of a Woman; but if he holds, I am sure it's wide enough, you may enter tena Breast, my Lord.

L. Fop. Say'st thou so, *Charles*? then I hold Six to Four I am the first Man in the Town.

L. Ea. Sure there must be some Mistake in this; I hope he has not made my Lord your Enemy.

L. Bet. I know not what he has done.

L. Mo. Far be that Thought! Alas! I am too much in fear my self, that what I have this Day committed, advis'd by his mistaken Friendship, may have done my Love irreparable Prejudice.

L. Bet. No, my Lord, since I perceive his little Arts have not prevail'd upon your good Nature to my Prejudice, I am bound in Gratitude, in Duty to my self, and to the Confession you have made, my Lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

L. Mo.

The CARELESS HUSBAND. 101

L. Mo. Ha! is't possible, can you own so much? O my transported Heart!

L. Bet. He says I have taken Pleasure in seeing you uneasy—I own it—but 'twas when that Uneasiness I thought proceeded from your Love; and if you did love—'twill not be much to pardon it.

L. Mo. O let my Soul, thus bending to your Power, adore this soft descending Goodness.

L. Bet. And since the giddy Woman's Sights I have shewn you too often, have been publick, 'tis fit at last the Amends and Reparation should be so: Therefore what I offer'd to Sir Charles, I now repeat before this Company, my utter Detestation of any past, or future Galantry, that has or shall be offer'd by me to your Uneasiness.

L. Mo. O be less generous, or teach me to deserve it—Now blush, Sir Charles, at your injurious Accusation.

L. Fop. Hah! *Pardi volla quelque chose d'Extraordinaire.* [Aside.]

L. Bet. As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him Thanks for having been so friendly an Instrument of our Reconciliation; for tho' in the little outward Galantry I receiv'd from him, I did not immediately trust him with my Design in it, yet I have a better Opinion of his Understanding, than to suppose he could mistake it.

L. Fop. I am struck dumb with the Deliberation of her Assurance; and do not positively remember, that the *Non-Balance* of my Temper ever had so bright an Occasion to shew it self before.

L. Bet. My Lord, I hope you'll pardon the Freedom I have taken with you.

L. Fop. O, Madam, don't be under the Confusion of an Apology upon my Account; for in Cases of this Nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a Lady

L ;

or

of the same Mind two Hours together——Madam, I have lost a thousand fine Women in my time; but never had the ill Manners to be out of Hamour with any one for refusing me, since I was born.

L. Bet. My Lord, that's a very prudent Temper.

L. Fop. Madam, to convince you that I am in an universal Peace with Mankind, since you own I have so far contributed to your Happiness, give me leave to have the Honour of completing it, by joining your Hand where you have already offer'd up your Inclination.

L. Bet. My Lord, that's a Favour I can't refuse you.

L. Mo. Generous indeed, my Lord.

[*L. Fop. joins their Hands.*]

L. Fop. And flap my Breath, if ever I was better pleas'd since my first Entrance into human Nature.

Sir Cha. How now, my Lord! what! throw up the Cards before you have lost the Game?

L. Fop. Look you, *Charles*, 'tis true, I did design to have play'd with her alone: But he that will keep well with the Ladies, must sometimes be content to make one at a Peole with 'em: And since I know I must engage her in my Turn, I don't see any great Odds in letting him take the first Game with her.

Sir Cha. Wisely consider'd, my Lord.

L. Bet. And now, *Sir Charles*——

Sir Cha. And now Madam, I'll save you the Trouble of a long Speech; and, in one Word, confess that every thing I have done in Regard to you this Day was purely Artificial——I saw there was no way to secure you to my Lord *Mordve*, but by alarming your Pride with the Danger of losing him: And since the Success must have by this time convinc'd you, that in Love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted Aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your good Nature, by heartily laughing at the Fright

we

we had put you in. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Ea. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. Why——well, I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they would take away its Love from it—Poor Lady *Betty*! ha! ha!

L. Ea. My Dear, I beg your Pardon; but 'tis impossible not to laugh when one's so heartily pleas'd.

L. Esp. Really, Madam, I am afraid the Humour of the Company will draw me into your Displeasure too; but if I were to expire this Moment, my last Breath would positively go out with a Laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. Nay, I have deserv'd it all, that's the Truth on't—but I hope, my Lord, you were not in this Design against me.

L. Mo. As a Proof, Madam, I am inclin'd never to deceive you more,—I do confess I had my share in't.

L. Bet. You do, my Lord—then I declare 'twas a Design, one or other—the best carried on, that ever I knew in my Life; and (to my Shame own it) for ought I know, the only thing that could have prevail'd upon my Temper: 'Twas a foolish Pride that has cost me many a bitten Lip to support it—I wish we don't both repent my Lord.

L. Mo. Don't you repent without me, and we never shall.

Sir Cha. Well, Madam, now the worst that the World can say of your past Conduct, is that my Lord had Constancy, and you have try'd it.

Enter a Servant to Lord Morelove.

Serv. My Lord, Mr. *le Fec're's* below, and desires to know what time your Lordship will please to have the Musick begin.

L. Mo. Sir *Charles*, what say you? will you give me leave to bring 'em hither?

Sir Cha.

Sir *Cha.* As the Ladies think fit, my Lord.

L. *Bet.* O! by all means, 'twill be better here, unless we could have the Terras to our selves.

L. *Mo.* Then, pray, desire 'em to come all hither immediately.

Serv. Yes, my Lor^d.

[Exit Serv.]

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Sir *Cha.* Lady Graveairs!

L. *Gra.* Ye! you may well start! but don't suppose I am now come like a poor tame Fool to upbraid your Guilt: but if I could to blust you with a Look.

Sir *Cha.* Come, come, you have Sense,—Don't expose your self—you are unhappy and I own my self the Cause,—the only Satisfaction I can offer you, is to protest no new Engagement takes me from you; but a sincere Reflexion of the long Neglect, and Injuries I've done the best of Wives; for whose Amends and only Sake I now must part with you, and all the inconvenient Pleasures of my Life.

L. *Gra.* Have you then fallen into the low Contempt of exposing me, and to your Wife too?

Sir *Cha.* 'Twas impossible, without it, I could ever be sincere in my Conversion.

L. *Gra.* Despicable!

Sir. *Cha.* Do not think so—for my sake I know she'll not reproach you—nor, by her Carriage, ever let the World perceive you've wrong'd her.—My Dear.—

L. *Ea.* Lady Graveairs, I hope you'll sup with us?

L. *Gra.* I can't refuse so much good Company, Madam.

Sir *Cha.* You see the worst of her Resentment—In the mean time, don't endeavour to be her Friend, and she'll never be your Enemy.

L. *Gra.* I am unfortunate—'tis what my Folly has deserv'd, and I submit to it,

L. *Mo.*

L. Mo. So! here's the Musick.

L. Ea. Come, Ladies, shall we sit?

After the Musick, a SONG.

SAbina with an Angel's Face,
By Love ordain'd for Joy,
Seems of the Sirens Cruel Race,
To charm and then destroy.

With all the Arts of Look and Dress,
She fans the fatal Fire;
Through Pride, mistaken oft for Grace,
She bids the Swain expire.

The God of Love enrag'd to see
The Nymph defy his Flame,
Pronounc'd his Merciless Decree
Against the Haughty Dame;

Let Age with double Speed o'ertake her,
Let Love the Room of Pride supply;
And when the Lovers all forsake her,
A spotless Virgin let her Die.

Sir Charles comes forward with Lady Easy.

Sir Cha. Now, my Dear, I find my Happiness grow
fast upon me; in all my past Experience of the Sex, I
found even among the better Sort so much of Folly,
Pride, Malice, Passion, and irresolute Desire, that I con-
cluded thee but of the foremost Rank, and therefore
scarce

scarce worthy my Concern; but thou hast stirr'd me with so severe a Proof of thy exalted Virtue, it gives me Wonder equal to my Love——If then the unkindly Thought of what I have been, hereafter should intrude upon thy growing Quiet, let this Reflexion teach thee to be ealy:

*Thy Wrongs taken Greatest, most thy Virtue prov'd,
And from that Virtue found, I bluss'd and truly lov'd.*

[Exeunt]



THE



THE
EPILOGUE.

*C*onquest and Freedom are at length our own,
False Fears of Slavery no more are shown;
Nor Dread of paying Tribute to a foreign Throne.
All Stations now the Fruits of Conquest share,
Except (if small with great things may compare)
Th' Opprest Condition of the Lab'ring Player.
We're still in Fears (as you of late in France)
Of the Desptick Power of Song, and Dance:
For while Subscription, like a Tyrant, reigns,
Nature's neglected, and the Stage in Chains,
And English Actors Slaves to swell the Frenchman's
Gains.

Like Æsop's Crow, the poor out-witted Stage,
That liv'd on wolsom Plays i'th' latter Age,
Deluded once to sing, ev'n justly serv'd,
Let fall her Cheese to the Fox Mouth and starr'd:
O that our Judgment, as your Courage has
Your Fame extended, wou'd assert our Cause,
That nothing English might submit to foreign Laws.
If we but live to see that joyful Day,
Then of the English Stage, reviv'd we may,
As of your Honour now, with proper Application, say.

So when the Gallick Fox by Fraud of Peace,
Had lull'd the British Lion into Ease,

And

EPILOGUE.

*And saw that Sleep compos'd his couchant Head,
He bids him wake, and see himself betray'd*

*In Toils of treacherous Politicks around him laid:
Shews him how one close Hour of Gallick Thought
Retook those Towns for which he Years had Fought.*

*At this th' Indignant Savage rolls his fiery Eyes,
Dauntless, tho' blushing at the base Surprise,
Pauses a while——But finds Delays are vain:*

*Compell'd to fight, he shakes his shaggy Mane;
He grinds his dreadful Fangs; and stalks to Blenheim's
Plain.*

*There with erected Crest, and horrid Roar,
He furious, plunges on through Streams of Gore,
And dyes with false Bavarian Blood the Purple Danube's
Shore.*

*In one push'd Battle frees the Destin'd Slaves;
Revives old English Honour, and an Empire saves.*

FINIS.



}

}

}





Arnoldus Vanbarnen Delin.

London: King & Co.

R

C

T

L

Writ

Printed

W. L.

Street

THE
RIVAL FOOLS.
A
COMEDY.

ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
IN
DRURY-LANE,

By Her Majesty's Servants.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

LONDON:

Printed for HENRY LINTOTT, and sold by
W. FEALES, at *St. Dunstons*, the Corner of Fleet
Street in the Strand.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

23

P

F

For
So un
Each
That
As fo
So th
We j
All c
'Tis
No S
From
Unbl
Nor
Hus
And
Or n
And
The j
And
Whil
Her
Shar
And
Our
Whil
Part
And
When
'Tis
For
You j





PROLOGUE.

FROM sprightly Fletcher's loose Confed'rate Muse,
Th' unfinished Hints of these light Scenes we chuse,
For with such careless haste his Play was writ,
So unperus'd each Thought of started Wit;
Each Weapon of his Wit so lamely fought,
That 'twou'd as scanty on our Stage be thought,
As for a modern Belle my Grannum's Petticoat.
So that from th' Old we may with Justice say,
We scarce cou'd cull the Trimming of a Play.
All cou'd be made on't is but Dishabillé,
'Tis loosely light, all Falbala and Frillé:
No Set-dress Morals form'd in't to affright you
From the dear modish Follies that delight you.
Unblushing Vice in fairest Forms may lurk,
Nor fear the Smart of our keen Satyr's Jerk:
Husbands and Wives to separate Joys may steal,
And mutual Rage their mutual Shame reveal;
Or more to top the Fashion, sin in private,
And mutual Guilt, their mutual Shame connive at:
The flaming Beau may rattle through the Streets,
And pay with Privilege the Trades-man's Debts;
While Spouse at home, whose Fondness has undone her,
Her Jewels pawns for Sharper's Debts of Honour:
Sharppers from Bubbles too Estates may find,
And keep the Coaches that they've rid behind.
Our Chiefs abroad may mount the Winter Trench,
While Grooms at home with Wagers back the French:
Parties 'gainst Parties too may strain the Laws,
And each pretend their Country is their Cause;
When if their Murmurings secret Spring you trace,
'Tis who enjoys, not who acts wrong in place;
For when disputed Profit's not i'th' way,
You see how nicely Points are lost by th' Opera.

}

*No, faith! All sorts of Men, and Manners may
 From these safe Scenes go unprov'd away.
 From late Experience taught, we fight th' old Rule
 Of Profit with Delight: This Piece's—A! Fool,
 So clear of Sense, and garnish'd with Grimace,
 That wisely it depends for its Success
 On dangling Bullock's Grin, and Pinky's Face.
 But if their humble Jest should fail to win ye,
 We beg some Graces from Signior Croberini.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Oliver Outwit,
 Young Outwit,
 Cunningham,
 Sir Gregory Gulse,
 Samuel Simple,
 Sir Threadbare Gentry,
 Prigian,

Mr. Pinkethman.
 Mr. Wilks.
 Mr. Booth.
 Mr. Bullock.
 Mr. Gibber.
 Mr. Pack.
 Mr. Keen.

W O M E N.

Lucinda, Niece to Sir Oliver,
 Mirabel,
 Governess,
 Lady Gentry,

Mrs. Oldfield.
 Mrs. Porter.
 Mrs. Willis.
 Mrs. Finch.



THE
RIVAL FOOLS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir Oliver's House.*

Enter Sir Oliver Outwit, and Y. Outwit.

Y. Out. I R, I'm no Boy, I have been
at Age this Half-year.



Sir Ol. Why then, Sir, you
have been fit to live by your
Wits these two Years.

Y. Out. Wits, Sir!

Sir Ol. Wits, Sir, ay, Wits, Sir! and a very good
Allowance too; I shall be sorry to find I have spent
my time in getting a Fool, thou know'st all I have
was got by my Wits. And can't thou own thyself to
degenerate, as to tell me thou want'st Money at thy
Years? Why, I never offer'd to tell my Father so from a
School-boy.

Y. Out. You had very good Luck sure, Sir; pray
how did you live?

Sir Ol. Why, as a Gentleman should live, by my
Wits, Sir.

Y. Out. There are indeed a great many such Gentle-
men about the World, Sir; but Men of Honour and
Fortune call 'em Sharpers and Scoundrels.

Sir Ol. 'Pshaw! some few rich Fools that have paid for their Experience of good Company may rail at 'em perhaps; (Losers must have leave to speak, you know;) but we that are wiser know the Use and Value of an ingenious Man.

Y. Out. Well, Sir, since you own you have made a plentiful Estate of your Ingenuity, I hope you will let your Posterity be the better for't.

Sir Ol. Ay, ay, that I will; why, thou shalt have my very original Receipt to make such another Fortune by.

Y. Out. Pray, let's hear it, Sir.

Sir Ol. Why, Sir, I had no sooner brush'd into the World, but the first Degree I took in thriving, was to lay close Intelligence for wenching; cou'd give this Lord, or that rich Citizen a true Catalogue of all the Maidenheads between *Charing-Cross* and *Aldgate*, how many lay amongst Chambermaids, how many in the *Exchange* (tho' very few there, I must confess); and how many at the Boarding-School.

Y. Out. But, Sir,——in our Age this is called Pimping.

Sir Ol. Sirrah! I got many a round Sum by it, when my Father would not give me a Groat——Then, Sir, I was in with all the top Gamesters, and when there was a fat Squire to be fleec'd, I had my Office among them too; and tho' I say it, was one of the neatest Operators about Town.

Y. Out. Why, this was turning downright Sharper, Sir.

Sir Ol. Turning a Penny, Sirrah! I liv'd, I liv'd! did not I live, Fool? I buſs'd, I flirr'd, I was as busy as a Bee, had all the World to rove in, and cull'd a Maintenance from every Flower; traverse, make Honey, Sirrah, and when you've tasted it, confess with me, that stolen Sweets are best.

Y. Out. And was this your Course of Life, Sir.

Sir Ol. 'Till I grew old and purfy, and then I grew in Men's Opinions too, and Confidences; then they began to put things call'd Executorships upon me, the Charge of Orphans, little harmless Animals,
that

that I chuck'd under the Chin, and bound out to Felt-makers and Fishmongers, to make 'em lose and work away their Gentry. disguis'd their tender Natures with hard Custom, and so in time brought 'em to an utter Ignorance of what they were born to.

Y. *Out.* Well, Sir, suppose I should get leave of my Conscience to resolve upon this Course of Life, what Security have you, that I shall'nt make ev'n you the first Example of my Ingenuity?

Sir *Ol.* Ah! do that, and thou'lt win my Heart for ever: No, no, that were too great a Comfort to expect thou should'st gull me: Alas! I'm a great way out of thy depth, I can't hope for that Blessing these three Years.

Y. *Out.* Since you provoke me, I'll try in two Hours for all that. [*Aside.*] You'll part with nothing then at present, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Not a single Teller.

Y. *Out.* If a Man shou'd ask your Blessing, Sir, in this Humour, I suppose you'd refuse him.

Sir *Ol.* Let me but hear thou livest by thy Wits once, and thou shalt make thy own Terms with me. Let me first have a Proof, that if I shou'd give thee Land thou hast Wit enough to keep it: If not, thou art no Son of mine——Then prithee why shou'd I support thee? And now thou know'st my Humour——vanish, vanish,——and never let me see that uncomfortable Face of thine, till thou can'st shew me a Shilling of thy own getting.

Y. *Out.* Sir, I'll endeavour to deserve your good Opinion. [*Exit.*]

Sir *Ol.* The sooner, Sir, the better——Ah! if one cou'd but recall Youth again, what a sweet Penny might a Man make of his Experience? But I'm too old now, and reduc'd, I fear, to the last ingenious Exploit, I shall ever be able to go through with: If I can marry my Niece to Sir *Gregory Goose*, and by that means secure one Fourth of her Fortune to my own use, which he has compounded for; I'll e'en shake hands with the World, give over Businets, and when I can

cheat no longer, turn honest, and fall fast asleep in my great Chair.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir Gregory Goose desires to speak with you.

Sir Ol. Shew him up, I'll wait upon him in an Instant. [*Exit*

Enter Sir Gregory Goose, and Cunningham.

Sir Greg. Well, dear *Cunningham*! I wish I may never laugh again, if thou art not the pleasantest Companion that ever Gentleman took a fancy to—
Prithee go on with thy Story, for I durst lay my Life thou wilt this foolish Knight's Note of his Mistress at last. Prithee go on.

Cun. Did ever Gudgeon live so greedily? And so, Sir, as I told you, finding myself desperately in love with this Lady, and ten thousand times more so, when I heard she was to be married to another; I saw at last there was no hope of my ever speaking a word to her, but by even tacking myself as a miserable Companion to the impertinent Coxcomb, that I knew was design'd for her Husband.

Sir Greg. Ha, ha! Well, I swear that was so archly contriv'd: What, and so this coxcomby Fool of a Rival took thee along with him to visit her! ha, ha, ha!

Cun. I vow, *Sir Gregory*, your Apprehension is so quick, there's no surprising you with any thing.

Sir Greg. Ha, ha! I knew I shou'd smeeke the Jest; but that senseless Regue of a Rival, that cou'd think a Man of thy Ingenuity wou'd keep company with a Fool for nothing.

Cun. Right, Sir, but if there were no Fools, you know, half the Wits of the World wou'd be starv'd.

Sir Greg. Faith! and that's true again; and therefore what a Comfort it is when we ingenious Men take a friendly Care of one another—— But here comes the old Knight my Uncle in Law.

Enter

The RIVAL FOOLS.

II

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Ol. *Sir Gregory Gooch*, I am your most humble
Servant: Is this Gentleman your Friend, Sir?

Sir Greg. I am his Friend, *Sir Oliver*, and that's
much at one, you know.

Sir Ol. Sir, he's welcome——May I crave
his Name?

Sir Greg. Young *Cunningham*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman,
one that has lived among our Family of the *Gooches*
ever since I can't tell how long; we all strive to have
him; between you and I, Sir, he's such a devilish
pleasant Cur of a Wit, that some of our Name have
gone to Law for him——and now it happens
to be my Turn to have him: Not but, as most Wits
are, he's consumed chargeable, tho' I can part with
him when I have a mind to it; I only use him at pre-
sent by way of giving myself an Air or so, till my
Marriage is over, and then I'll have nothing to do
with Wit as long as I live.——Well, but where's
this Niece of yours, old Uncle-in-Law, that shall be?
When will she be visible?——for you don't suppose I'll
buy a Pig in a Poke sure: Prithce let's ogle her a bit.

Sir Ol. You'll pardon my Caution, Sir, she has been
us'd to restraint; had she been easy to be seen, perhaps
you had never seen her: there's many a beggarly Thing
call'd An't like your Honour, many a poor Lord that lies
in wait for her, and then slap, at the first Dash she's a
Countess, and undone; it has been many a poor young
Woman's Misfortune! This whets him to her. [*Aside.*]

Sir Greg. O law! What is she so cruel handsome
then? Dear Sir, pray let's clap up the Wedding im-
mediately: Are you sure she is not stolen already?——
Hark! hark!

Sir Ol. What's the matter?

Sir Greg. Every Coach that goes by, as I'm alive,
goes to the Heart of me: Are you sure she's in the
House, Sir?

Sir Ol. That Doubt, Sir, shall be eas'd immedi-
ately——Who's there? Desire my Niece to walk
hither——And now I think on't, *Sir Gregory* you

shall give her a Taste of your Wit before you see her, we'll have a little Sport with her.

Sir Greg. O dear, how, pray? Pray let's have it, for I love Sport cruelly.

Sir Ol. Why thus, Sir, when my Niece comes in, you shall hide behind the Arras, and I'll present your Friend to her in your stead, if your Friend will do us the Favour to stand for you.

Sir Greg. 'Pshaw! He shall stand for any thing, why, his Supper lies in my Breeches here; by this Light he shall fast else.

Sir Ol. Then, Sir, when he has spoken the Prologue to your Love, up flies the Curtain, and out start you, the very Play itself; how will she be dazled then; how will she blush, and frown, and smile again, then laugh, and own herself to be wooed, and won victoriously.

Sir Greg. Well! I'll say it, this will be the curiousest Fun in the World.

Sir Ol. Hitt! Here she comes——To your Post, Sir.

Sir Greg. O lay! Now shall I bite my Lips through for fear of laughing. [Exit.

Sir Ol. I'm given to understand you are a Wit, Sir.

Cun. I am one that Fortune shews but small Favour to, Sir.

Sir Ol. Good——And to tell you the truth, I am taken with a Wit, Sir.

Cun. Fowlers catch Woodcocks so: Don't shew a Wit your weak Side, Sir.

Sir Ol. Hah! a smart Fellow, faith,——he'd rather lose his Dinner than his Jest.——I say, Sir, I love a Wit the best of all things.

Cun. Always except yourself, Sir.

Sir Ol. Hah! he has bobb'd me twice now, all in a Breath. But here comes my Niece——you know your Business with her.

Cun. With a Woman, Sir, 'tis e'en the very same it was five thousand Years ago; no Fool can miss it.

Sir Ol. Mum.

Enter

Enter Niece and Governess.

Niece, you must give me leave to recommend this Gentleman to your Affection.

Cun. Don't mock me, *Fortune.* [*Aside.*

Sir Ol. How do you like him? ——— Hum, hum.

[*Laughs. Aside.*

Niece. What means this Riddle, *Cunningham?* [*Aside.*] As he is your Choice, Sir, I can't but give him welcome.

Sir Ol. To her, to her, Man ——— Ha, ha!

Cun. I hope, Madam, your Good-nature will put a right Contruction on this Attempt to see you, tho' had I time to tell you how, you'd find it more my *Fortune's* doing than my Forwardness.

Niece. I must humour this, to find the Rile on't. [*Aside.*] As you are my Unkle's Choice, Sir, I give you a sincere and hearty Welcome: What he commands me I shall ever chearfully obey.

Cun. You heard he did command you.

Sir Ol. Ha, ha! the Rogue does it rarely.

Niece. And therefore, Sir, I yield my Hand ———

Cun. Your Lip ——— [*Kisses her.*

Niece. And may in time my Heart. [*Kisses her Hand.*

Sir Ol. Hold, hold, Sir, your part goes a little too far ——— not so feelingly.

Cun. My Joys are Mockeries ——— doubly so I fear; for all she said might be as well the Act of her Obedience, as real Inclination ——— If she has Love, I have a Thought will search it. [*Aside.*

Sir Ol. Ha, ha! Well, Niece, and so you really think him a very pretty Fellow?

Niece. Sir, from my Heart I thank you for him: Had my own Eye been set at liberty to make a publick Choice, it cou'd not have done more to please my Heart, than your Indulgence has.

Sir Ol. Nay then, Girl, what wilt thou say, when I shew thee him I've really chosen ——— Alas! poor Niece! this is but the Scabbard of the Man I mean for thee; but now I draw the shining Blade, shall glitter in thy Eyes, and pierce thee thro'.

Niece.

Niece. What mean you, Sir?

Sir Ol. What ho! *Sir Gregory!* Approach my Lad of thousands.

Enter Sir Gregory, strutting.

Sir Greg. Who calls me?

Niece. What Motion's this! What Limber-jointed Baby! Why he moves by Wires, Sir! a meer Wooden-Tumbler. I have seen Children play with such.

Sir Ol. Don't be a Fool, I tell you this is the Gentleman.

Niece. This! Fie, Sir! When I was a Girl you us'd to bring me home a prettier Husband than this upon the Outside of a Sugar-Cake.

Sir Ol. Is the Devil in thee———Speak to her, *Sir Gregory.*

Sir Greg. Ay, now you shall see, I'll fetch her about presently, Madam. I—— I——

Niece. Wou'd you speak with me, Sir?

Sir Greg. Speak with you, Sir!

Niece. Have you any thing to say, Sir?

Sir Greg. Holty-Tolty! You are so snap, and so short, Forsooth: Why, what a duce do People use to speak to Folks, and have nothing to say to 'em?

Niece. Nay there are such Fools, Sir, but perhaps you are of another sort: But, however, let me hear what you have to say, and if I don't give you a very particular odd sort of an Answer, say I am no Woman: Come, come, let's hear what you have to say?

Sir Greg. Bible, Babble, why your Tongue runs so fast, Madam, that you won't let me put in a Syl-lable.

Niece. Who I, Sir, I am dumb.

Sir Greg. Why then I say, Madam———

Niece. I know what you wou'd say, Sir———

Sir Greg. What the Devil! before I open my Mouth.

Niece. Why then Sir, to please you, I do not know what you wou'd say.

Sir Greg. Very well! Why then I say that a—— I gad I don't know what I was going to say myself now.

Sir

The RIVAL FOOLS.

15

Sir Ol. Don't provoke me, Husky, for once more I tell you this is the Gentleman.

Niece. O pray Sir, don't impose on me so grossly. This is the Man, I'm sure, you really mean for me.

Sir Ol. Oons! you won't persuade me out of my Senses, will you?

Cun. Now to try her home.

[Aside.]

Niece. Look you, Uncle, I will allow you have Wit, and manage a Jest as well as any Man of your Years; but when an Humour grows stale, you know, you should really give it over.

Sir Ol. What the Devil shall I do with her?

Cun. [To the Gov.] I never saw Comeliness and Good-Humour join'd before.

Gov. Nay, dear sweet Sir, how can you offer these Words to an old Gentlewoman?

Niece. Sir, if you are not busy——— [To Cun.]

Gov. Why how now, Boldface! Is that your Manners to interrupt a Gentleman when he's private.

Niece. Sir———

Cun. Away Fifteen, here's Fifty-one's worth Fifteen hundred of thee.

Gov. Why, get you gone, I say——— These giddy Girls are so vain, there's no giving 'em a reasonable Answer.

Cun. Ay, ay, give me Years and Understanding, the Impertinence of Youth's intolerable: Come, come, ne'er disguise it, I know you are a teeming Woman yet.

Gov. Ay, in troth, a handsome young Gentleman might do much, I think, Sir.

Cun. Did not I tell you so?

Gov. And I should play my part, I believe, or I were ungrateful.

Niece. This Neglect's intolerable. [Aside.] I will move him or remove him——— Sir———

Cun. Your Pardon, Madam——— I'm really a little busy.

Niece. Insolent——— If I am not even with him———

Sir

Sir Ol. Why, did not I tell thee, Child, this was none of thy Gentleman? — Now we have nettled the Baggage.

Sir Greg. Ay, Madam, was not you told before, that I was the Person that you were to set your Heart upon?

Niece. Sir, let me ask a thousand Pardons. 'Twas the Error of my Obedience, not my Judgment. Pray let me view the Gentleman nearer, Unkle, I scarce have seen him yet; I only humm'd him over at first, as Lawyers do a Bill in *Chancery*. Where were my Eyes! upon my Life a handsome Gentleman: agreeable, now I distinctly read him.

Sir Greg. [*Strutting*] Tum, tum.

[*Sings.*

Niece. Say he be a little too shambling in his Gait, a Dancing-Master will soon bring that to an easy Negligence, that all your fine Gentlemen are so fond of: Well dress'd, strait Limbs, and two manly Calves, (if they are but his own) that look as if they would not shrink at the ninth Child.

Sir Greg. Tum, tum, dum.

Niece. A Voice too, surprizing!

Sir Greg. Tum, tum, dum. [*Louder.*

Niece. Where was my Judgment?

Sir Greg. Tum, tum, dum.

Niece. Well, I shall be the happiest Woman breathing. Pray, Sir, make my peace with him: I am under all the Confusion in the World, to think I could receive him so rudely.

Sir Ol. D'ye hear, Sir Greg? D'ye hear? D'ye hear? all's over; she begs your pardon: Stick to her: Close, close, you Wag, and don't give her a Moment's time to cool again.

Cun. [*Aside*] Confusion! but to shew my self concern'd might ruin me.

Sir Greg. Madam, I am the very humblest of your Foot-balls; and I wish I may never be married, Madam, if I am not sorry for your Sorrow: But if ever I trust that old Gentleman's Wit, to play the Fool with any Mistress of mine again, I'll give you leave to call me a *Rhinoceros*. And now we are Friends, Madam,
let's

The RIVAL FOOLS. 17

let's e'en join Hands, and revenge our selves upon that Rogue *Cunningham*. that had like to have set us together by the ears: I'll spoil his Markets with the old Gentlewoman, I warrant you.

Niece. With all my heart, Sir.

Sir Ol. Well, Sir, do you thrive? How goes your Suit forward?

Cun. Soft and fairly, Sir,—I'm taking measure for the Widow's Mind, and hope to fit a Man to it shortly.

Gov. Who wou'd have dreamt of a young Morfel at this time of Day? to see how unlook'd for Things will happen.

Sir Greg. Widow, don't trust him; Widow, he's a younger Brother; he will swear and lye like a *French-Gazette*; he has not one Shilling in the World, and lives upon his Impudence, like an *Observer*.

Gov. And I tell you, Sir, he brings more Content to a Woman with that Nothing, than he that brings his 'Thoufands with a false Heart.

Niece. Give you Joy of your good Fortune, Sir, ha, ha!

Sir Ol. And pray, Sir, make my House your own; I see you are a Man of Wit, Sir, and I honour you.

Cun. Sir, I thank you—Come Widow, now,

To cloſer Converſe let's retire,

And rake the Embers of Deſire.

[*Exeunt.*]

Niece. So! he's reſolv'd to ſtand it, I ſee. [*Exit.*]

Enter Y. Outwit, *Sir Threadbare Gentry*, and *Prifcian*'

Y. Out. Are we all fit?

Sir Thr. To a Hair, Sir.

Y. Out. And are you perfect, Doctor *Prifcian*?

Prif. *Ad unguem, Domine.*

Y. Out. Very well; but will your Conſcience bate nothing, ſay you, of a whole Share for your Wife, while ſhe does nothing for't?

Sir Thr. Look you, Sir, my Wife's ready, had ſhe been called, and, like a Soldier, expects her Pay, whether ſhe fights or not.

Prif. Faith for theſe five Years, *Ego poſſum probare,*

I have had a hungry starving Share with 'em, and she has always had an equal Share with me.

Y. Out. What! Present, or not present?

Pris. *Residens, aut non residens, per fidem.*

Y. Out. Prithee, my Dear *Propria quæ maribus*, hold your tongue, or I'll depose you from half your share presently: Tho' your *hic & hæc Turpis, & qui mihi Discipulus* Brains, (that never got any thing but by Accident and Uncertainty) allow'd her share, must I do it, that bring you grounded Conclusions of Wit; hereditary Rules for my Father to get by?

Sir Thr. Sir, if you talk till Domestday, my Wife must have her share.

Y. Out. The Rogues find I can't do without 'em, and I must comply.

Sir Thr. Are you content?

Y. Out. I must be, it seems——Odso! here comes my Father. *Priscian*, you beg first; take care you don't blunder now, for he has some Ends of *Latin*, I can tell you——but don't fear him; if I find you are stuck, I'll pop in to relieve you. [Exit.

Enter Sir Oliver, and Sir Gregory.

Sir Ol. Pshaw, *Nephew*, (for so I'll venture to call you now) if you have met with no greater Discouragement than what you mention, your Business is done, Sir, she's your own.

Sir Greg. Faith, Sir, I told you the worst; for I put her fairly to't, and felt her, as far as I durst, and her strongest Repulse was, that she said she wish'd there were a little more of the Soldier in me, that, upon occasion, I might have Courage enough to beat a Rascal, for putting her into a Lampoon, or so.

Sir Ol. O that's but reasonable——why you are strong enough to break a Head, I believe.

Sir Greg. Why, Faith, I believe I cou'd, if a Fellow were to stand fair, and I were pretty sure he would not strike again.

Sir Ol. Can't you practise a little upon a Tavern-Drawer, or a Box-keeper at the Play-House?

Sir Greg. O no! hang 'em, they are such silver-tongu'd

tongu'd Rogues, there's no fixing a single saucy Word upon 'em : But if Courage were to be sold, I'm sure I have a Heart that would give as much for't as e'er a Gentleman that blows.

Sir Ol. Breaths, breaths, that's the proper Phrase, Sir.

Sir Greg. Blows, I say, blows for a Soldier, Sir—

Sir Ol. Ay, for a Soldier, I grant you.

Sir Greg. 'Slid I'll swallow a whole Bushel of Bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have something of the Soldier in me.

Sir Thr. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hang'd ?

Sir Greg. A little of the Scholar too, she hinted ; but I told her, Learning was not a thing for a Gentleman to trouble his Head about.

Pris. *Salvete Domini benignissimi, misericentissimi,*

Sir Ol. *Salvete dicis ad nos ? — Jubeo te salvere.*

Nay, Sir, we have *Latin* in us, and other Metal too : Now, Sir, you shall see me talk with this Fellow.

Sir Greg. 'Ad ! I could find in my heart to talk with him too, if I could but understand him.

Pris. *Charissimi doctissimique Domini, ex abundantia caritatis vestre, estote propitii in me jejunum, pauperem, miserum, & omni consolatione exulem.*

Sir Ol. Upon my Faith, Sir, a very deep Scholar ! but I'll to him again.

Sir Greg. Pray, Sir, does he beg or steal this Language ? or what ? why he may call one Fool, for ought I know, and a Man never the wiser.

Sir Ol. He begs, he begs, Sir.

Pris. *Ecce Domine ; Ecce in oculis lacrymarum flumen, in ore fames, sitisque, & in omni parte necessitas & indigentia.*

Sir Ol. *Audi tu bonus socius : tu es scholasticus, sic intelligo. Ego faciam Argumentum*——Now mind, Sir, now I'll fetch him up, you shall see—A hum, a hum.

Sir Greg. Well, I have been fetch'd up an hundred times for this, and yet cou'd never learn half so much.

Sir Ol. *Audi & responde ; hoc est Argumentum ! Nomen est Nomen, ergo, Quod est tibi Nomen ? Responde nunc*——Hum, hum——*Responde Argumentum meum ?*
Now I put him to't, Sir.

Y. Out.

Y. Out. [*Peeping*] Step in, step in, the Rascal's out of his penn'd Speech, and can go no farther.

Sir Ol. *Cur non respondes, Domine?*

Pris. *Oh! Domine, tanta mea est Miseria.*

Y. Out. O! he's in again.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctat Egestas, luce quotidie paupertas habitat.*

Sir Ol. *Sed quod est tibi Nomen? Et quis dedit, responde Argumentum.*

Pris. A hem, a hem.

Y. Out. He's dry, he hems again, on quickly.

Enter Sir Threadbare.

Sir Thr. Courteous Gentlemen, if the Brow of a military Face may not be offensive to your generous Eye-balls, let his Wounds speak better than his Words, for some small Branch, or the least Sprig of Charity to be planted upon this poor barren Soil of a Soldier.

Sir Ol. Why, how now! What, Arms and Arts both go a begging?

Sir Greg. Pray, let me give 'em something, and be gone; for if any Dispute shou'd happen among us, I am able to answer neither of 'em: for this Iron and Steel Tongue of his is full as crabbed to me as t'other's *Latin*.

Sir Ol. Stay, stay, Sir, I'll talk with 'em a little first: let me alone with 'em, I'll examine both, I'll try whether they live by their Wits or no.

Sir Greg. Ay! if starving be living, you may see they do.

Sir Ol. And what? Do you both beg together then?

Pris. *Conjungitis manibus profecto, Domine.*

Sir Thr. With equal Fortunes, Sir, equal Distribution, there's not the breadth of a Sword's Point uneven in our Division.

Sir Greg. Well! to see what two rich Qualities are here cast away upon two poor Fellows? 'ad I warrant if a Man cou'd buy these Creatures now, and might but kill 'em, and boil 'em down to a Jelly, and take a Porringer of 'em fasting every Morning, they wou'd so
strengthen

strengthen one's Understanding, that in a Month's time one might be fit for a Bishop, or a General.

Sir Ol. Come, Sir, join your Charity with mine, and we'll make 'em up a couple of Pence between us.

Sir Greg. Why, if a Man cou'd but have a Penny-worth for his Penny, I did not care how much I laid out with 'em.

Y. Out. Save you, Gentlemen! These Beggars are so troublesome there's no passing the Streets for 'em.

Sir Thr. Generous Sir, do not despise our Misery, we were not born to beg!

Pris. *Ante obitum felix nemo, supremaque Fata.*

Y. Out. Pray, Gentlemen, what are they?

Sir Ol. Faith, Sir, as you see, *Mars* and *Mercury*, a couple of poor Planets that *Jupiter* has turn'd out of their Sphere to live by their Wits, and we were just about a Spark of Charity to kindle 'em a new Fire.

Y. Out. Hold, Sir! not but I commend your Design, but wou'd not have your Charity abus'd by the Undeserving. Which is he that professes the Soldier?

Sir Ol. He, Sir, that has liv'd to shame the World with his Profession, witness the dangerous and unrewarded Life he has led in it these pair of half score Years.

Y. Out. In what Service have you been——You'll pardon my Interruption, Gentlemen?

Sir Ol. Pray go on, Sir——you seem to understand 'em.

Sir Thr. The first Service, Sir, that flusht me a Soldier, was that memorable Battle at *Alcazar* in *Barbary*, where the noble *English Stukely* fell; and where that royal *Portuguese Sebastian* ended his Life.

Y. Out. Um! This can be no Counterfeit.

Sir Ol. I don't think you'll find him one, Sir.

Y. Out. But, Sir, methinks you don't shew the Marks of a Soldier! Have you brought home no Scars to be your Chronicle?

Sir Thr. Sir, I have Wounds, and many, but in those Parts where Nature and Humanity bids me blush to expose 'em.

Y. Out. Come, Sir, I'll try your Scholar too; I'll see

See if he has Learning enough to deserve his being poor—You have the Languages, I presume, Sir; I mean the Chief, as Hebrew, Syriack, Greek, Latin, and so forth.

Pris. Allprophalam, percaliter, Domine.

Sir *Ol.* Nay, Sir, I have try'd him deep in the Latin, and indeed find him very well grounded——very well grounded.

Y. Out. Then, Sir, I'll touch him a little in the Greek. *Toia Miodis Fathoris Oligioleros Afimioy.*

Pris. Kai Yankeros falligous Bambroastomenas.

Y. Out. Cheateron ton biton?

Pris. Tous Pollous Purjos Pickpockettas.

Y. Out. Upon my Credit, Sir, a very great Master of the Greek.

Sir *Ol.* Why, I see it, Sir.—There's a Bottom in him, the Man's deep.

Y. Out. I'll only trouble your Patience with a little Syriack, Sir——and then.

Sir *Ol.* O pray, Sir——

Y. Out. *Kircmshag a dou mathell bedesh Bragmen.*

Pris. Hasegath, Rabgabesh sholoth, Omriatka.

Y. Out. *Colpack, Rubaska, gnawerthem sheshag.*

Pris. Nafhamethem, Rilsie, Borgomash Cathemesh Nafshi.

Y. Out. Gentlemen, I have done; if any Man can go farther, I confess my self at a *Nonplus*.

Sir *Grg.* Not I, faith, Sir, I was at my Top in honest old English, I was never Double tongued, I thank my hard Fortune.

Y. Out. Faith, Gentlemen, 'tis pity (stand away a little, Friend,) I say, 'tis pity Fellows so endow'd, so qualified with the Gifts of Nature and Arts shou'd have such a scarcity of Fortune's Benefits; is it not a Reproach, think you, a shame to this Iron-hearted Age?

Sir *Ol.* 'Tis so indeed, and a thousand pities Men of their Parts shou'd want—When I do a Thing, I love to do it handsomely.—Come, Sir, here's my Groat.

Y. Out. For what, Sir?

Sir *Ol.* Sir, I love to see Merit rewarded.

Y. Out.

Y. Out. With a Groat, Sir? O! give 'em nothing, a thousand times rather give 'em nothing: For my part, I own their Misfortunes have touch'd me deeper, and tho' I have little but my Wits to live by—Here, Friends, here's half I have in the World for you; four Angels to guide you to your Lodgings; a poor Gentleman's Good-will at least.

Pris. Ah! *Gratias benignissime Domine, gratias quantas possum maximas habeo.* [Seems to weep.

Sir Ol. Sir Greg. This is but an indifferent Example for us.

Y. Out. Let me not live if the very Joy of their Relief does not draw the Tears into their manly Eyes! I can't bear the shock.—Here, Gentleman, there's the rest for you, take Purse and all, I'm sorry 'tis not full to serve you.

Sir Ol. We shall be undone! Now where's my Wit?

Sir Greg. Puh! Pox of Wit! when a Gentleman has Money; there, you ingenious Curs you, there's the Devil and all for you—Come, come, Sir Nunkle, down with your Dust—I have given 'em five Pieces.

Sir Ol. Why, then there's as many—I know the Value of a Man of Wit, Sir.

Sir Thr. May Soldiers ever defend such Charities.

Pris. And Scholars pray for their Increase.

Sir Ol. They may pray for you, Sir, you have mended the Scholars Commons to-day, I believe.—But hark you, Sir, you said you liv'd by your Wits; I can tell you if you are often troubled with these Fits of Pounty, you'll starve by your Understanding.

Y. Out. I can't think so, Sir; the Seed of Virtue never wants its Harvest—Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

[Ex. Y. Out.

Sir Greg. Faith, Sir, I only gave mine to give my self an Air—For between you and I, a Man had as good light of a reasonable Thief, as a Beggar of unreasonable Miserie.

Re-enter Y. Outwit.

Oh! Here comes the Gentleman again, and I fancy 'tis to beg his Half back again.

Sir Ol.

Sir *Ol.* Like enough! Sharp's the Word! we'll have half ours too.

Y. *Out.* D'ye hear, Friends——I must beg your pardon, here's a small Gold Crown, that lay conceal'd in my Fob, that I had like to have wrong'd you of—but now you have all, I can assure you.

Sir *Ol.* Ahum! hum! Brush off, Brush off, this Fellow's bewitch'd.

Sir *Greg.* O silly shallow-brain'd Cur!

[Exit Sir Oliver and Sir Gregory.

Sir *Thr.* So, here's ten Pieces for a Breakfast, Boys.

Y. *Out.* Pshaw! a Trifle! a By-blow, only for Mirth's sake! But we must have better Purchase, Lads! Now I want a fourth Person for another Project that I have ripen'd.

Sir *Thr.* My Wife's your Man, Sir.

Y. *Out.* Have you any Breeches for her?

Pris. Sir, she has worn nothing else since she was married, I can witness, figuratively speaking.

Sir *Thr.* Hold your peace, Trope——But to speak truth, she does not fear the Crack of a Pistol; dares say stand to a Grazier.

Pris. *Probatum fuit profecto, Domine.*

Y. *Out.* Good! Let her be at the Rendezvous in her Masculine Gender. My Father has a young Nephew coming up from the University, whom he designs for Orders; Easy Master *Credulous Outwit*——we'll meet him at the Town's-end.

Sir *Thr.* And rob him——

Y. *Out.* No, but he shall rob one of us, and that shall rob my Father of an hundred Pieces to bring him off, and make him thank me for taking so little: For there's the Ambition of my Wit, to live upon his profest Wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my Wits.

Pris. *Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.*

Y. *Out.* A Man's Habit, a sham Bag of a hundred Pound, the Hour, the Place, the Action, shall be at Night agreed on. And now, my wife Father, you shall find I'll put my slender Portion out to Interest; foil you even at your own Weapon.

And

*And to confirm your self in me Renate,
I'll prove at least my Wit's Legitimate.* [Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II.

SCENE *Sir Oliver's House.*

Enter Cunningham alone.

Cun. **W**AS ever Man so fairly caught in a Trap
of his own baiting? No provok'd Wasp
can be more troublesome than this old Stump of a Wo-
man I have drawn after me; I thought to have made
her my Stalking-Mare to *Lucinda*, and instead of that
the Hag has clapt a Bit in my Mouth, and rides me
like a Post-Horse, and 'tis impossible to throw her; she
sticks as close as a Saddle—I had no way to get a Mi-
nute out of her Company but by telling her I was
troubled with a Diabetes. O! the Devil—

Enter Governess.

Gov. Why, how now, Sweeting—What, a whole
half-hour from me? A young Man shou'd think every
Minute a Month in love.

Cun. Why, so I do, my Bird——while I am
in your cursed Company. [Aside.

Gov. Eh! Bird! eh! if thou'lt be rul'd, I'll build
thee a comfortable (*snickering*) Nest, that will stand
all Storms, you sha'n't need to fear a Weather-wreck
of your Fortune, and one day it may be youngling Sea-
son too, and then I hope to have thee always near me.

Cun. A Pox of your Passion——But heark you,
Sweeting! Prithee tell me, has my good Friend, Sir

B

Gre-

Gregory, any hopes of succeeding with his Mistress *Lucinda*?

Gov. No, by my Faith, has not he, if you'll take my Word for't; setting his Worship aside, in my mind, he looks like a Fool.

Cun. Nay, faith, ne'er divide 'em for that matter, Fool and Worship are no such Strangers now-a-days; but my Meaning is, does she give any hearty Encouragement—To be plain, have they as fair hopes of one another, as (*Cupid* bless us!) we have?

Gov. Troth, I do not perceive any such great Forwardness in her; he offer'd to kiss her to-day, and she laid him over the Face with her Fan, made his Eyes water bitterly—Tho' I wish your Friend, the Knight, better for your sake.

Cun. Why, I thank you, Bird—and cou'd with all my heart, he were as strongly sure of her, as thou art of having me. [*Chuckling her Chin.*]

Gov. Eh! if thou didst but speak thy Heart now! Eh! he shou'd speed ne'er the worse for't. And I'll tell you, Bird, (for we'll have no separate Secrets now) Mrs. *Lucinda*, my Charge, thinks well of you.

Cun. Of me! for what, prithee?

Gov. Why a—for my sake, Child, she knows of your good Will to me, and therefore, upon that account, Honey, has taken a liking to thee; when we get into a House of our own, Love, she'll give us a bit of Stuff, I believe; and if ever she lives to be Gossip, the Babe shall n't want a Coral, she says.

Cun. The Babe, quotha! it will be a hopeful Mandrake, without doubt, that springs from our Conjunction. [*Aside.*]

Gov. Ah! she designs such things for thee, if I durst but speak.

Cun. Nay, don't doubt my Secrecy, tell me.

Gov. Oh, fye! you must not make me tell what Women say behind Men's backs, Child.

Cun. O! you must give me leave at least to give her Thanks for't.

Gov. No, no, that's my part; for you must consider, what she does for you is only for my sake.

Cun.

Cun. This is excellent!

[*Aside.*

Gov. If you shou'd tell all that I open to you, you'll shame us both; you may kiss your Hand to her at a distance, and blush, or so, but I'll allow no nearer Conference.

Cun. Hey-day! you'd be jealous then!

Gov. Jealous! Marry! and there's no true Love without it; look you, if you'll be rul'd, and not make things common, in time, I may tell you more.

Cun. Uds! your Lady! she'll see us.

Gov. Pshaw! no matter, she'll be pleas'd with it—our Familiarity is her Content.

Enter Niece and Simple.

Niece. This from Sir Gregory, Sir?

Sim. Yes, Madam—She's a very pretty Creature.

[*Aside.*

Niece. Do you belong to him, Sir?

Sim. Yes, Madam—a-hem! she's a fine Woman, indeed.

[*Aside.*

Niece. Pray, Sir, in what Capacity?—How the Fellow eyes me!

[*Aside.*

Sim. Madam, I am but his Gentleman—a-hem!

[*Sets himself.*

Niece. And pray, Sir, what might be his Conceit in sending me this wrought Handkerchief?—Still so close!

[*Aside. Seeing Cun. and Gov.*

Sim. His Conceit, Madam, was, that as that happy Handkerchief enfolds your snowy Neck all Day, to he desires all Night to embrace it with his Knightly Arms—a-hem!

Niece. A notable Conceit, I promise you.

Sim. Madam, he has been cudgelling his Brains these two Hours, to find a Present worthy your Ladyship's Acceptance—Madam, he was once sending a very fine Puppy to you.

Niece. That, he might have brought himself.—Ha! he seems to observe me! This Fellow may be of use.—I'll fit you, Sir.

[*Aside.*

Gov. Pray mind me, Honey! You do nothing but stare upon her, I think.

Cun. No, indeed, I was only observing that finical Coxcomb, that Fool yonder.

Gov. Don't tell me! what need you look upon the Fool, when I'm here?

Cun. How familiar the Rascal is?

Sim. By the World, I believe she likes me! [*Aside.*]

Niece. Come, come, ne'er disguise it! this Present was above your Master's Fancy, I know it; your Wit had a Hand in't, I'm positive.

Sim. O pray, Madam. [*Affecting a Blush.*]

Niece. Nay, nay, I must know.

Sim. Oh! O lay! Since you must know then, Madam, pray give me leave to ask, why your Ladyship asks, and you shall know.

Niece. Nay, if it be your Master's, I'm sorry for't, that's all.

Sim. Nay, then don't be uneasy, dear Madam—it was mine.

Niece. Well! it's extremely pretty! I may depend upon't, as yours, Sir.

Sim. I wish I may perish, Madam, if Sir Gregory (for Master I'll call him no more, if I cou'd have the Honour to serve your Ladyship) had the least hand in it.

Niece. Then I am easy—Pray, Sir, tye it on for me.—Bless me! how white a Hand you have!

Sim. O, dear Madam, and your Ladyship's Neck so near, I am asham'd you shou'd look upon't.

Niece. You certainly use Art with it.

Sim. Nothing but Almond-Powder, as I am a living Creature, Madam.

Niece. Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Sim. Samuel Simple, Madam,

Niece. Simple, what an innocent Sound it has:—heigh ho!

Sim. Well, she's taken as sure as can be. [*Aside.*]

Niece. Prithee tell thy Master one thing! that no thing but a dull *Vulcan* wou'd have sent a *Mars* to be the Spokesman of his wooing——What a Complement's there!

Sim. It is all my own, as I live, Madam.

Niece

Niece. Such Lips too! what Dalliance must in private grow upon 'em!

Cun. Death! she courts the Coxcomb!

Gov. Away, away, she does but fool with him.

Niece. So! he's touch'd, I see. [*Aside*] Come nearer, prithee, you must not be so strange! What a lost Handful of Pleasure's here! [*Takes his Hand.*]

Sim. I'll swear! and so there is! Well! there's no resisting; I'll e'en take pity of her.

Niece. Thy Master's Hand to thine, is Bear's Skin stuff'd, compar'd to Down of Doves. O what a Pillow for a Maiden-Cheek were here! Tell me, are you married, Sir?

Sim. No, I ben't seriously.

Niece. Will you give me leave to send to you?

Cun. O Women! Women! blind as the false Love you're form'd for. Death, she doats on him!

Gov. What's that to thee? Prithee mind her not, there be those can doat as well as she.

Cun. Away Burr.

Gov. How!

Cun. Hang off Flesh-hooks, fasten thy itchy Clasp upon some dry Toadstool, that will kindle with thee, and burn and stink together.

Gov. Oh abominable! Why dost not thou love me?

Cun. Avaunt *Sycorax*! Haunt me no more! Love! the Devil! I tell thee, double Dotard, I took thee but as Physick to my distemper'd Stomach, and now thou'rt up again, I loath thee filthily.

Gov. Oh Villain!

Cun. Dost thou not see a Sight might turn all Lovers Brains, and make 'em curse the very Thoughts of Woman.

Niece. Ha, ha, ha! I think I have touch'd him now; ha, ha, ha!

Sim. Ha, ha, ha!

Niece. Why do you laugh, Sir?

Sim. Why only 'cause you laugh, Madam. Hi, hi, hi.

Cun. She has but mock'd my Folly sure, or finds not yet the Bosom of my Purpose.

*I'll try her, and may chance to let her see,
A Trick to mortify her Vanity.*

[Ex. *Cun.*

Niece. I laugh to think of thy Master now; how he'd stare and curse if he knew of this.

Sim. Ha, ha, I can't but laugh at him too: for to say the truth, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it, he is but a Fool at the bottom.

Niece. Well, Sir, for this time, you shall leave me, but don't you boast now how my foolish Tongue has betray'd my Heart: be discreet, and I'll send to you.

Sim. You'll be sure.

Niece. If you're but silent.

Sim. O! I'm mute as a Mouse in a Cheese; or a Goose in a Hay-Reek; or a Fish in a Kettle; as dumb as a dead Woman.

Niece. We are observ'd; there's my Hand at parting.

Sim. And there's mine—Umh!—Good-by—
Ah!

[Exit.

Niece. So, *Governess*, I need not ask where you have been.

Gov. Oh, Child! never was Woman so abus'd.

Simple Re-enters.

Sim. D'ye hear, Madam, I had forgot to tell you—If you think fit, I'll come and see you again in the Evening?

Niece. By no means, don't offer it till I send for you.

Sim. Well, well; in the mean time, when I'm gone, you may think of Things a little, as a—— Why, I may be convey'd by Stealth into your Chamber, or so; I'll lie under the Bed till Midnight, rather than be seen; or you may put me into one of your Comb-Boxes; or whelm a China-Bason over me, or any thing: Ah! I can creep in at a little Hole.

Niece. O! I durst not venture for my Life; I charge you on my Love, never offer to come again till I send for you.

Sim. Well, well, *Verbum sat*, as the *Latin* Saying is, *A Wink to the Wife is enough*.——We won't let the Knight know a Title of this.

Niece.

Niece. By no means! that wou'd spoil all: but pray be gone, we are suspected.

Sim. Well, well, for the Things that are past then, d'ye see, let us—let us tell nobody of it, that we may keep 'em secret. *[In a Whisper.]*

Niece. Well! now I'll make a firm Tryal of your Love: As you love me then, not one Word, Sigh, or Syllable more, but take your leave this Moment, and be gone.

Sim. Um, gh, gh, um, gh.

[Shuts his Mouth, as unwilling, and Ex.]

Niece. Ha, ha, now do I fancy all Lovers are much the same Fools. How now, *Governess*, what easing your Heart with your Eyes: What's the Cause, pray?

Gov. *[Crying.]* Ah! take thou Warning by my Misfortunes, the Cause is false Man, Child: Ah! Lady, I have been gull'd with a shining Pebble for a Diamond, a very Glow-Worm, that I thought had Fire in't, and it proves as cold and brittle as a broken Looking-Glass.

Niece. And how cou'd your Experience be so impos'd upon, to think that such a youthful *Spring* cou'd doat upon thy *Autumn* Furrows?

Gov. Oh! had you heard him but protest—

Niece. I shou'd have laugh'd at your Credulity; didst thou not see me mock thy Folly in wanton Imitation with that Foolish Fellow? Cou'd't thou be so dull? Alas! thou wert but his Bait to fowl with, not the Prey; the Net, the Springe, the Stale to catch another Bird with.

Gov. Nay, he call'd me Bird indeed.

Niece. And thou so blind not to perceive it was thy own Daughter, that he loves—there lies his Siege, and thou wer't only taken as an Outwork to the Place: Examine and you'll find it so: Farewell—I'll vex him still. *[Aside.]* *[Exit.]*

Gov. My Daughter! how! my own Flesh and Blood my Rival! I'll rival her: I'll ferret her Affection with a Vengeance: A young sly Gipsy, has she no Shame in her; no Sense of Modesty; is it so warm with her already? Ah brutal Slut! in love with a
B 4 young

young Fellow ! Foh ! here she comes, I'll mumble her !
 Just parted from him, I suppose——

Enter Mirabel.

So, Gentlewoman, where have you been, pray ?

Mir. No where, Mother, but at work in my own Chamber.

Gov. What, in your own Chamber too ! fine Work, I believe. Come, Hussy, speak ; and if thou canst with Modesty, what have you been doing with your hopeful Help-mate there ?

Mir. Help-mate !

Gov. Come, come, your *Cunningame*, Hussy : Don't think to impose upon me ; I am not so blind with Age yet, nor deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am sure you are not. Pray, Madam, what ails you, are not you well ?

Gov. No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my Senses, nor sleeping, nor waking, nor nothing, nor any thing : I know not what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. What do you mean, Mother ?

Gov. I mean to be reveng'd, you Flirt.

Mir. On whom, pray ?

Gov. On thee, Monster.

Mir. Revenge shou'd follow Injuries : Have I wrong'd you, Madam ?

Gov. Ah ! 'tis not your Cunning, nor your *Cunningame* can blind me : Don't I know you have the Impudence to be in love with him, you Harlot.

Mir. I am sure they must have a great deal of Impudence that told you so ; I never spoke three Words to the Gentleman in my Life, nor he to me.

Gov. Oastonishing !

Mir. I have heard indeed, that he has made some Offers of his Love to you, and if he has abus'd, or wrong'd your Good-nature, so heartily I hate him for't, that I wou'd join with you in utmost Malice to revenge it.

Gov. May I believe thee ?

Mir. You may, upon my Life, Mother.

Gov. Then thou thy self shalt quit me of his Baseness.

The RIVAL FOOLS. 33

ness. Ah! Child, he has given me *Ixion's Plague*: never such a Masculine Cloud so airy and so subtle was e'er embrac'd by poor believing Woman——But, if I live, I'll have him quitted at his equal Weapon: Thou art young, follow him; tempt his Desires with all the subt'lest Baits of Woman. He cannot freeze at such a springing Beauty: And when thou hast him fast by the amorous Gills, draw him, drag him, drown him on the Hook of Dildain, and make this base Dissembler know, thou hast reveng'd thy Mother's Wrongs with Scorn for Scorn.

Mir. This is a very odd Undertaking, Mother: how it may succeed, I can't tell, but I promise you on my Word, I'll try.

Gov. Ah! I'll warrant thee, a young Woman may bring any thing about with a young Fellow: Come along, and I'll slip thee at him this moment. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Gregory, and Simple.

Sir Greg. Why *Sam! Samuel!* thou art not stark mad, art thou? Wilt thou not tell me how my Mistress does?

Sim. Your Mistress! Hi. hi.

Sir Greg. Yah, yih! Why what the Devil ails the Fellow? Did she receive the Thing that I sent her kindly or no, Sirrah?

Sim. Sirrah! Humh. Then to answer your Question, and your Language in order——*First*, I must tell you, *Knight* (plain *Knight*, d've observe me) the Thing that you sent her, by the Thing that you sent, was, for the Thing's sake, that was sent to carry the Thing that you sent, (d've observe me) very kindly receiv'd; so much for your Question: And now for your Language——*First*, Sir, there's a Receipt in full for all my Wages, and now you owe me nothing: *Secondly*, There's the last cast Coat you gave me, and now, Sir, I owe you nothing (my Waitcoat's my own, and I'll keep it.) But the *Sirrah* is yours again, Sir. *Thirdly and lastly*, I am my own Man again: And, *Fourthly*, in the *Fifth* Place——Fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why, *Sam! Sam!* Prithee let me speak
B 5
with

with thee a little: I'll lay my Life some Hare has cross'd him.

Sim. Knight, if you be a Knight, stop there, and don't set up for a Lady-Maker; because, perhaps, there are some Ladies that are as fond of making Gentlemen—D'ye see! As for the Lady, whoever says she's not a fine Lady, a delicate Creature, and a Person of perfect Honour; I say he is a Poltron, a Rascal, and if he does not keep his Tongue between his Teeth, I'll give him a Chuck o'the Chin, shall chop him in two, and strike him dumb during Life.

Sir Greg. Prithee Pox! why in such a Passion, Man, I know no body says any other of her.

Sim. If you do, Sir, I expect, as you are a Man of Honour, you should let me know it——Any Man that dares but think of it in my hearing, shall hear of it from a Person that he little thinks of. People must not suppose that some Ladies Favours are common; or that Promises and Protections are Things of no moment between Parties and Parties: and I say still, whatever may have pass'd between a certain Lady, and a certain Party, whom for sake's sake I won't name; still, I say, the Lady is a Person of Honour, and being a Person of Honour, she is not to be treated but as a Person of Honour.

Sir Greg. Why I say she is a Person of Honour.

Sim. You say she is a Person of Honour; what is that to me, Sir? I want to see the Man that does not say she's a Person of Honour.

Sir Greg. If I could not find in my heart to kick my Shoe in thy Face, Buckle and all, I am an Ass, and no Gentleman.

Sim. Kick your Shoe at me! don't do it, Knight, I give you fair Warning; I say don't do it; your Shoe's but thrown away if you do; 'tis but plaguing your self to no purpose: For why shou'd not one Man have as good an Eye as another, and when one Man's as good as another, why shou'd not a Lady please her own Fancy? Look ye, I name no Parties——because I really stand all this while in the cold——but when you see me next, you'll find for a certain Lady's sake, if there's a
Tally-

Tally-man to be found in *Europe*, I shall appear like a Gentleman. *[Exit.]*

Sir Greg. If this Fellow ben't out of his few Wits, then am I out of my five Senses; either the sight of the Lady has bewitch'd him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his Sleep, or else he's a Fool, or a Knave, or both, or one of the three, or something or other I'm certain: Yet, now I think on't, she has not us'd me so civilly as her Uncle promis'd she shou'd, tho' that does not signify a Fillup; he says I shall have her, and if she won't come too in a fair way, Egad she shall fast her self into a Stomach for Sir Gregory. *[Exit.]*

Enter Y. Outwit, and Mr. Credulous Outwit in the High-way, arm'd.

Y. Out. So, we are got to the bottom of the Hill before him; here from behind this Hedge we may seize him.

Cre. So we may, indeed, Sir; but where are the other two Gentlemen, won't they lay hold on him too? for if the young Man shou'd resist, how do you know but he may frighten me, and then get the better of you?

Y. Out. O! they are ready posted on the other side; we can't miss. Look ye, Sir, if you'll be rul'd, and travel this Road but one Week with me, you shall live better upon't all the Year after, than the best Preferment in your College's Gift.

Cre. Do you really think so, Sir? for, seriously, I wou'd not do an ill thing; but, really, my Allowance from my Uncle has been extreamly small, and twenty Pounds, at this time, wou'd be an inconceivable Service to me.

Y. Out. With what considerate good Husbandry the Fool turns Rogue? *[Exit.]* Sir, you'll find this a quicker Revenue than any you can have, Ergo's, & Igitur's, and I can give you a good proof enough to prove, that *Quæritur* is the best way.

Cre. That's true, but I don't know, *Necessitas non habet legem.*

to do me a mighty Piece of Service, I wou'd not do a base thing for the whole World.

Y. Out. Nor I, upon my Credit, Sir: But truly it is a little hard, that when one Gentleman wants ten Pieces, or so, that another, who, perhaps, has ten thousand, shall be Brute enough not to supply him.

Cre. Why, really, Sir, that's exactly my Case; and, seriously, I don't know any great Obligation one has to be so rigidly just to such sort of People, that a—really—in a manner, don't deserve what they have.

Y. Out. How quiet the Fool's Conscience is!—Odso! take your Pistol, Sir,—I hear some body, let's not be seen yet.

Enter Lady Gentry in Man's Habit, Sir Thr. and Priscian.

L. Gen. Where's Mr. Outwit?

Sir Thr. There he stands, ready at his Post, behind the Hedge—but, hark you, Spouse, you must bate a little of your usual Courage in your Resistance, that you mayn't frighten the Scholar into a Retreat.

Prif. He tells you right, Madam.

L. Gen. Go, Fools! teach your Granums: You are always full of your Advice when there's no occasion for't. Where's the Purse?

Prif. There 'tis, of the Comedians Coin, all Counters.

Sir Thr. We'll turn 'em into Gold before Night, Boy.

L. Gen. Away— [*Exeunt Prif. and Sir Thrifty.* Look how that Fool loiters now! Hey, William! a-long, along with the Horses, we shall n't get to London to-night.

Y. Outwit and Credulous enter, and present Pistols.

Y. Out. Stand.

Cre. Sir, we are Gentlemen, really under Necessity, and hope you won't take it ill; for, upon my Word—for my part—really, you'll find me very civil—therefore, pray, Sir, don't make a Disturbance—but, really, consider your own Danger— [*All the while trembling.*]

The RIVAL FOOLS. 37

Y. Out. Blood, Sir—Deliver, or you are a dead Man.

Cre. O bless me.

L. Gen. Look you, Rascals, I'm alive yet, and till I am dead, I'll see you damn'd before I'll part with a Farthing. [*Draws.*]

[*Priscian, and Sir Threadbare rush in from behind, and seize her.*]

Prif. Nay, then, if you are so hot a Spark, Sir, we must secure you.

Cre. O dear! I am glad they came. [*Aside.*]

L. Gen. Well! Gentlemen, I am in your power, but treat me like a Man, at least; my Money, I presume, is all you have occasion for, there 'tis, and all I have, indeed; a good round hundred Pieces.

Y. Out. Is this all, Sir?

L. Gen. My last Farthing, upon my Honour, Gentlemen—Pray, Sir—

Cre. O! don't hurt the Gentleman——Sir, you really look like a civil Gentleman, and if I had the Honour to be better acquainted with you, you'd find me another-guess Man than you take me for, I can assure you; and if ever you travel to *Cambridge*, Sir, I shall be very proud to see you in our Buttery, Sir—

Sir Thr. Hush, is the Devil in you? [*Stops his Mouth.*]

Y. Out. Come, Sir, we must secure you from following us.

L. Gen. As I am a Gentleman, I never will stir.

Y. Out. We don't intend you shall, Sir, for we will bind you to your good Behaviour——

L. Gen. Nay, pray Gentlemen.

Sir Thr. We'll only leave you on t'other side of the Hedge, Sir—Here, do you hold the Money, while we secure him.

Y. Out. Away with him—[*Ex. Prif. Sir Thr. and La. Gen.*]

Why, look you, Sir, did not I tell you? Shew me e'er a Page in *Seneca* now, that will furnish a Man so speedily? Here's that will mend your Commons with a Witness! You'll have no longer need to fize your Belly

Belly out with Rumps, Kidneys, and Cues of single Beer. Here's that will make a Beggar fat in a Fort-night. *Aurum palpabile & potabile*, Sir.

Cre. Why, really, Sir, I am apt to think the Gentleman cou'd not want this; for, by his Habit, he seem'd to be a Person of Fortune.

Y. Out. Let Fortune take care of that; you and I will never want, Sir, while others have it.

Cre. Why, really, Sir, it is a little hard there shou'd not be a more equal Distribution of Fortune's Benefits.

Y. Out. Mum. [*Re-enter Priscian, and Sir Threadbare.* Is all safe, Bullies? bare.]

Sir Thr. Secure; the Gentleman thinks himself most happy in his Loss, with his safe Life and Limbs, and redoubles his first Vow, as he is a Gentleman, never to pursue us.

Y. Out. Away then—Let's disperse; Mr. *Credulous* and you shall bear the Purchase, while I and *Priscian* take some other Course: At the *Three Cups* in *St. Giles's* we all meet; but remember the Booty is not to be open'd till all are present; the Loser said an hundred, and it can weigh no less.

Cre. Sir, I am sure I wou'd not wrong you, or any Gentleman of a Shilling, to gain never so much by it.

Y. Out. O! never talk of that.

Sir Thr. Come, Sir, I'll guide you. [*Ex. Cre. & Thr.*]

Y. Out. Ha, ha, ha! where's the Thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Gentry.

L. Gen. Here, Mr. *Outwit*, all Fellows now.

Y. Out. 'Twas neatly done, i'faith, Girl; now to turn that Bag of Counters into current Pieces, & *actum est*. You know the Place.

Prif. I have told her, Sir,—the *Three Cups* in *St. Giles's*.

Y. Out. Good—Is the *Constable's* Dress ready for *Sir Threadbare*?

Prif. All ready, Sir, not a Hair of his false Beard wanting.

Y. Out. Excellent! The moment he has seiz'd the Scholar,

Scholar, then send me immediate Word on't; then come I, in his Cousin's own shape, by mere Accident, to bring him off. But, Father, you must pay the Reckoning; since you are so fond of Wit, I'll beggar you if you pay the Price of mine, Sir: for when this Cheat's ripe, Sir, you'll find it will beget another, Sir; that Third a Fourth, and so onward to an endless Generation—You had better come to Composition, Father, or I shall bubble you without Mercy; you'll find it cheaper, Father, than this wise way of starving me: For I will cheat none but you, dear Father. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III.

SCENE a Garden.

Enter Niece and Mirabel.

Niece. **A**ND so your Mother, to revenge her own Quarrel to him, has oblig'd you to make love to Mr. Canningham.

Mir. Yes, is not it a very notable Project? What a subtle Devil must this Love be, when it can make such egregious Fools of old Folks? But I had forgot to tell you, Madam, I have undertaken to go through with it too.

Niece. How!

Mir. Not without acquainting you with it beforehand.

Niece. Oh! your Servant—Try him, you'll find him flexible, I dare say.

Mir. Ay, but then how am I sure to be stubborn my self; my Honesty is the best part of my Portion, and I should be loath to spoil my Marriage by playing the fool with him.

Niece.

Niece. I fancy there's no fear of that, for he writ me a Letter t'other day, and propos'd you as a Wife for Sir Gregory; 'tis in his power to serve you, if you can like the Man.

Mir. I cou'd like the Ladyship strangely—And as for the Man, I had as lief have a Fool, as one that's so wise, he'll always think me a Fool—Wou'd he wou'd tempt me.

Niece. Here's Company, let's go into the Arbor.

Mir. No, I must beg your pardon——my Mother expects me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Sir Oliver and Sir Gregory. [*With Musick.*]

Sir Ol. Why, now you take the right Course, Sir Gregory,—Musick will melt her; I cou'd force her; but a Heart, you know, that's gently won, is a Man's own forever. Have you a good Concert?

Sir Greg. O! a curious Noise as ever you saw, Sir—Indeed, I wou'd have had the lame Woman with the Dulcimer, and old Gratears the blind Cymbal; but they sent me word they were just hir'd to play Country-Dances at my Lord Mayor's.

Sir Ol. Why, then she must take the Will for the Deed; a Woman must be woo'd a hundred several ways, you may try a thousand sometimes before you touch 'em in the right Vein; but that once found! Ah! they lie as snug, and as tame in a Man's Arms as a sucking Rabbit.

Sir Greg. O, dear! ah! I warrant 'em they are pretty soft Fools when their Clothes are off.

Sir Ol. Why, did you never try, Sir?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, I have try'd, Sir, but 'twas to no purpose: I remember the last time I was upon my Knees to our Chambermaid, she run her Elbow in my Throat till she had almost strangled me, and then broke my Head with the Bedstaff, to fetch me to life again.

Sir Ol. Why, is't possible! What, did you never make a Fool of a Tenant's Daughter?

Sir Greg. Never, really, Sir, I never cou'd get one to hold still since I was born.

Sir Ol.

The RIVAL FOOLS. 41

Sir Ol. Hey day! what, come to *London* with a Maidenhead, Knight! A Gentleman of your Rank, and ride with a Cloak-bag? Never an Hostess by the way to leave it with? No Tapster's Sister? Nor head Outler's Daughter?

Sir Greg. O! well mock'd old Witmonger—I keep it for your Niece.

Sir Ol. Don't say so for shame, she'll laugh at thee; why, 'tis a Batchelor's Penny, Man, he may give it to a Beggar in the Summer-time, and ne'er be call'd to account for it; the silliest Wife is not Fool enough to expect it,

Sir Greg. 'Ad, wou'd I had known that, I cou'd have stopt a Beggar's Mouth by the way curiously, that rail'd at me, because I'd give her nothing——But now for the Musick, Sir!

Sir Ol. You'll find her in the Garden, her Ear must reach it; I'll leave you, Sir.

Sir Greg. Now, strike up, my Boys. [*Musick plays and Ex.*]

Well! I'll say it, this was cruel fine! she must like it—Now, Gentlemen, you may go.

Niece from the Arbor.

Niece. Whose cou'd this Musick be? 'twas pleasant at the Season; it must be *Cunningham*! Who's there?

Sir Greg. Madam, I am your humble Servant—Good-Morrow to you.

Niece. Pshaw! An ill Day, and a thousand follow thee.

Sir Greg. 'Slife, that's fix hundred more than any Almanack has.

Niece. Was this thy odious Musick; then?

Sir Greg. Odious, Madam!

Niece. Horrible! Canst thou suppose such Stuff wou'd please a Woman of any Taste?

Sir Greg. Taste! why, Madam, I did not design you shou'd eat it; but if your Taste were never so dainty, you might have lik'd it; for I am sure it cost me Sauce.

Niece. Sure there is no Impudence more provoking than the dull Stupidity of a sufficient Fool! How durst
you

you do this? Wretch! Idiot! For hadst thou but an Insect's Understanding, thou wou'dst have known how mortally I hate thee, I thought I had enough before abus'd thee; the Mocks and spiteful Language I have given thee, wou'd have serv'd ten reasonable Men! In my Conscience! thou devourest more Affronts, than twenty Midnight Drunkards wou'd throw away on Strangers in the Streets! and still thy greedy Maw's not satisfied! All the Scorn of Coyneis, or Ill-nature can't suffice thee.

Sir Greg. Hey-day! why sure you are not in earnest, Madam?

Niece. Oh! insatiable! not yet content! why, wilt thou beggar my Derision? In faith, thou'lt all I have, I've not another Scorn to throw at thee; if I knew where to borrow but Contempt, I'd mortgage all my Kindness to supply thee. Nay, prithee, leave me, now thou grow'st unreasonable.

Sir Greg. Say you so, forsooth! I'gad I'll fetch one then, shall jerrymumble you. [Exit.]

Niece. So, he's gone with this Flea in his Ear to my Unkle, I suppose, no matter, I know my Cue.

Enter Cunningham at a distance.

Cun. I met the Musick going away; but can't yet learn what Reception she gave him!

Niece. Ha! there's somebody upon the watch already, I see—Now, [*Afide*] to change my Note!—Indeed, I little thought this two days ago, Sir Gregory!

Cun. Ha! Sir Gregory! 'tis Lucinda's Voice.

Niece. But 'tis our foolish Nature to affect Ill-humour most, where most we like!

Cun. Confusion! am I then fool'd at last, and by a Fool?—'Tis e'en so, faith; for Fortune has remember'd her great Boy——And I'm an Ass.

Niece. Of all Mankind, at first, methought, I cou'd not bear him——We never met but wrangled.

Cun. Ah! curse of your Coyneis! it never comes but like a Storm of Hail, to bring fair Weather in the Tail on't. Fair Words, I'm sure, may cheat a Man, but Biting and Scratching gives him certain Hope; there's

not

not one Match in twenty made without it ; when their Tongues quarrel, their Lips are sure to come to a right Understanding.

Niece. And yet to see how strangely Fancies alter !

Cun. There is indeed, a wonderful Variety in 'em ! O ! Woman ! Weathercock.

Niece. I wou'd have sworn once, 'twou'd never have been a Match.

Cun. Fire ! I'll hear no more——How cou'd I dream of better than a Younger Brother's Fortune ? A Maid with nothing, or some old Soap-boiler's Widow without Teeth ?

*Go home, blind Fool, and bid thy Hopes despair,
Or humbly fix thy nè plus ultra there.* [Exit.

Enter Sir Oliver and Sir Gregory.

Sir Ol. You amaze me, *Sir Gregory* ! she cannot sure ! she won't ! she dares not do this.

Sir Greg. Nay, then believe your own Eyes, Sir—There she is.

Sir Ol. Let's observe——She's thoughtful.

Niece. Not but you'll find, *Sir Gregory*, through all this Fondness I can dissemble yet ; you have my Heart, 'tis true, but shall no know you have it.

Sir Ol. What's that ? What's that ?

Sir Greg. Hah !

Niece. For 'tis Man's Nature to insult an easy Conquest ; the Food of Hope, if frankly given, but surfeits your Desires.

Sir Ol. Why, you——Oons, Sir ? let me tell you, you don't deserve this.

Sir Greg. O dear ! why, I don't say I do, Sir.

Sir Ol. You don't indeed ! indeed you don't. [*Angry.*

Niece. Thus by the little feign'd Abuses, that I gave you, I now shall prove your Temper, and your Truth of Love ; for if you love, I am sure, you'll bear 'em ; I'm sure, at least, my Heart endur'd a Violence while I spoke 'em.

Sir Ol. Are you a Fool now, Sir ?

Sir

Sir Greg. O, dear! yes, Sir, I see it plain now, by my being so much in her favour!

Sir Ol. But you are out of mine, Sir, I can tell you. Offer to sow Strife between my poor Niece and I; I cou'd find in my heart to make her unsay it all again — Good-morrow, Niece, good-morrow.

Niece. Good-morrow, Sir, and to you, *Sir Gregory*, many fair ones.

Sir Ol. You are a Coxcomb, I tell you — How doest thou do, Child, this Morning? — A Fool! — Did you sleep well, Child? It's well Fortune took care of an Estate for thee; for thou'dst starve by thy Understanding.

Sir Greg. Ads heart! now I'm bang'd o' both sides.

Niece. Pray, Sir, is there any Difference between you?

Sir Ol. Yes, a great deal, I hope, Child; as much as between a Man and an Owl!

Sir Greg. Ah! it's no matter for that, I'm a Knight as well as you, Sir.

Sir Ol. Abuse a Lady's Kindness — Wilt thou take the air to-day, Niece?

Niece. Indeed the Day's inviting, Sir; if *Sir Gregory* will please to favour us with his Company.

Sir Ol. D'ye hear? d'ye hear? Shallow-Brains! d'ye hear't continu'd to your Face, to your Teeth!

Sir Greg. Well, well, Laud! why sure! — I have done, Sir.

Sir Ol. Don't provoke me another time, then.

Sir Greg. Madam — you have dropt your Breast-Knot.

Niece. Pray wear it, Sir; in time a better Favour may fall to you.

Sir Greg. Well, well, I have no Malice, mun, I forgive you all.

Sir Ol. Now, I leave you to redeem your Credit with me, let me have a better Account of your next Attack, or — [Exit.

Sir Greg. Ah, ah, ah, you little Rogue! were you caught i' faith! What! I was not to know I had your Heart, was I! we overheard you, mun, when you were

were fighting alone for fear I shou'd be false to you.
Ah! you handsome Devil you, are you not glad to find me true now at last then? ——— Hay!

Niece. Let me see ——— ay, he's out of hearing —

Sir Greg. O dear! now I will so pay off those Cherry Lips of thine. [Offers to kiss her.

Niece. Stand off ——— Monster! [Strikes his Ear.

Sir Greg. How!

Niece. Incorrigible Coxcomb! was not thy last Abuse sufficient! A Man with half an Ounce of Brains wou'd have died on't, run to the next Tree or River to have hang'd or drown'd himself, rather than bear such infamous Usage.

Sir Greg. Ay, you may well call it infamous indeed! it's so shameful.

Niece. And will thy groveling Spirit still endure it then? What villainous impenetrable Stuff is thy Skull made of? will nothing pierce it?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, assure your self, unkind Words may do much. [Half crying.

Niece. And dost thou want 'em, Flint-head? Hav'n't I consum'd my Woman's Spleen to stir thee? Will no hard Usage batter thee?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, I know you wou'd knock my Brains out if you cou'd. Why did not you offer to do it before your Unkle, Mistress? I'gad he wou'd have flea'd your Backside for you.

Niece. Why thou greater Idiot than I thought thee, wou'dst thou have me tell my Unkle, that I design to fool thee: Pristhee call him back, that I may use thee better, and make thee yet a greater Fool ——— dost not thou wear my Favour there?

Sir Greg. Yes, and here too, with a Pox to you.

[Holding his Hand to his Ear.

Niece. If thou but knew'st with what Contempt thou hast it, how many cordial Curses came along with it, thou'dst tremble but to handle it.

Sir Greg. Pshaw! Pox! take it again! I'll see it burn'd before I'll be thus plagu'd with it.

Niece. No! on hazard of thy Life I charge thee wear it still, till one that merits it demands it from thee;
bear

bear it, like the beaten Ass his Burthen, from one dear Friend to another; if mine be but so wife and apprehensive, as my Opinion speaks him to my Heart, it stays not long on thy deserv'd Head; I'll make thee, e'er I ha' done, not dare to wear any thing of mine, tho' I shou'd freely give it thee, but thou shalt sweat and tremble while thou hast it, as if some poisonous Toad had crawl'd upon thy naked Breast, which to remove were equal Horror to endure. Now as you like this, Sir, be troublesome another time, and so good-morrow to you.

[Exit.

Sir Greg. O! that I had but the Courage now to dash my Brains out, Ingenuity enough to hang myself without Pain: I'm sure it's time I were dead someway or other, if a Man cou'd but find it out without Hurt or Danger? Who cou'd think now that a handsome Lady cou'd be such a Devil in her Heart? Lawd! if she's such a Fury now, what a swinging Witch will she make when she's an old Woman? What to do with her, the Devil knows; for if I complain to her Uncle she'll use me better again, and then he'll use me worse, so that between 'em both I am box'd, and banded, and sweetned, and sour'd, and friended, and fool'd, and blam'd, and bubbled, and vex'd, and plagu'd, and as miserable for ought I see, as if I was married to her—Oh! here comes my Friend *Cunningham*, I'll make my Moan to him.

Enter Cunningham.

Cun. I cannot tear her Memory from my Heart—
She sticks in spite of Resolution.

Sir Greg. O, *Cunningham*!

Cun. Sir *Gregory*! the Favourite! the Victor! the Town's happy Man!

Sir Greg. Pshaw! prithee none of your Jeers upon me, I come to thee for Comfort, and thou makest a Jest of my Misfortunes!

Cun. I, Sir! what, by applauding your Fortune, and giving you Joy of your Success?

Sir Greg. O! pray hold your Hand, Sir, I have been
bobb'd

bobb'd enough already, and now you're for coming over me a new way!

Cun. What do you mean? pray, Sir, explain yourself.

Sir Greg. Wilt thou have the Truth in a Word, I have been made the rankest Ass that was ever born to a thousand Pound a Year——I'll swear I did not think my whole Body, Clothes, and all, cou'd have yielded so many scurvy, mangy Names, as my Mistress has call'd me.

Cun. Is't possible?

Sir Greg. Faith it's true, she presented me with this Favour before her Uncle, and as soon as his Back was turn'd, she fell a cursing me so heartily for wearing it, that one side of my Skull has ake'd ever since, and yet in a manner she forced me to wear it too, till a certain Friend of hers she said, that better deserv'd it, and to whom she design'd it as a Token, shou'd take it from me.

Cun. O blest Discovery, how have I wrong'd her Truth and Goodness! *Sir Gregory*, now I'll prove myself your Friend, indeed! pull it off this Minute! you are not sure of a Moment's Life while 'tis about you. I know the Man that lies in wait for you, and it.

Sir Greg. How! the Man that lies in wait, say you?

Cun. Ah! plague of her Favour, say I! I prize my dear Friend's Life above a thousand of 'em——Let's see't—I know more of this business than you are aware of.

Sir Greg. Do you so? then, faith, you shall e'en take it, for I'm sure 'tis not for my wearing, that she told me her self.

Cun. The only true thing she ever told you—Thank you, Sir, now I am the Man that says, let her Spark do his worst, you shall live in spite of him.

Sir Greg. Ah Sir, I'd fain live my time out, methinks.

Cun. He that says otherwise, must lye in his Throat, Sir; for once I'll stand his Fury; and wear it for you, Sir. *Monsieur Simple* may put on as big Looks as he pleases, but I'll keep it for my Friend's sake in spite of him.

Sir

Sir Greg. *Simple!* what is he my Rival! my own Man that was.

Cun. Ev'n he, I can assure you, Sir——Pray tell me, did not you send him to her with a Handkerchief yesterday?

Sir Greg. Ay, faith, and so I did, and when he came back he talk'd as big, and as pleasant, and as saucy, and as wild as a Madman!

Cun. This, Sir, confirms what I was Witness of—I saw her give him such Encouragements, that nothing but a Woman doating, cou'd have made her Modestly submit to, and the Vanity of his Conquest it seems has run the poor Fellow distracted.

Sir Greg. Nay, distracted he must certainly be, for he talk'd to me, as if he had Courage, and I'm sure he never had any when he was in his few Senses—But can a Woman of her Rank be so opposite to common Sense and Reason, as to fall in love with such a Scoundrel?

Cun. Lord! how you talk, Sir, Reason in Love! and in a Woman too! Why, not one Man in a thousand can pretend to it, 'tis the Perogative of Love to make wise Folks Wit-alls; and always the stronger the Passion, the greater the Fool? How many preposterous Examples of it have we about this Town, pray? How many young Fellows marry their Mother's Maids? How many rich old Widows part with their Jointures for conjugal Comfort to wild young Fellows, who mind them no more than they do their Estates, just take Possession of 'em once, and after never come near 'em! And how many doating old Fellows marry young Girls to bring them Heirs, perhaps of an Ensign's getting! Nay, have not we seen a great Lady bring her Stable into her Chamber, and fall in love with her Horse-keeper?

Sir Greg. Why, did ever Love play such Jades Tricks, Sir?

Cun. O thousands! thousands, Sir, 'twere endless to recite 'em; but you are happy in this early Warning, Sir, 'tis well you know her, and well you have 'scap'd her,—if you had married her!

Sir Greg. O, Lord, ay!

Cun.

The RIVAL FOOLS. 49

Cun. What a swinging Stag's Head had you had in a Fortnight!

Sir Greg. Fivea-top, I'll warant her.

Cun. Een down into the Country again, Sir, and let her find some other Fool's Head to plant on—— Here comes her Unkle, not a word to him of what I've told you, that may breed ill Blood, Sir.

Sir Greg. No, no, I'll dissemble to him as she does come, faith——away. [*Exit Cun.*]

Enter Sir Oliver.

Tho' to say the truth, I dare not tell him the truth, for fear she shou'd break my Head for't.

Sir Ol. Well, Sir, are you satisfied with my Niece now, pray?

Sir Greg. O yes, Sir, perfectly, I have not the least Scruple remaining.

Sir Ol. I think she has taken pains to convince you of her Inclinations.

Sir Greg. Lord, Sir, I'm as well satisfied of 'em, as if I were married to her. I don't think she cou'd love me better if I were her Husband.

Sir Ol. You can't imagine how heartily you provok'd me, when you bely'd her Goodness to me—— You vext me to the Blood!

Sir Greg. Why, really I was a Fool, Sir, I did not know half as much of her then, as I do now. Plague on her. [*Exit.*]

Enter Niece.

Niece. Ha! the Favour's gone, I see! it must be *Cunningham* that has it: how I applaud his Apprehension, his Wit has Life in it, I'll send him another Token for't immediately, and by the same Fool of a Messenger——Oh! *Sir Gregory*, where have you been this Age? How cou'd you be so long from me?

Sir Ol. Well said Niece! What so fond before your Unkle! what wou'd she do in private then?

Sir Greg. Only give me a kick of the Guts, I suppose, and call me Rascal!

C

Niece.

Niece. But where's my Favour, Servant! the Love-knot I gave you?

Sir Ol. Odso! that's true, Niece, and I never thought of it——The Favour, Sir, the Love-knot she gave you?

Sir Greg. Hah!

Sir Ol. What, dumb, deaf, bewitch'd —Oons! the Favour, Sir.

Sir Greg. A Pox of all Lady's Favours, I say, I'm sure they are damn'd troublesome to me!——The Favour, Sir!

Sir Ol. Ay, the Favour, Sir.

Sir Greg. Why, Sir, I was way-laid for it by three or four swinging Bullies, and they all fix of 'em drew upon me at once; and——look you, Sir, in short Life's Life, and a Favour's but a Favour, and so I parted from't.

Niece. O unfortunate Woman! my first Kindness slighted thus!

Sir Ol. Oons! Sir, I must tell you, I am very lowly ashamed of you: what the Devil have you parted with your common Sense for ever? will you never come together again?——I must seem to tease him a little——for now I see his Heart's set upon her, I don't know but I may make him take her with nothing. [*Aside.*] Come, come, Niece, 'twas but a Trifle——Let it pass.

Niece. 'Tis not the thing, Sir, but the manner of his parting with it that grieves me!

Sir Greg. O dissembling Gipsy! O! if I durst but speak now, or cou'd but be believ'd when I do speak, I cou'd tell a Tale wou'd make all her impudent Hair stand strait up an end.

Niece. Well, Sir, at your request, I'll shew at once my Duty and my Love in forgetting it, and to confirm my Affection stronger yet——here, Sir, pray wear this Diamond, and let me judge of your Sincerity by your keeping it.

Sir Greg. Ah! you know it won't be long, like a cunning Witch, as you are! [*Aside to her.*]

Niece. You had best part with that now as you did with the Favour.

The RIVAL FOOLS.

51

Sir Greg. Yah! why so I had, I suppose, or I shall have but an indifferent Life on't, as you have handled the matter, truly.

Niece. But you must promise me, dear Sir Gregory—

Sir Greg. Yah! you coaxing Devil!

Sir Ol. Ah! why this is as it shou'd be now—
There's Musick in this, no more words then—on Tuesday next prepare to tune your Instruments, you shall stay no longer, faith, Knight. [Slaps his Back.

Sir Greg. Well, well, Sir, the sooner the better.

Sir Ol. Niece, you hear me.

Niece. I'm all Obedience, Sir—Whatever you've heard me say,—Remember I hate you still—Cordially.

[Exit with Sir Ol.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay! Plague on't—I know your Mind to a Tittle.—Now can't I forbear laughing to hear the old Knight talk as familiarly of Tuesday next, as if we really lov'd one another—Tho' if I am not damnably mistaken, our Wedding is as far off, as'twas seven Year before I saw her. If he shou'd bring it about, I'gad he must conjure; for if he does not raise the Devil to fright me into it, I fancy I shall never have natural Courage enough to board her.

Lovers may talk of Joys

And pretty Toys

And Cooing;

I'm sure I only find

Bobs, Blows, and Noise

In my poor Wooing.

[Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT IV. SCENE *continues.*

Enter Sir Oliver, and Young Outwit.

Sir Ol. **O** That ever I was born! or shou'd live to have a Son, whose Face is the Fore-runner of Ill-fortune! I never see thee without some Vexation at the beels of thee. I knew there was Mischief in thy very Looks; that before thy Mouth open'd, ill News wou'd come out on't.

Y. *Out.* With Submission, Sir, I think I bring you very good News, to give you timely Notice how you may save at once your Kinsman's Life, and the perpetual Infamy that his suffering the Law wou'd bring upon your Family——None of our Name were ever hang'd yet, Sir——What a miraculous Escape 'twas that I heard on't!

Sir Ol. Ah! wou'd thou hadst never heard on't.

Y. *Out.* Ay! that's true too, Sir, so it had never been done; but to see how critically fortunate some People are! Sir, if I'm alive, he was carry'd to Justice *Bind-over's* Door, nay the Constable's Hand was upon the Knocker, and that I shou'd (before he had power to raise it) just step in to his redemption, was I confess prodigious: in two Minutes more his *Mittimus* had been sign'd for *Newgate*, and then at such a Juncture too! the Sessions on *Thursday*; condemn'd on *Friday*; Sentence on *Saturday*; Dungeon on *Sunday*, and a Psalm in a Cart on *Monday*: Terrible Tyburn Ceremonies, Sir.

Sir Ol. Prithee no more on't——I don't like the Subject——Where did you leave the Wretch?

Y. *Out.* He's in the Constable's hands, now in the *Hall*, Sir——And, poor Gentleman, his Accuser with him.

Sir

Sir Ol. What is his Accuser ?

Y. Out. Oh! a Judge's Son, they tell me, Sir; one that in a Fit of Malice will hang a Man, and it shall not cost him a Farthing.

Sir Ol. Ho! within there!

Enter a Servant.

Call up the Folks in the Hall,—I had much hope of him for a Scholar too! a thing thou wert never fit for I had plac'd half the Comfort of my Life in him.

Y. Out. If you are wise, he may be redeem'd yet, Sir.

Sir Ol. Could I but lop him from my Family, he should hang for me, I'd save no Thief, to make the Proverb good upon me.

Enter Sir Threadbare as a Constable, with Credulous, and Lady Gentry, (as a Man)

Oh! your Servant, Sir—you are in a hopeful way, indeed.

Cra. Ah! Sir, I am a ruin'd Creature, 'tis true—but don't, ah! don't kill me quite, Sir; your Reproaches are as terrible as the Gallows I deserve, Sir.

Y. Out. Nay, good Sir, don't grieve him, and hurt yourself too.

Sir Ol. Hold your peace, Sir——Come but once in seven Year to see your Uncle, and then brought home by a Constable?

Y. Out. Dear Sir, don't speak so loud, for your own Honour's sake: Don't profess to love a Man of Wit, and shew none your self, Sir.

Sir Ol. Dissolute Villain!——Are you the Gentleman, Sir, that say you were robb'd by this Person?

L. Gen. The unfortunate one, Sir, that fell into the hands of four Highway-men, whereof this Fellow, whom, for Manners sake, I wou'd call your Kinsman as little as I cou'd, was one; the rest are fled, but I may yet overtake 'em, Sir, and I have sworn to hang one of 'em, tho' it cost me five hundred Pound in the Prosecution.

Sir Ol. O graceless Rogue!

C 3

Y. Out.

Y. Out. Not so loud, good Sir.

Sir Ol. Were these your College-Lectures? these your Degrees, Sir? Nine Years at the University for this Fellowship!

Y. Out. Take your Voice lower, dear Sir.

Sir Ol. Well, Sir, what was your Loss, pray?

L. Gen. The Constable can tell you that, Sir—the Money's yet untouch'd in his hands; 'twas an hundred Pieces when I fill'd the Purse, Sir—but I sha'n't receive it?

Sir Ol. Not receive it, pray why so, Sir? Don't you own it all you lost?

L. Gen. All the Money, Sir—but I had a Diamond Ring too, which one of his Gang took a Fancy to; it was the Instrument of a firm Contract between a great Lawyer's Daughter, and my self.

Y. Out. I told you what he was, Sir! Pray, Sir, what does the Diamond concern this Gentleman?

L. Gen. As much as my Money did, Sir; he shall answer both, now I have him, or swing for't.

Y. Out. Look you, Sir———don't be pert-for. Blood! if I meet you in another Place———

Sir Ol. Is the Devil in you?

L. Gen. Pert Sir!

Sir Ol. Are you mad?

Y. Out. What does he mean by swing for't?

L. Gen. The Gallows: If you have a mind to hear of me, Sir, you'll find me at the Sessions—Mr. Constable secure your Prisoner. Death, Sir, I did not come here to be brow-beaten.

Sir Ol. Hold, Sir, pray let me speak with you.

Cre. Ah! dear Sir; [*Crying.*] Ah! don't anger him, good Cousin.

Sir Ol. Now who's the Fool? Was this a time, when we are in his power too———Pray, Sir, what will satisfy you?

L. Gen. Sir, I expect the Sum in my Purse unbroken, and an hundred Marks.

Y. Out. A hundred Rascals.

L. Gen. No, Sir, nor five hundred such, with you at the head of 'em.

Y. Out.

The RIVAL FOOLS.

55

Y. Out. Blood! Sir——take your Course, you shan't have a Shilling.

Sir Ol. Oons! is the Fellow drunk? Do you know what you say?

Y. Out. A hundred Dogs-Dungs! —Death, Sir, do your worst.

Sir Ol. You do yours, I'm sure. Who's leud now, Fool?

Y. Out. Blood! an hundred Marks!

Sir Ol. Wou'd you have the Fellow hang'd?

Y. Out. Nay, Sir, I ask your pardon——you may do what you please, but if it were my Business——if he wou'd not take Three score Pound, I'd see him rot before I'd give him a Farthing.

L. Gen. Sir, I shall not bate you a single Half penny.

Sir Ol. And, pray Sir, what's Seven Pound more, that all this Coil's about it?

Y. Out. Nay, Sir, please your self, if you don't think Seven Pound worth saving, with all my heart.

Sir Ol. What's that to you, Sir, save your own Money——'twou'd be mighty wise indeed, in such a Case as this, wou'd not it? Go, Mr. *Wisdom*, live by your Wits, go.

Y. Out. I practise all I can, Sir.

Sir Ol. Blockhead!—Sir, if you please to walk into the next Room, I'll pay you the Money, and Mr. *Constable*, pray do you be Witness of the full Satisfaction.

Y. Out. Hark you, Sir; since you will play the fool one way, be wise another, at least; don't give your Money for nothing, for it's all lost if you don't stop the *Constable's* Mouth too.

Sir Ol. Dear, Mr. *Impertinence*, keep your Wisdom for your own Affairs——Why cou'd thy thick Skull imagine now I did not design to do that of my self——As for you, my precious Kintman, whom I design'd for a *Welsh Pastor*, I will now turn out like a wild Goat, to graze upon the *Welsh Mountains*——go——will you please to walk this way, Gentlemen? If I had been rul'd by you now. [Ex. Sir Ol. L. Gen. and Constable.

Y. Out. I am very sorry for your Misfortune, Cousin.

C 4

Cre.

Cre. O Dear! O Miserable! What will become of me?

Y. Out. I'm thinking what Course of Life you can turn your self to.

Cre. O! Good Sir! I wou'd turn to any thing that's honest.

Y. Out. Ay, that's the thing, Sir. Honest! why you'll starve in any Business of that kind.

Cre. Why then, can you think of any other thing, Cousin, that you are sure a Man can't be found out in?

Y. Out. Nay, that's not the thing neither; for a Man may be a profess'd Rogue, if he has but Industry and Assurance enough to go thro' with it; if you were but Clerk to some *Suburb* Justice of Peace now—or Informer to the Society—or—it's a mighty matter to have the Protection of the Law——

Cre. Ay, so it is, indeed, Cousin; I believe they'd find me for their purpose; for tho' I say it, I am a Man of very reform'd Principles.

Y. Out. I'll think of something for you.

Cre. Pray let it be safe tho', good Cousin.

Y. Out. I'll warrant you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master *Credulous*, your Uncle desires you to forbear the House, and has order'd me to take you a Lodging of Twelve-pence a Week, in *Thieving-Lane*, and when the Servants have din'd, he says he'll send your Diet, every day from their Table.

Cre. Ah! this is an unfortunate Welcome, Cousin.

Y. Out. 'Tis so indeed—I'll do what I can for you.

Cre. Do you think, Cousin, I cou'd not pick up a Penny by writing a *News-Paper*?

Y. Out. Humh! Why that's a good thing too; but I'm afraid, Cousin, your Invention is not quick enough for that; but I'll think of it.

Cre. Pray ye, do—You'll bring my Cousin word where I lodge.

Serv. Yes, Sir——

Y. Out. I'll come and visit you.

Cre. Ah! Cousin, you are the only Friend I have in

The RIVAL FOOLS. 57

in the World now——Good-by. [Exit Credulous,
and Servant.]

Y. Out. So! This was the luckiest Cheat I e'er claim'd share in; of double Profit too—Puts Money in my Pocket, and him out of Favour, that stood between me and my Expectation: My Father's Cambridge Jewel, much suspected to be his Heir; now I think there's a Bar in's Hopes.

Enter Sir Threadbare, and Lady Gentry, with Money.

Sir Thr. It chinks, it chinks; make haste, Boy.

L. Gen. Where shall we meet?

Y. Out. Meet! Death! we'll never part——let me kiss thee, dear Rogue, thou hast perform'd to a Miracle——by *Mercury*, I could dwell upon thy Lips for ever. [Kisses her.]

Sir Thr. Hold, hold. Sir, that's no part of the Booty.

L. Gen. What have you to do to bid him hold——
Could not I have done it my self?

Sir Thr. Ay, but if you shoud have forget, you know, Spouse——

L. Gen. Pshaw——At the old Place in *St Giles's*.

Y. Out. I'll be with you in half an hour. [Ex. Sir
Thr. and L. Gen.]

Enter Cunningham and Mirabel.

Mir. It seems then, Sir, I'm deceiv'd! why, I have been told by twenty People, you were directly in love with me.

Cun. No, you're not deceiv'd, for I dare swear you did not believe any one of 'em.

Mir. That's more than you know, perhaps.

Cun. I'm sure on't——for when Men say they love without hope, they lye. Now, pray lay your Hand upon your Heart, and tell me, did you ever give me the least Encouragement?

Mir. Now, Sir, pray lay your Hand upon the same place, and tell me, did I ever shew you any sign of my Dislike?

Cun. Perhaps no——but if you had, I might have

have cur'd that by Flattery; but you do worse, you shew Indifference, and that's the Devil to get over.

Mir. How do you know but a little Flattery may cure that too. What the Duce, have I nothing about me that deserves a civil thing to be said to it?

Can. Have I any thing about me, Madam, that deserves to be laugh'd at?

Mir. You are the most phlegmatick Creature.

Can. And you are the merriest Gentlewoman.

[Leering.]

Mir. Suppose I really loved you, Sir.

Can. Why then, if I were not very phlegmatick, you'd be ruin'd; for 'tis Six to Four I shou'd like you; and if I shou'd marry you, I shou'd ruin my self.

Mir. Are you then really so indifferent as you seem to be?

Can. Are you not wiser than you seem to be?

Mir. Why, what ails me?

Can. You seem to me, either to be out of your own Wits, or think me out of mine: Now if you'll give me leave, I'll propose a thing to you, which must, at least, prove one of us mad, if we shou'd not agree to it; tho' don't suppose at the same time, I don't think you a very pretty Creature; but I wou'd have you a wife one too.

Mir. Pray instruct me, Sir.

Can. Why, you know *Lucinda* and Sir *Gregory* are design'd to marry one another, and have both a great deal of Money; now you and I having very little, do you think it wou'd not be better, if you took Sir *Gregory*, and I *Lucinda*?

Mir. Nay the thing wou'd be more reasonable, I confess; but how are they to be taken? that's the Question.

Can. As they do Woodcocks, in a Springe: Rely you upon my Conduct, I'll secure you the Knight; in the mean time you must help me to crack the Shell of the Lady's Coynefs, by wearing this Favour.

Mir. Why she sent it to you?

Can. Therefore you must wear it. ——— I find her

The RIVAL FOOLS. 59

a little hard in coming to, and have no way but Jealousy, to extort a plain Confession in my favour.

Mir. Well, I'll wear it, do you look to the consequence.

Cun. I'll warrant you—Now you have Sense—Odds! here comes the Knight——meet me here in a quarter of an hour, I'll give Instructions (that are infallible) about him.

Mir. Then I'll own you have Sense. [Exit Mir.]

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. O dear *Cunningham*! I am overjoy'd I have found thee; I have been hunting for thee, till I'm all over in a Sweat.

Cun. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir Greg. O Man! I want some more of thy friendly Advice—I have got a Diamond here, which I dare as well be burn'd as keep, and for the Heart's Blood of me, I don't know where to find its Master.

Cun. No; that's hard, faith!

Sir Greg. It does belong to some body, I'm sure—a Plague on him, would he had it, for I'm all over in a bath while it's about me, and she that sent it too is so damnable waspish, I had as good run my Eyes into the Fire, as look her in the Face till I have parted with it.

Cun. Ha! from *Lucinda*, my Life on't—let's see.—[Looking on the Ring.] O ho! my Friend, have I found you 'faith——I'gad this was lucky.

Sir Greg. Hah! What, dear *Cunningham*?

Cun. Do you see that little Flaw in the corner Sparkle, Sir?

Sir Greg. Where! where, pray?

Cun. Why there, just at the South-East End of the North Angle.

Sir Greg. O lay! Ay, I see't now.

Cun. This is that very Ring, Sir, that so much Blood is threatned to be shed for.

Sir Greg. Hah!

[Frighted.]

Cun. A Tun at least.

Sir Greg. O law! why that's more than a Man has in his whole Body.

Cun. What a prodigious Escape have you had, that this shou'd fall first into my hands?

Sir Greg. O dear, ay! well, am I discharg'd on't then?

Cun. My Life for yours, now Sir—— [*Draws.*]

Sir Greg. O law! What are you a doing?

Cun. What a Man of Prudence shou'd do, Sir—— stand upon my Guard while I have it about me—— let him come to my Face, I dare the Rascal.

Sir Greg. Well! what a Comfort 'tis to have a Friend behind one's back: I swear, dear *Cunningham*, I am almost asham'd to see thee venture thy Life thus for me: Ods-heart! my Blood rises to see thy Courage. Od! I'll draw, and stand by thee, tho' I fright my self never so much for't

Cun. By no means, Sir: More than One to One's a dishonourable Feat.

Sir Greg. My Conscience I shall owe my Life to thee.

Cun. You over-rate my Service, Sir——tho' I own I have been thinking of a Time that would really deserve your Thanks. Suppose, Sir, I shou'd get your Mistress for you?

Sir Greg. Ah! dear Friend, there I'm afraid thy Good-Will's bigger than thy Wit.

Cun. Why does she abuse you still, Sir?

Sir Greg. O most damnably! Every time worse than other: And yet that old Fool, *Sir Oliver*, thinks as confidently the Day holds on *Tuesday*, as if she did not wish me as the Devil: Sir, she's so familiarly us'd to call me Nannies, that, I believe, in the very Church Ceremony, she'd say, *I, such a one, take thee Rogue, to be my wedded Rascal.*

Cun. Well, Sir, dare you leave all to me yet?

Sir Greg. Faith, that's just leaving nothing to thee——for I have no more hopes of her, than a Drummer has of a Regiment——I may put her in mind of her Duty, but I shall never command her.

Cun. I'll warrant you, Sir, I have a Device shall co-tract her to you, whether she will or no, and that when the Jack thinks on't.

Sir Greg. That's the only way, indeed; for if ever she thinks on't, you'll as soon persuade a Bear to the Stake, or a gaming Lord to wave his Privilege to a Tradesman.

Cun. She seems kind in publick, at least?

Sir Greg. O law! yes, Sir, before Company she'll wheedle, coax, and lye, like a Miss to her Keeper; but in private she is as wild, as fierce and curst as a Cat in a Garret.

Cun. Still the greater will my Friendship prove— Look you, Sir, here's a Letter which I had just writ to her in your Behalf, give it your self, and if you don't immediately find an Abatement of her Severity to you, say I have deceiv'd you.

Sir Greg. I'll give it her this Minute——and if thou makest thy Words good, I'll give it under my Hand, that thou hast more Wit than a Conjuror—[*Ex.*]

Cun. Ha, ha! how greedily the Gudgeon gobbles a Cheat?

Enter Mirabel.

O! you are come in time.

Mir. Well, Sir, what success?

Cun. Follow the Knight, watch him close; you'll see him give a Letter presently from me to the Lady; when she has read it, do you enter, and ask him if he has not one for you, which, as he well may, he'll certainly deny; no matter, do you assu'me he has, and from that hint, work up her Jealousy; yet seem fearful of discovering Names, till you affect a Prudence in retiring.

Mir. What a malicious Creature do you make me?

Cun. What a Saint would you make your self now? Can you make me believe you don't a little naturally hate a Woman that has said you have a Face as brown and rough as a *French Roll*; and tho' you have been beating up for a Husband these two Years, yet you have not rais'd one Man that would ever put you to the Question.

Mir. Did you hear her say so?

Cun. And ten People more, at the same time.

Mir. Better be beating up for a Husband, than beaten down to the Price of the first Man that does ask her the Question, as she is by you, Sir.

Cun. Poor spiteful Animal! [*Afide.*] Look ye, Madam, the more liberty you take with her, the sooner you finish my Project, and give me leisure to bring yours to perfection.

Mir. I shall return the Liberties she takes, I believe.

Cun. The way's before you.

Mir. Awry! Hah, hah.

[*Exit.*]

Cun. So! she's in fine order for my Business, which, barring the Devil's stepping in between, I think can't fail——Hey-day! What have we here! Another Fool, the very Spawn of his Master, and, if possible, more ridiculous.

Enter Simple, fantastically dress'd.

Sim. Sir, I am your obedient humble Servant. Pray, Sir, can you do me the favour to inform me how the Party does?

Cun. The Party! He takes me for a Scrivener sure——Pray, Sir, which of the Parties do you mean?

Sim. Excuse me, Sir, I name no Names——but I am under some Obligations to a certain Party, and wou'd willingly bring Matters to a conclusion, but, really, I don't find that I have heard from 'em.

Cun. Oh! upon my Life, I know her.

Sim. Not from me, Sir, you don't hear me name her; know what you can, talk a whole Day with me, you'll be ne'er the wiser, you'll find nothing come from me, Sir.

Cun. I dare say, Sir, nobody will expect it; but, really, you are so remarkably honourable in your Amour, that all the World talks of your Secrecy, I mean to Sir *Oliver's* Niece, Sir.

Sim. Sir, you astonish me! I thought all the World had known her Name was a Secret.

Cun. That's the Reason so many People whisper it, Sir.

Sim. Well, Sir, they can't say it came from my Lips, however: But, Sir, I have been inform'd in my late

re-

retir'd Walks, 'twixt *Paddington* and *Pancrafts*, that there have been certain Favours and Tokens sent me from the Party, (whom, you can witness, I never nam'd) and these Tokens, Sir, really, have never come near me.

Cun. How! Pray, Sir, what were the Tokens?

Sim. A Love-Knot, and a Diamond, Sir——
Really, the thing is not well——I am apprehensive of some dishonourable Practice against me.

Cun. Sir, your Apprehension's good, and if you'll take my Word, Sir *Gregory* is the Man that wrongs you; meer Spite and Envy of your Success with his Mistress: For when you were at *Paddington*, he intercepted the Gifts at *Pancrafts*.

Sim. Traytor! His Mistress too! Poor Animal! He had never known what it was to appear like a Gentleman, but that I sometimes, in pure Friendship, us'd to dress him——Sir, do you think I ought not to demand the Combat of him?

Cun. Troth the Wrong deserves it, Sir; but if you could be reveng'd of him without that Hazard, wou'd it not be better?

Sim. Sir, I fear no Hazard, where the Honour of the Party is concern'd; besides, I know him to be a rank Coward.

Cun. Nay, then a Man might venture: But how will the Lady bear the Apprehension of your Danger?

Sim. Why, really, that gives me some Concern: And 'tis possible the Fright might kill her; therefore I don't know if a private Revenge wou'd not do the thing altogether as well. Pray, Sir, what was your Proposal?

Cun. Why thus, Sir; I have already promis'd to contract him to Mrs. *Lucinda*, your Mistress, by a Device; now when he thinks he has bob'd you of the Lady, you shall stand behind the Arras, and be a Witness of his being bob'd, by my putting a false Lady upon him.

Sim. Sir, destroy me, but this wou'd make me laugh immoderately.

Cun. We'll fob him, Sir, here's my Hand on't.

Sim.

Sim. Sir, no Person alive wou'd be more transported to see him well fobb'd, than my self: But now you talk of Fobbing, Sir, really, I must tell you, I begin to wonder why the Lady does not send for me, as well as to me, according to her Word of Honour; for, I protest, I have kept out of Town (to keep my Word) these two Days, on purpose to be sent for: And, really, upon my Credit——Look you, not to make a Jest of the Thing, Sir——I am almost starv'd with walking.

Cun. O! Walking gets a Stomach, Sir.

Sim. Ay, but then it gets one no Provisions, Sir; not but I have had a Stomach too, but then I lost it again, and got it again, as often, Sir, as a Man shall get and lose the sight of *Paul's*, in a Walk to *Chelsea*.

Cun. Why don't you go to her your self, Sir?

Sim. Sir, there's a Trifle call'd a Vow has pass'd between us to the contrary, which renders the Thing impossible: But, Sir, shall I beg the favour of you, if you meet the Lady's Footman running before her empty Coach, in an Orange-tawny Livery, that you wou'd direct him and the Horses now to *Islington*, for I can't but think she will send for me yet.

Cun. Sir, I'll certainly do it——You are going thither?

Sim. This very Minute, Sir, and shall n't return till sent for; and there he'll certainly find me, looking upon the Pipes and Whistling. [Exit.]

Cun. Ha, ha! A pretty Amusement for a Lover, truly, tho' I think there's but little Difference in the best of us. But now to my own Affair——The Favour and the Ring give me fair Hopes, indeed——

They shou'd be Signs of her Affection's truth,

But I must still pursue my jurer Proof.

[Exit.]

Enter Niece, and Sir Gregory.

Niece. A Letter for me! 'tis impossible! no body of common Sense cou'd suppose I'd receive it from thy Hands——Why wilt thou follow me, to provoke me still to abuse thee?

Sir

Sir Greg. Look ye, Forsooth, don't you be too huffy neither, lest upon reading that Letter you shou'd find reason to think better of me, and then look like a Fool for all the confident things you have said and done to me.

Niece. Prithee, dear Ideot, don't have so much Assurance ——— is it not enough I do thee the Grace to receive this from thy Hands, (a thing that almost makes me sick to do) but you must talk too?

Sir Greg. Well, well, Mrs. Frumps, do you read the Letter, pray, and then your Tongue will run another Tune, I believe.

Niece. Stand away ——— farther ——— farther yet ——— you ill-manner'd Changeling ——— did not you see I was going to read it?

Sir Greg. Oh! oh! I may stay in your sight at least; you did not use to endure me in the same Room: The very Superscription has done some Good upon you, I see.

Niece. Ha! 'tis Cunningham's Hand! but what an odd Direction 'tis ——— *To the Fairest in the Family* ——— I think I may venture to take it to my self without Vanity ——— I wrong his Wit to doubt it. How pleasant 'tis to make this Fool the mutual Messenger of our amorous Secrets, and his own Disquiet. [Aside.]

Sir Greg. O ho! she nods at me already: Ah! it will all come in time.

Niece. Is it possible thou canst laugh yet? I wou'd have undertook to have kill'd a Spider with less Venom than I have spit at thee.

Sir Greg. Pshaw! I don't mind you now, mun. Read your Letter, will you?

Niece. Back then, Owl's-Face ——— [Reads.] *Take it as a Proof of Love, that for your sake I mortify another's Vanity: A Folly that needs but little Art to flatter it, and yet, if rightly us'd, may serve ———*

Sir Ol. [Within.] ——— My Niece? why there she is, in the next Room.

Niece. Ha! my Unkle's coming! ——— Sir Gregory! why do you keep that Distance? you did not use to be so strange!

Sir Greg. Ah, ah, ah, your Servant, Forsooth, what is your proud Stomach come down then? And now, Madam, I have a Word or two to throw in your Ear
 —Look you, Madam, in the first place—
 I—

Niece. He don't come yet; why thou saucy Issue of some marching Granadiers! how darest thou offer to come near me, tho' I call'd thee? I'll make thee know, that to obey's as criminal as to contradict me.

Sir Greg. Ads-hash, Madam! you'll find I won't take things as I have done; I'll contradict you in spite of your teeth, and obey you to plague you, and you shall obey me, tho' I plague my self; for I'll marry you whether you will or no; nay, tho' I have no mind to it my self: Only for the Trick's sake, I'll trick, Madam, and make you as miserable a Wife, as you would me a horrible Husband; and there's the Resolution of a provok'd Lover, that in pure Revenge will throw himself away upon you. [Going.]

Niece. The Fool begins to talk Reason.

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. Sir Gregory, your Servant! pray, Sir, have you no Letter for me?

Sir Greg. Not I, Madam—I brought one from Mr. Cunningham to Mrs. Miserable there, that shall be, and so your Servant. [Exit.]

Mir. I am afraid, Madam, Sir Gregory has made a Mistake, and has given you my Letter.

Niece. Ha! what do I see! the very Favour I sent him, I am confounded—but will seem as unconcern'd as she. [Aside.] You have a mighty pretty Ribbon here—The very same—Pray where might you buy it?

Mir. Really, Madam, I don't know—I was only desir'd by a Friend to wear it—but had you any Letter tho'?

Niece. Yes—I vow it's very pretty—some Lover's Present, I presume.

Mir. One, that wou'd have me think he's a Lover—But pray, Madam, was not there some Mistake in that Letter?

Niece.

The RIVAL FOOLS. 67

Niece. My Heart's too full to answer her——I'll give it her, and seem ignorant of all——O dear, yes, he gave me a Letter, I cou'd not imagine from whom—I have open'd it too, and if you had not come, was just to read it.

Mir. Nay, there's no Harm, Madam. [*Reads to herself.*]

Niece. Can he then be the Villain that he seems? He is—The Subject of the Letter too confirms him so! Where's all my Pride of Spirit now, that ought to tear him from my Heart; Abus'd, and made the Stale, the Property of another's Hope! Confusion! how she smiles in Triumph o'er my Folly!

Cunningham at the Door.

Cun. So! my Mine succeeds, I see! the Train has taken! 'twill bounce anon.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha!

Niece. O Torture to my Face! sure she dares not own her Treachery. Your Letter seems to please you, Madam.

Mir. Yes, truly, I can't but laugh to see how some People's Vanity exposes 'em; and how ridiculously Women of little or no Beauty will rail at those, that really have it.

Niece. Has any body rail'd at you, Madam?

Mir. Um——a little! My Features did not please 'em, it seems. My Face was only a *French Roll* or so——Ha, ha, ha!

Niece. Ha! the very Words I said to *Cunningham*! Betray me too!

Mir. And yet the Person that they thought liked theirs better, is Fool enough, it seems, to find something in my Face, that they have not, poor Creature! ha, ha, ha!

Niece. He's here! he dares not own it sure.

Cunningham enters.

Cun. I hope, Madam, you receiv'd my Letter. [*To Mir.*]

Mir. I had this Moment read it, Sir.

Niece. Nay, then he dares be any thing——
The Proof's too plain. *Cun.*

Cun. And may I flatter my self that my Expectation's answer'd.

Mir. If that Lady's Uneasiness is any Evidence, you may.

Cun. Then you think I may laugh securely?

Mir. Ay, and heartily! ha, ha, ha!

Cun. Ha, ha, ha!

Niece. Ungrateful! perjur'd Wretch!

Cun. Madam!

Niece. O! thou hast wrong'd the tenderest Heart that ever listen'd to the faithless Vows of Man.

Cun. I had little reason to think so from the Encouragement I saw you give two Fools before my Face.

Niece. I learnt from thee before that servile Artifice of dissembling: But tell me, was I then credulous and vain, to think your Vows sincere? O! I had fill'd the Measure of my Hopes in thee, my Duty, Interest, Friends, and Fortune not consider'd, when thy suppos'd Fidelity demanded 'em.

Cun. Suppose me then no more the thing I seem'd; but as your Heart, your Hopes, and tenderest Wishes would create me, yours sincerely, and only yours. I knew there was no other way at once to give my Hopes a Certainty——but this, this innocent Deceit of seeming false to stir your Jealousies; and if you don't applaud the Stratagem, you wrong the Heart you now complain'd of.

Niece. Is't possible?

Mir. Ev'n so indeed, Madam, and if you don't pardon my part of the Jest we made of you——I'll swear you'll allow no body Wit but yourself.

Niece. Well! you have fool'd me fairly; but how shall I make you amends?—

Cun. That's easily done; you shall make me a Husband, and I have engag'd Sir Gregory shall make her another: when I am a little recover'd from the Surprise of my good Fortune, I'll tell you how.

*Thus tho' ador'd, the Fair-One falsely coy,
That would with Doubts the Lover's Hope destroy,
Once touch'd with Jealousy confirms his Joy.* }

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V.

SCENE Cunningham's Lodgings.

Enter Cunningham Y. Outwit, Priscian, and Sir
areadbare.

Can. **Y**ou'll pardon me, dear Outwit, that I did
not trust you with my Design upon
your Cousin *Lucinda*: but since you have told me how
I may serve you in this new Attempt upon your Father,
I have not now the least Fear or Doubt remaining.

Y. Out. Faith, I can't blame your Caution, in so
critical a Point; but I am glad I have it in my power
to serve you, not only for our old Acquaintance sake,
but the Pleasure too of biting my Father; nay, I'll
make him pay the very Musick to your Wedding: Is
the Concert ready. Knight?

Sir Thr. Oh, Sir, we are half the Concert ourselves;
we two are the Tabor and Pipe, that must make his
Purse dance out of his Pocket.

Pris. Yes, Sir, you'll find us *cantare pares, et
respondere parati*.

Y. Out. Say you so, my Lads; faith, we'll sing Har-
vest home with a melodious Horn-pipe.

Sir Thr. My Wife has engag'd to bring the Ladies.

Y. Out. And I'll undertake the young Coxcombs
shall follow 'em.

Sir Thr. But 'tis time, Gentlemen, we were tuning
our Instruments.

Y. Out. Let's away from the back Door. Adieu.

Pris. *Fistula dulce canit, volucres dum decipit aucups.*

[Exit Y. Out. Sir Thr. and Pris.]

Enter

Enter Servants with a Banquet.

Cun. So! very well—Reach me the black Gown—
Are none of the Guests come yet?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I believe there's one below in the Parlour now.

Cun. What is he?

Serv. Really, Sir, I can't be positive; but I suspect him to be a Fool, that some Pawn-broker's old Fashion Clothes have made half a Gentleman: I think he said his Name was *Simple*.

Cun. The very Person I wanted, shew him up immediately.

Serv. He's here, Sir.

Cun. Ah! Monsieur *Simple*! most opportunely welcome! you are come in the very Crisis of your Revenge, I expect Sir Gregory every Minute! Well, how is it?

Sim. Perish me, Sir, if I am not in a very untoward Condition, for between Love, and Cold, and Hunger, and one thing or other, I am really almost starv'd, Sir—Pray, Sir, has not this unkind Lady sent for me yet?

Cun. Truly, not that I hear, Sir! I fancy there's some unfriendly Messenger employ'd between you.

Sim. Why then it must be so; for in all Appearances, I'm positive the Lady must be a Person of Honour; and could not have so little Wit, as to think to make a Fool of me——But really I was never so cold since my first peeping into the World; that River is excessive bleak, and in my Conscience, I have been seven Mile in length upon the Banks of it; where really, Sir, I believe I have not seen less than five thousand Sticklebacks. And I am really of opinion, that there are Gudgeons too——Miller's-thumbs I saw in vast Quantities, I believe I told above fourscore——I'll make a little bold with your Sweet-meats.

Cun. And welcome, Sir.

Sim. 'Tis strange now, I have really no Taste in any thing.

Cun. O! Love, Sir, distracts every thing, but itself.
[*Servant whispers.*] Udsso! I have News for you.

Sim.

Sim. For me! what is it, for this Plumb's sake?

Cun. Nay, hear me, Sir.

Sim. I'll warrant you, Sir, I have two Ears to one Mouth, I hear more than I eat, Sir——

Cun. Sir Gregory's come, and you shall see him fobb'd immediately.

Sim. No! that would be an immoderate Pleasure.

Cun. Stand unseen there but two Minutes, and I'll find an Opportunity to call you in, and place you at the Table with the Lady I design to sham upon him.

Sim. Sir——could not I drink first?

Cun. By and by, I'll put her Health to you —— Here he comes, away.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Gregory! your most faithful humble Servant. This is indeed the greatest Honour was ever done to my poor Habitation.

Sir Greg. Phoo! prithee pox of Complements, Man, I'll do thee this Honour every Day of the Week when I'm married, but my Head's upon other things now; for to tell you the truth, I am up to the Ears in Love and Spite.

Cun. Soft! the Lady's in the next Room—— if she should hear you, all's unravell'd.

Sir Greg. Ad! 'twas well you told me; for I was just going to baul out how terribly I should laugh at her, when I have got her whether she will or no.

Cun. Oh! but don't use her too severely neither.

Sir Greg. No, no, I'll only vex her a little, or so.

Cun. Hang it, ev'n forgive her all.

Sir Greg. No, faith! I must crab her, she must be vinegar'd! I long dearly to fetch a little Verjuice out of her; for you know she has been damnably saucy to me.

Cun. O! you'll soon tame her.

Sir Greg. So I will, faith; for before I bed her, I'll very fairly see her Legs tied to the two bottom Posts, her Hands to the Head-board, and a Gag in her Mouth, that she may neither kick, bite, baul, scratch, nor run away.

Cun.

Sim.

Cun. For all this, I shall see you and your Lady live as quietly as two Tortoises.

Sir Greg. Nay, it's all one to me, whether we do or no; she may be a Tortoise, for ought I know, at the bottom, but hitherto, I am sure, I have seen nothing of it in her, but a damn'd thick Shell.

Cun. Well, Sir! now to the Proof on't. ———
[*Soft Musick.*] That's the Signal of her Approach —
Come, Sir, get into this Gown with me, put your Right Hand through this Sleeve——Mind you your Part, and I'll warrant her your own.

Sir Greg. Well, faith! this will be pure! Now I begin to smook it; do you place her in that Chair, and I warrant you, I'll grope her out.

Cun. Here she comes——lie still.

Enter Mirabel.

Lady, this homely Roof, and coarser Entertainment, are too much honour'd by so fair a Presence; but where sincere Affections are both Host and Guest, the Place takes little from their full Delight.

Enter Simple.

This only Friend I have made bold t'invite, to be the private Witness of our contracted Faith.

Mir. Your Friend's most welcome, Sir; and when our Hands are link'd in that firm Chain, that must unite us ever, Fame shall belye my Virtue, if e'er it speaks me but an obedient Wife; in witness of this Truth, I yield my Hand.

Cun. And thus devoutly I receive it.

Mir. O! you grasp me, Sir, too hard.

Cun. Think it but a Lover's Zeal, and pardon it.

[*Aside.*

Mir. Poor Sir Gregory! methinks I pity him! how strangely would he rave to see this Interview?

Cun. O! you're still too much concern'd for him: You know he gave his Interest up to me, and should you pity one that flights you?

Mir. That Thought, indeed, revives my Resolution——No more Delays then, but for ever make me yours.

Cun.

Cun. Thus then——

Sim. Hold, Sir, begging your fair Lady's Pardon too——give me leave first, at least, in one friendly flowing Glass, to particularize my separate Satisfaction, that I conceive at this time in your united Felicity, and that ridiculous Animal, Sir Gregory's eternal Disappointment.

Mir. Since 'tis your Friend's Proposal, Sir, I pledge it. [Drinks.]

Cun. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Sim. Destroy me, but such a Banquet once a-week, wou'd make me grow fat in a Fortnight. [Aside.] But, pray Sir, now proceed in your Ceremony.

Cun. Thus then——*Before the sacred Powers above,
I join this plighted Hand in Bonds of Love;
And with this Hand the Heart that owns the same,
To burn for ever in this sacred Flame:
With Hand and Heart I yield my Fortune too,
And all the Rights that to a Wife are due:
And this firm Vow for mutual Life shall stand,
Irrevocably seal'd with Heart and Hand.*

Sim. Well, now could I walk bare-foot to *Berwick*, and back again, and laugh at this Jest all the way, without baiting. [Aside.]

Mir. Thus too——*Before the sacred Powers above,
I join this plighted Hand in Bonds of Love:
And with this Hand, the Heart that owns the same,
To burn for ever in this sacred Flame:
With Hand and Heart I yield my Fortune too,
And all the Rights that are a Husband's due:
And this firm Vow for mutual Life shall stand,
Irrevocably seal'd with Heart and Hand.*

Sir Greg. Ha, ha, ha! Faith, and so it shall, Madam, for here's the Hand that owns the Heart that you have sworn to obey.

Cun. And, Faith, Sir Gregory, here's Witness of the Contract.

Sir Greg. Now, now, what Names have you to call me, pray?

Mir. Husband, Sir.

D

Sir

Sir Greg. [*Coming out of the Gown,*] Hah! Ods-nails! I am cheated, wrong'd, fool'd, abus'd.

Sim. Extremely fobb'd, indeed, Sir.

Cun. Why, did not I tell you, Sir, you shou'd find her another Woman?

Sim. Nay, she is not the same, Knight—I can witness; ha, ha!

Sir Greg. What the Devil, have you brought my own Man to laugh in my Face too——Sir, since she is not the same, I must tell you, I'll have another, if there were but another Lady in *Europe*: You'll find, Sir, that I won't be married in Blind-man's-Buff.

Cun. Why, 'twas your own Agreement, Sir——And if you knew the Care I have taken of you, you'd down of your Knees and thank your Stars it was no worse.

Sir Greg. A Fire of my Stars, I did not care if my Stars were all of a light blaze. I am sure I may thank you that 'tis as bad as it is.

Cun. Are not you asham'd! Your very Inhumanity has drawn Tears from the Lady.

Mir. Ah me! Is this the Promise of my Hopes? Why was I flatter'd with imaginary Joy? Must I suffer for another's Fault? Is Pride, Perverseness, and ill Usage then the only way to conquer Men's Affections? If Tears, Submission, Gentleness, and Obedience have no Charms, my Merit's poor indeed, and I deserve the Sights that I foresee must fall on me.

Sir Greg. Why, Faith, upon second Thoughts, this is something civiller than *Rogue* and *Rascal*.

Cun. Ods-precious! Madam, dry your Eyes for shame! I have no longer Patience to see such Youth, Beauty, and such Virtue thrown away on one that never can deserve 'em——Go, Sir, return again to her that knows you better; that gives you Language fitter for you; that means to treat you to your Merit; to abuse, to baffle and disgrace you: *Fool, Slave, Rascal, Monster*, is the Converse you delight in: We sell no such Ware; if you look here for Blows, and full-mouth'd Curses, you are deceiv'd; pray, seek else-where

where——Meekness, Obedience, Virtue, are the Goods we deal in.

Sim. And, pray, Sir, has not your Wisdom yet discover'd the Party, for whose sake the other Lady so horribly abus'd you? ha, ha!

Sir Greg. Why, you little sorry Son of a——
Hark-ye, *Cunningham*, do but make half as much a Fool of that whole *Jackanapes*, for laughing at me, and let things go as they will——Here's my Hand, I'll forgive thee all over. [Aside.]

Cun. O fie! Sir, your Mind can't be so soon alter'd. You'll like no Woman that won't sling a Slipper in your Face; break your Head with a Fan-handle, or bore your Nose with a Silver Bodkin.

Mir. These Qualities you'll never find in me: But in a fond obedient Wife, the readiest and the humblest Servant.

Cun. 'Death! but he shall not, Madam; let his gross Ignorance feel the loss of you——I've a Thought will do; I'll disannul the Contract yet, and see you better married.

Sir Greg. 'Slife! but you shall not, Sir, [Taking her Hand from him.] she's mine, and I am hers; and as long as we are one another's, according to Law, let me see the Man that dares divide us. If you are my Friend, Sir, prove it; and don't pretend to do me a good Turn, and then hit me o'the teeth with it. I am sure, considering how damnable ill I succeeded with the t'other, this Lady can't blame me for being a little cautious at first.

Mir. If it were only Caution, Sir, indeed I cannot blame you.

Cun. Nay, Sir, get the Lady's Consent, and I have no Objection——

Sir Greg. Lady's Consent! so I have, Sir——
Look-ye here, Sir——[Kisses her.] there's my first Proof of Love to her——And now, Madam, to stop the Mouth of my Friend's Impertinence for ever, give me a round Smack, as a Proof of your Love to me.

There's for you, Sir; are you satisfied now, Sir? [*She kisses him*]

Cun. Nay, now I own your Wit too hard for mine; indeed you have carry'd her in spite of me.

Sim. And now, Sir, I hope you'll own there are Ladies that may be carry'd too in spite of other People; ha, ha!

Sir Greg. Ay, but it must be when thou'rt her Coachman then, for if ever thou carriest a Lady, without Horses to help thee, I'll be bound to be a Hack-driver as long as I live.

Sim. Sir, there are Persons, indeed, that are ridiculous, and very obnoxious to Ladies, and such Fools, indeed, do miss of 'em——

Cun. Nay, no Dissension here, I beseech you, Gentlemen——*Mr. Simple*, I'll do your Business effectually——

Sim. Sir, I'm convinc'd that my Conduct has deserv'd it even of the Lady herself, Sir.

Cun. *Sir Gregory*, hark ye—you shall laugh at him very speedily——

Sir Greg. Ha, ha!

Cun. In the mean time, I have still contriv'd you a new and better Revenge upon your other Mistress.

Sir Greg. How! How! Dear Rogue, my Spleen's on tip-toe at the very Thoughts on't.

Cun. Why, let your Contract with this Lady be yet conceal'd; and, to her Uncle, still support a Face of seeming Inclination to her, which will make him so eager for the Match, that he'll e'en force her to offer herself to you; then you may burst into a Laugh in his Face, turn upon your Heel to her, and bid her look for a Husband where there is a Man Fool enough to be so. Thus you humble her proud Stomach; return her Coyness with Contempt, and treble all your late Disgraces upon her Shame; and let your Bride, her Rival's Virtue, triumph o'er her Falshood and her Folly.

Sir Greg. Ha, ha! and if I don't do it, say I have no more Spleen than a Turnip. Faith, and I'll plague the old—— ha, us'd me: almost

The RIVAL FOOLS. 77

most as scurvily as his Niece. Come, Madam, let's to Bed, and so to Church as fast as ever we can drive:

*And then, Madam Minx, to her sorrow shall see,
What a Husband she's lost in missing of me:
How my Spleen will be tickled, when she finds that
to flout her,
I have bobbid her proud Heart, and am married
without her.*

[Exit Sir Gregory and Mirabel.]

Can. Why, how now Friend! What! in a Brown Study?

Sim. Why, really, Sir, I am a little surpriz'd I don't hear from the Lady yet.

Can. O! the good Minute will come before Night, my Life on't.

Sim. Well, Sir, Lovers indeed must have Patience. I'll e'en take another Turn by the *New-River*, where, if Love were not an Enemy to Laughter, the Thoughts of your fooling the Knight wou'd at least be a two Hours Entertainment to me: But I think now of borrowing an Angle-Rod to pass away the Time with; you know my walk, Sir, if she sends, you'll certainly find me upon the same Bank, just by the Eddy, fishing for *Millers-thumbs*.

[Exit.]

Can. I'll certainly take care, Sir — — —

Enter Y. Outwit.

Hah! *Outwit!* Well, how go Squares?

Y. Out. Bravely, Boy! All's a-foot: The Knight's Lady has prevail'd with my Cousin, your Mistress, upon an Assurance that you will meet her there; and she has wheedled the old Governess to go with her: And they are all now at the Masquerade, in the next Street; upon which I have alarm'd my Father, that Sir Gregory is fallen off, for Neglects, and ill Usage, and that he is now violently bent upon a rich Widow, (whom the Knight's Lady must personate) and to complete his Revenge, is resolv'd, unless suddenly prevented, to marry her immediately: Now this, Sir, will make my Father eager, at any Rate, to recover Sir Gregory,

whom,

whom, by a Mark, and the change of one another's Coats, you are to personate; and so disguis'd, you carry off your Mistress, and ev'n cheat the old Governess to assist you.

Can. Admirable! But where's the old Knight, your Father?

Y. Out. I left him in the Street, stopping a Coach, with the Windows up, upon a Suspicion that Sir Gregory was in the Inside on't, and so took that Opportunity to step up, and prepare you for our next Scene—Here he comes.

Can. I am ready for him.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Ol. Mr. *Cunningham*, your Servant: Pray, Sir, can you tell me any News of Sir Gregory?

Can. No, really, Sir, but what I suppose your Son has told you, that he's certainly gone off.

Sir Ol. But what shou'd be the Reason, think you?

Y. Out. Shall I tell it you over again, Sir? I tell you he's bewitch'd; my Cousin's ill Usage, and your Back Performance of your Promise have quite turn'd his Brain, and if you don't immediately think of some Expedient to recover him, with full Hopes of his marrying your Niece out of hand, you'll find him marry'd to the Widow before to-morrow Morning.

Sir Ol. Ah! cou'd we but find him, I'd secure him my Niece.

Y. Out. Assure him but of that, Sir, I dare yet undertake to recover the Knight; for, to tell you the truth, he has invited me to his Wedding, and I am this Moment truit with their very Place of meeting.

Sir Ol. Nay, then, all's whole again; we have him, for I have already sent to my Niece, to prepare herself to marry him within this half-hour—Come, come, we'll call upon Doctor *Double-Chin* as we go; whip up the Ceremony, and tack 'em together like a new pair of Stockings.

Y. Out. Right, Sir, but one of the Stockings is mine: Now since you have already bargain'd for yours,

I shall not part with the Coffer without a valuable Consideration.

Sir *Ol.* What dost thou mean?

Y. *Out.* That my Knight, Sir, is the Fellow to your Niece; and if you tell him her, I maad sell you him.

Sir *Ol.* Pshaw, prithee, why you silly Rogue, dost thou think I won't consider thee?

Y. *Out.* Sir, you need not give yourself that trouble; I'll consider myself; for having nothing but my Wits to live by, I am resolv'd not to flave, by being a Fool.

Cun. This is no time to haggle with him, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Why the Rogue is in the right, and I will encourage him; I love Ingenuity——there, Sirrah, there's Substistence for the Vices of a whole Fortnight——Come, come along.

Y. *Out.* I can't stir one Step, if these two Pieces are not immediately made twenty.

Cun. Strike him quickly, Sir, before he raises his Price.

Sir *Ol.* Raises the Devil, who shall raise the Money?

Y. *Out.* Every Word you speak, Sir, is a whole Pound out of your way: now I must have one and twenty.

Cun. I told you how 'twould be, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Why you impudent Son of a——

Y. *Out.* Another, Sir——twenty two.

Sir *Ol.* Um!

Y. *Out.* Have a care you don't reason with me, 'twill undo you.

Cun. You see his Humour, Sir: Faith e'en let him have it, tho' you sling it at his Head——The thing's richly worth an hundred, Sir. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Ol.* [*Aside.*] Why, dost thou think I don't know that? I am biting him all this while——There, Sirrah, there's your Money: Nay, prithee, don't lose more time to count it.

Y. *Out.* Always tell Money after your Father, Sir.

Enter a Servant hastily.

Sir *Ol.* How now?

Serv. O! Sir, Mrs. *Lucinda* is no where to be found; we have enquir'd up and down, search'd high and low; she went out with a strange Lady, Sir, and the old *Governess*, and left word with Mrs. *Mary*, that if your Honour enquir'd for her, she believ'd she shou'd never come home again.

Sir *Ol.* Undone, undone, all's blown up again.

Y. *Out.* The Money's right, Sir.

Cun. This is a Misfortune, indeed Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Ah! Son! Son! now shew thy self my Son: Help at this Pinch, and I'll——

Y. *Out.* Count me out thirty Pieces more, Sir—with-out delay——take my word too for deserving 'em, for I must begin to have some regard now to my Credit, Sir——Quick, Sir, or I don't bate you a Shilling of forty.

Cun. Faith, Sir, this is downright Extortion, I am really asham'd——I wou'd not give it him.

Sir *Ol.* You wou'd not give it him!——Then you'd lose a thousand Pound, Sir——There, there 'tis, bring me but to my *Niece*; if it is not right, I'll double the Sum.

Y. *Out.* Then observe, Sir, your *Niece* is now in Masquerade, at my Lady *Revel's*, which is the general Rendezvous of all the young Coxcombs in Town: She has an Amour afoot there, to my knowledge, that you don't know of, and very probably intends, this Night, to make a fashionable end on't.

Sir *Ol.* The Devil!

Y. *Out.* Suspend your wonder, Sir: You'd recover her, wou'd not you?

Sir *Ol.* O! dear Son, at any Rate, at any Rate.

Y. *Out.* Then observe, Sir, we three, with such Help as may be necessary, will all enter upon 'em disguis'd, (for no body bare-fac'd is admitted) pretending to be a sort of Anti-mask, and so, at a proper Opportunity, (which I'll contrive) we may carry her off.

Sir

Sir Ol. Won't this Masking take up too much time tho'?

Y. Out. Sir, they never stir thence till Morning: And for Disguises, I can fit you in a quarter of an Hour.

Sir Ol. Well, well, is there any thing else wanting?

Y. Out. Only the charge of good Musick, Sir; it must be good, that we and our Design may pass the less suspected; and I can provide you that, Sir, if you'll give your Word, before this Gentleman, to pay it.

Sir Ol. There's my Hand, cost what it will; get the best in the Kingdom, I'll pay it all.

Y. Out. That's all you shall pay, upon my Word, Sir.

Cun. [*Aside*] And a good round Sum upon my Word, Sir.

Sir Ol. Let's away; let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

Cun. I neither doubt his Friendship, or his Wit:

*But come the worst, if his Attempt's o'erthrown,
My Resolution then shall seize my own.*

*Enter in Masquerade Lady Gentry, Niece, Governess,
and Ladies.*

L. Gen. Come, Ladies, Musick shall give us now her airy Welcome; 'twill be the best, I fear, this homely Habitation can afford.

Niece. For me, alas! my Welcome follows me, else I am ill come hither: You still assure me, Madam, Mr. Cunningham will be here.

L. Gen. Madam, as on his Life, depend on't.

Niece. Continue still to let the Governess believe Sir Gregory's the Man we wait for.

Gov. I marvel, Lady, the Knight's so slow in coming! Lovers o'th' latter Age were wont to ride with Spurs on.

L. Gen. He'll be here immediately—his Musick's come already, Madam—He only itays to be perfect in some gallant Device to appear with, that he has been beating his Brains about.

Niece. Ah! poor Man! he may beat 'em to pap before any thing comes out of 'em.

Gov. Well, well, you'll agree better one Day.

Niece. Hardly two, I'm afraid.

Gov. Marriage will alter you.

Niece. I rather believe I shall alter my Marriage.

[*Aside.*]

Gov. Nay, nay, I know you are for a Man of Wit, Forsooth: A *Cunningham*, I warrant you, one that has no more Honesty than a Horse-Courser, and as little Conscience as an Apothecary's Bill: A false protesting Wretch. In my heart, our Women are all won with ill Usage, now-a-days.

L. Gen. Truly, and so are the Men too, for aught I see.

Gov. Ay! in troth, you've hit it, Lady—if True-heartedness were the thing, Mr. *Cunningham* might have prov'd himself an honest Man afore now, and some Folks never the worse for't.

L. Gen. Nay, Men are indeed strange Creatures.

Gov. Ah! they are no more what they were—

Niece. Than you can be what I am now, *Governess*.

Gov. Well, well, you'll be wiser one Day.

Niece. I'd willingly be happy first, methinks.

Gov. Then Sir *Gregory's* the Man must make you so, and say I tell you so.

Niece. If I do but manage him right, I hope he will.

L. Gen. Hark! I hear his Musick; this must be he.

[*Flourish.*]

Enter Sir Oliver, Y. Outwit, Cunningham in Sir Gregory's Clothes, all masked, Sir Threadbare and Prif. as Musicians, &c. who take out the Ladies to dance.

So, so, our Company's well increas'd! What say you to a Dance, Ladies?

Niece. What say you, *Governess*?

Gov. Nay, nay, not I in troth—my jaunting Days are done.

Sir Ol. Come, come, Widow, you won't spoil good Company, sure! We'll have one Round in honour of Sixty-three. Ah! you can foot it still, if you were but well firr'd.

Gov.

Gov. Well, well, a civil Word makes me do any thing.

Sir Ol. That I dare swear, by your bringing my Niece hither, with a Pox to you. [Aside.

Cun. I think, *Lucinda*.

Niece. *Cunningham!*

Cun. The same ; fear nothing.

Niece. Why, where's the Danger ?

Cun. Your Unkle's here.

Niece. You make me tremble.

Cun. Be easy, he's drawn into the Plot against himself.

Y. Out. That's your Niece, Sir, *Cunningham* has secur'd her already.

Sir Ol. I see't : We have caught her, i'faith, Boy.

Y. Out. Will you allow me Wit now, Father ?

Sir Ol. Thou hast earn'd thy Money faithfully, I must allow it.

Y. Out. I hope to give you a better Proof on't yet, before Night, Sir.

Sir Ol. Let me but get over this Plunge, and I'll allow thee any thing.

Y. Out. That I'll engage you shall, Sir, before I have done with you.

Cun. At our second Meeting in the Dance, we loose our Hands no more.

Niece. Are you prepar'd to join 'em ?

Cun. The Priest stays for us : Has the *Governess* her Lesson ?

Niece. Yes, yes, she takes you for Sir Gregory, and will follow us.

Gov. Ah ! well said, Sir Knight, stick close to her, and recover the Time you've lost — We have staid the Hour for you.

Cun. When you see us go off in the Dance, I hope you'll go along with us ?

Gov. Will I ! What do you think I came hither for ?

Sir Ol. Come, come, strike up, Gentlemen.

[All dance, at the latter End of which, *Cunningham*, Niece, *La. Gen.* and *Governess* *Exit*, and the *Musick* *confus*

Sir Ol. [*Dancing on*] Heyday! Heyday! What is the Musick tir'd before us?

Sir Thr. No sure, bote de Company 'ave done, you see, and is be gone.

Sir Ol. Ha! Who! What! Where's my Niece? Son! Son! my Niece! my Niece!

Y. Out. Are you mad, Sir, to discover yourself? Did not you see *Cunningham* go off with her?

Sir Ol. Discover the Devil; don't tell me, Sir, was not I to have gone along with him? for aught I know here may be a Contrivance—Ha! I gad I don't like your Looks, I must tell you that, Sir——By the World I'll go after 'em. [*Going, Sir Thr. and Prif. stop him.*]

Sir Thr. Holda, Sir, Diabolo, you mosse paye de Mouhque before you fall goe.

Sir Ol. Must! Why how now, Scoundrel!

Sir Thr. Me no ondrastanda what you will say de Scoundrel. Me vil hava de Money.

Sir Ol. Suppose I won't pay you these five Hours?

Sir Thr. Den you fall no be go dis nve Flores.

Sir Ol. Shalln't go, Sir!

Sir Thr. No, Diabolo, you no fall goe.

Sir Ol. Why, Sirrah, suppose I have a mind to make you play before me in the Streets?

Sir Thr. I have maka no Accord to play de Street, I ava agree to play only at de Ballat; if you no ava de minde to danza no more, you vil paye de Money, de Money will letta you goe.

Sir Ol. A Pox on him for a sputtering——a——here, Son, lay out; give 'em Twelve-pence a piece, and let's be rid of 'em.

Y. Out. Twelve-pence! that's but a Crown, Sir!

Sir Thr. Una Corona! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ol. Yah, yah. Why, what a plague do you laugh at, Sir? I believe a Crown wou'd make you all laugh and dance too in your own Country.

Y. Out. Sir, for your own sake laugh again, and say you only meant it as a Jest, you'll be expos'd for ever else.

Sir

Sir Ol. Expose a Rump, Sir; I am not to be laugh'd out of my Money.

Y. Out. Death! Sir, they are all *Italians*.

Sir Ol. Why, what then, Sir, mayn't an *Italian* be a Scoundrel, as well as an *Englishman*?

Y. Out. Lurd! Sir, I wou'd not have this heard for the Universe: Does not the whole Nation adore 'em, Sir? Is any Man allow'd common Sense, among the better sort, that is not ravish'd with their Musick? And is any thing a more fashionable Mark of a Gentleman, than to pay an extravagant Price for't?

Sir Ol. A Pox of the Fashion, Sir, they'll get no such Marks from me, I can tell you——If any thing in Reason will satisfy 'em——let's know what 'tis——for I'm in haste.

Y. Out. I'll try what I can do with 'em, Sir.

Sir Ol. [*To himself*] What cou'd they mean by going off without me? Unless my *Niece* discover'd my being here, and so ran away out of fear——that's the best I can hope of it——if not, I am chous'd, and that Rogue, my Son, is at the bottom of it.

Y. Out. Nay, but Gentlemen, bate us but one ten Pound.

Sir Ol. How! Bate ten Pound! why, what the Devil's the whole Sum then?

Y. Out. Why, Sir, they are Five of them, and it seems they never strike a Note under twenty Guineas a Man.

Sir Ol. Twenty Hang-Dogs!

Y. Out. And, Faith, there's no making 'em bate a Shilling, Sir.

Sir Ol. Oons! do they know what they say, why that's a hundred Guineas?

Y. Out. How, Sir! A hundred! what at——hah! Five of 'em at twenty——let's see——um——um——four-score——Gad 'tis a hundred, Sir. But we had not time to make a Bargain, with 'em: Faith, Sir, I see no Remedy, you pass'd your Word to pay 'em.

Sir Thr. Diabolo! For vate is all dis, doe noting? Me vil be no affronta——Me vil ava de Money, or you fall ava my Life——taka your Spada. [*Draws.*

Y.

Y. Out. Have a care, Sir.

Sir Ol. Hoity, Toity! O your Servant, Gentlemen! What I am to be robb'd then, it seems. I beg your pardon—I took you for Fiddlers, but I find by your Tools you are Gentlemen of another Trade—Very good! There's your Money, Sir—as fairly robb'd, I yield it—but to ask a hundred Pound with five Fiddlesticks in your Hands, was an Impudence ten times beyond it—These are Thieves, Sirrah—Highwaymen, and I am robb'd.

Y. Out. Indeed, Musicians, Sir, and you are only bobb'd; for cost what it wou'd, 'twas your own Agreement to pay 'em.

Sir Ol. Yes, yes, and you have provided 'em with admirable Instruments, I thank you.

Y. Out. Sir, the Gentlemen are taking their leaves.

Sir Ol. O your Servant! your Servant, Gentlemen—You are damnably well bred, I must confess—but 'tis no matter, somebody shall pay for't, let me but recover my Niece, and Sir Gregory shall find it all in his Bill, faith.

Enter Governess.

Gov. Oh! Sir *Oliver*, undone, undone.

Sir Ol. So! she's robb'd too, I hope.

Gov. O! Sir, my Heart-Strings are broke—I have scarce Life left to tell you the Misfortune.

Sir Ol. Misfortune! Why, what the Devil's the matter with thee, thou hast not been ravill'd, hast thou?

Gov. Ah! Sir, wou'd that were the worst on't! Your Niece! your Niece! Sir.

Sir Ol. What! broke her Leg?

Gov. O worse, worse! she has broke all Bonds of Obedience, and is most notoriously—

Sir Ol. With Child.

Gov. Married, Sir.

Sir Ol. The Devil!

Gov. To that abandon'd false Dissembler, *Cunningham*.

Sir Ol. Then wou'd she were with Child—But who was the Priest? for first I'll hang him.

Gov.

Gov. E'en your own Kinsman, Sir, Mr. *Credulous Outwit*, that you design'd for the *Welch* Benefice.

Sir Ol. Good! I fav'd him from one Halter, and he has helpt my *Niece* to another——Halt thou any more ill News?

Gov. And *Sir Gregory* is married too.

Sir Ol. To my *Niece* too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Gov. No, Sir, to my Daughter; she's *Lady Goose* now, and that's all I have left to comfort me——And see where they come all in a Clutter——

Enter Sir Gregory and Mirabel, Cunningham and Niece, Young Outwit, Lady Gentry, Sir Threadbare, Priscian, and Mr. Credulous.

Sir Ol. Heyday! Rebellion in Triumph! see what your Care's come to now, Mr. Politick? Where's your Wit at a Pinch now, Sir?

Y. Out. Here! here in this full Purse, Sir.

Sir Ol. Very fine! so you have been in the bottom of all this Roguery against me, and I am fairly cheated.

Y. Out. To your Heart's content, Sir, thanks to the little Wit your fatherly Folly turn'd a grazing.

Sir Ol. Umph!

Sir Greg. Wit! ha, ha, ha! why didst thou ever pretend to it, old Knight?

Sir Ol. 'Tis time I should give it over indeed, when thou ask'st that Question.

Sir Greg. Ha, ha! why you are crabb'd, old Unkle that wou'd ha' been.

Sir Ol. And you are married to a great Fortune, that shou'd ha' been.

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, if Rogue, Slave, Rascal, Kick, Thumps, and Bobs of the Face were to be coined, she wou'd have been a devilish Fortune indeed; 'liffe, Sir, I wou'd not have had her with that flint-hearted Tongue of hers, though she were stuck all over with Diamonds, tho' her Backside were all beaten Gold, her Eyes to drop nothing but Pearls, and the rest of her Rocks to make Wine instead of Hogsheds of fair Water.

Call.

Cun. That I dare swear she would not, Sir, if it had been only in pure Friendship to me.

Sir Greg. Nay, faith, I wish thou hadst 'scap'd her too, and then she might have been eaten up with the Green-sickness: Look you, Sir, in short, I have made this Gentlewoman a Lady, in spite to her, and have married her in spite to you, and will love her in love to my self; and to let you all see what Honour she has mis'd the being Mother of, before to-morrow Morning, I'll so spur up my Knighthood that I'll get her with Squire.

Niece. Well, Sir Gregory, you have made me so heartily ashamed of my Folly, that from henceforth, I am resolv'd here to give my self up to Love, Gentleness, and resign'd Obedience.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, this is afore your Unkle's Face! but for all that, who will have a Plaster upon his Forehead afore Morning?

Y. Out. You see, Sir, all's irrecoverable—Nothing thrives but what I have a hand in—You had better allow me Two Hundred a Year, than so much a Week.

Sir Ol. O! I cannot think of parting with any thing before I die.

Y. Out. Then I shall certainly think of nothing but your Death, Sir.

Sir Ol. Peace, I say—I'll think again.

Sir Greg. Well, *Cunningham*, now I proclaim thee a Man of thy word; for I think I have sufficiently spighted my Mistress, and have as heartily sour'd the old Gentleman! Look how she looks! and now if I cou'd but plague my Man *Simple* a little, the full Joys of my Spleen wou'd be compleat.—

Cun. That you may do immediately, for here he comes.

Enter Simple, with an Angle-rod.

You, Madam, must join with us. [To Niece.]

Sir Greg. Ha, ha, ha! why how now, *Sam! Sam!* Boy! What hast thou been bobbing for Grigs; and in the mean time, let thy Mistress slip through thy Fingers like an Eel? ha, ha!

Sim. Gudgeons indeed are easier taken; for I hear this

this Lady, d'ye observe me, has caught you, Sir—But really my Business at present is with this Lady.

Niece. Away, ungrateful Man.

Cun. Hark you, Sir, 'tis now too late to expostulate: The Lady, I find, is betray'd as well as you; it seems she sent above a dozen times to you, and the false Brother, that was employ'd between you, as often brought word you wou'd be with her in a Quarter of an Hour.

Sim. Sir, if I have seen any living Creature, but a few Miller's-Thumbs, since I last saw you, I wish this Angle-Rod might never go through me.

Cun. What ill Fate was this? Why, Sir, the Lady took it so to heart, that out of pure spite to her ill Fortune, she is really married to another.

Sim. Why then perish my Heart, Sir, if I don't pity her—Yet if she has undone herself, she may thank herself for't—I cou'd do no more than I cou'd do—I kept my word, if she wou'd not believe it, 'twas her own Fault, she might have had Patience to have spoke with a Man tho'.

Cun. That was a Fault indeed, Sir.

Sim. Nay, extreemly faulty—Day and Night she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough, I told her so between her and I—Madam, says I, when you find your self never so little uneasy at my being from you, do but send me the least word, I'll come and relieve you in an Instant; and because a Fellow has play'd the Rascal with us, for her to go and throw her self away upon this, and that, and t'other, and I can't tell what—Pshaw! it was idly done; cou'd not she have come to me herself, and have been satisfied?

Cun. That had done it, Sir.

Sim. To a hair, Sir—but when People will follow their own Fancies——

Cun. Well! sure never Couple so narrowly miss'd of one another.

Sim. And as it was, Sir, you saw I was within one of her, I was sure all the while I was between the Knight and Home—Poor Creature, it really gives me a Concern to see her take on so.

Cun.

Can. And yet, I can't but say, Sir, her undoing is her own doing.

Sim. But you'll find, Sir, the thing will really reflect upon me in the end; I shall hear of it as I go along the Streets: People won't consider it was not my Fault—But will cry, there goes the ill-natur'd Gentleman, upon whose account the Lady flung herself away—I shall certainly be blam'd about this. Foolish Woman!—Beside, Sir, I am really under a great Disappointment my self; for here have I turn'd my self out of my Place upon her account; and now, Sir, instead of this, and that, and t'other, let me perish, if I know where to eat.

Mir. Alas, poor Gentleman! Come, Sir, shall I speak a good word for you?

Sim. Really, Madam, my Temper is such, I don't know how to refuse a Lady any thing.

Mir. O, Sir *Gregory* must be Friends with you.

Sir Greg. Well, *Sam*! what hast thou to say now, Boy?

Sim. Why, really, Sir, I don't well know; but, methinks, here I don't know, things have been very oddly contriv'd, Sir: but the short of the matter is really this, since the Party we lately disputed of seems to be otherwise disposed of, that is to say, since you have mis'd the Lady, and I really have not got her, I think it wou'd not be improper if we two shou'd take one another again.

Sir Greg. Well, well, *Sam*, with all my heart; a Match, Boy.

Sim. Madam, I thank you—And really the thing is much easier than it was.—Pray, Sir, where do you dine?

Y. Out. Nay, Sir, take it your own way—For my part I shall but lose by this Allowauce—I have not fought out half my Weapons yet, Sir—Besides, Sir, I have a way of fighting invisable; many a Polt have you had within these twelve Hours, Sir, without knowing who it came from.

Sir Ol. How! make that appear, and I'll say something to thee.

Y. Out. *Imprimis*, to let you see how profoundly
your

The RIVAL FOOLS. 91

your Apprehension was asleep, Sir, I fairly struck five Pieces out of you for these Gentlemen Beggars, of which Bounty your humble Servant was the first publick Example, and private Sharer. You may remember, Sir, when you admir'd our speaking Greek and Syriack, we were then only saying in vile Gibberish, that we would not stir till we had pick'd your Pocket.

Sir *Ol.* But was that Wit your own, Sir?

Y. *Out.* Pshaw! a slight Preface to the Volumes that are to follow.

Sir *Ol.* How!

Y. *Out.* What think you of a certain hundred Pieces given to redeem your favourite Nephew, from the Hands of a Constable, for being concern'd in a certain Robbery? which was indeed no Robbery, no Constable, no Thief, nothing real, but Top, Sides, and Bottom, a fair Bite all over, Sir. And, lastly, Sir, this memorable hundred Pounds worth of Musick, which to crown my Triumph, Sir, are very generously return'd to play just one Dance at my Cousin *Cunningham's* Wedding.

Sir *Ol.* Well, Boy, since thou hast satisfied me I have no Fool to my Son, I'll now let the World see, thou hast a wise Man to thy Father——Give me the Writing——There's my Hand to it——And now strike up Musick——

Wit shou'd be try'd before it claims regard.

Y. *Out.* But fairly prov'd, like mine, shou'd find reward.



But that thou may'st hereafter grow so wise——

Heyday! What now?—— [Pin struggling.]

Pin. ———— *I'll tell you when I rise?*

[Throws Bul. over his Head, and mounts on him.]

Bul. *Ods-me! the Beast has thrown me——*

Pin. ———— *Down, Rogue, down:*

Thus rightful Monarchs re-ascend their Throne.

So have I seen, and wish as little Rout,

Britons and French march into Towns and out:

And thus by sudden Turns of good and ill Luck,

Victorious Pinky strides the conquer'd Bullock.

But now, to let you see your Conqueror's Vertue,

Tho', Slave, I have you down—I scorn to hurt you.

Bul. *Well, well, I yield: Yet all this mighty Do,*

But proves, that I'm an Ass as well as You,

Pin. *Thus the sole Glory we in Victors see,*

Is first to make Men Slaves, then set 'em Free.

Get up you Puppy——

Bul. ———— *Well, now let's agree. [Rises.]*

And as you first propos'd, befriend the Play.

Pin. *That's true—Grant, Gallants, but your Smiles to-day,*

And your Petitioners shall ever pray:

Bul. *That every Lover to these Scenes inclin'd,*

May the same Favour from his Mistress find.

Pin. *May all the married Dames preserve their Spouses,*

From Drink, late Hours, and ill reputed Houses.

Bul. *May no ripe Virgin here, past Twenty tarry,*

But the first Swain, that woos her, Love, and Marry.

Pin. *Widows that flameless lie, like unstirr'd Fire,*

Be blown by Younger Brothers to Desire.

Bul. *May you, that keep no Cows, that is, won't marry,*

Skim the sweet Cream-bowls of your Neighbours Dairy.

Pin.

- Pin. *May all you, Soldiers, that have lain in Trenches,
Good Winter-Quarters find, and soft—sound Wenches.*
- Bul. *The Beaux still make Subscriptions for the Fair,
And each Presented Ticket cure Despair.*
- Pin. *Each fair Nymph's Love, that's now abroad in Wars,
Come laden home, with His—and Her Arrears.*
- Bul. *May all the Gamesters make their Bubbles pay,
And daily 'noint 'em for their Itch of Play.*
- Pin. *Each Miss that pays her only Half-Crown duly,
Be ten-fold re-imburs'd it by a Cully:*
- Bul. *And may those Cullies, whom their Charms so urge on,
Ne'er find Occasion after for a Surgeon.*
- Pin. *So may these Wishes wait on all that say,
In hearty Claps, they will support the Play,
And cram the House, upon the Author's Day.* }



23

24

25

}



Act III

X I M E N A

OR, THE

HEROICK DAUGHTER

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE - ROYAL

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. GIBBER.

— *Face nuptiali.*
Digna, & in omne Virgo
Nobilis Ævum.

H O R.

L O N D O N

Printed for J. TONSON, A. BETTESWORTH,
B. LINTOT, and J. WATTS; and sold
by W. FEALES.

M D C C X X V.



Sir

that i
now a
and S
that S
fill a
fame
over y
had a
Power
of ma
public
Not
with f
its Fau
deem' c



T O

Sir RICHARD STEELE.

WHILE the World was under the daily Correction and Authority of your *Lubrications*, their Influence on the Publick was not more visible in any one Instance, than the sudden Improvement (I might say Reformation) of the Stage, that immediately follow'd them: From whence it is now apparent, that many Papers, (which the Grave and Severe then thought were thrown away upon that Subject) were, in your speaking to the *Theatre*, still advancing the same Work, and instructing the same World in Miniature; to the end, that whenever you thought fit to be silent, the Stage, as you had amended it, might, by a kind of substituted Power, continue to Posterity, your peculiar Manner of making the Improvement of their Minds their publick Diversion.

Nothing but a Genius so universally rever'd could, with such Candor and Penetration, have pointed out its Faults and Misconduct; and so effectually have redeem'd it Uses and Excellence from Prejudice and

vi *The DEDICATION.*

Dis-favour. How often have we known the most elegant Audiences drawn together at a Day's Warning, by the Influence or Warrant of a single *Tatler*, in a Season, when our best Endeavours without it, could not defray the Charge of the Performance! This powerful and innocent Artifice soon recover'd us into Fashion, and spirited us up, to think such new Favour of our Auditors worthy of our utmost Industry; and 'tis to that Industry so instructed, the Stage now owes its Reputation and Prosperity: And therefore, as I have heard you say, (which I hope will justify my repeating it) *viz.* To talk of suppressing the Stage, because the Licentiousness, Ignorance or Poverty of its former Professors may have abus'd the proper Ends of its Institution, were, in Morality, as absurd a Violence, as it would be in Religion to silence the Pulpit, because Sedition or Treason has been preach'd there: And tho' for the same Reason our ancient Legislature may have been justly provok'd to mention such Actors in Terms of Ignominy, yet that ought no more to be a Reproach to his Majesty's present Company of Comedians, than it is to the Patriots of old *Rome*, that their first Founders were Robbers and Outlaws.

After such Benefits receiv'd, what less Return could the Gratitude and Interest of the Actors think of, than to intreat you to join in their Petition to the Crown, to set you at their Head, that you might as justly partake of the Profits, as the Praise and Merit of Supporting them? How much you have done for us was visible to all the World, what Sense we have of it is yet known to few; I therefore take this Occasion to make our Acknowledgments, if possible, as publick as our Obligations.

The Good you have done Mankind gives every sensible Heart a double Delight; that of the Benefit to self, and the Pleasure of thanking you: And yet,

The DEDICATION. vii

if we consider the World, as one Person, we cannot but say it has been ungrateful to you: Had *Publick Spirit* been the Measure of *Publick Bounty*, it had been no Court-Secret, how you had so suddenly ran into an Affluence of Fortune; every Peasant might have accounted for that, tho' the Speculations of a Gentleman may be puzzled at the contrary. But when a *private* Man, in the Service of his Country, exerts a Genius and Courage that would better become his *Superiors*, we are not to wonder, if (in Right of their Precedence) Neglect or Envy should reprimand his Forwardness into Manners and Modesty; he is to be talk'd to in another Style than he thinks of, and is to know, the Dignity of Office is so Sacred in its Nature, that it is a sort of Insolence for a Man to be wise, before he comes into it; That great Actions are not to thrust themselves into publick Service without Order or Direction; They ought properly, and only to come from the Hands of High Birth or Station, and the Honour of our national Spirit is not to be sullied, by owing its greatest Instances to the ignoble Head or Heart of a Commoner: Would not one think, Sir, from your Situation in the World, all this had been said to you? But so it is, when a Man's Services are too eminent for his Station, that Eminence is generally his Reward; he then stands the publick Gaze of Passengers, like a Mountain in a Meadow, *deserted, poor, and thirsty*, while the Lands below him are water'd into *Fatness* and *Plenty*. Had it been your humble Choice to have lain in the common *Level* of Merit, your Crop had, of Course, been as full as your Neighbours. But if you think the World is to go out of its Road for you, you will be told, no Body can help your being in the Wrong; you have had Examples enough before you, that might have warn'd you into wiser Observations. Did not the celebrated Author of

viii *The DEDICATION.*

Hudibras bring the King's Enemies into a lower Contempt with the Sharpness of his Wit, than all the Terrors of his Administration could reduce them to? Was not his Book always in the Pocket of his Prince? And what did the mighty Prowess of this Knight-Errant amount to? Why---- he died with the highest Esteem of the Court ----- in a Garret. Might not the Corruption of those Times have farther inform'd you too, that tho' a Man had all the Spirit and Capacity of an ancient *Roman* for the Service of his Country; yet if he would not enslave those Talents to the Will and Dominion of some great Leader in the State, if he would not privately list in his Troop, and implicitly obey Orders, he was treated at best as a Mutineer, and came off well, if he was only cashier'd, and made incapable of future Preferment. Such, Sir, was then the Language and Practice of the World; and how much soever it may be mended now, it gives but a melancholy Reflection to know, that while in the late Reign you were warmly supporting our staggering Hopes of the Protestant Succession, the Enemies of it, then in Power, were subtle enough to offer you a Security of Fortune only to be *silent*---An uncomfortable Account-----that even the *Forbearance of a Virtue* should be worth more than the *Use* of it.

But I am not to forget, there has been a Circumstance in your Merit too, that could have happen'd to no Man but your Self: To say you had hazarded your Life, or Fortune, for the Service of your Country, were but to allow you Praise in common with Thousands, that have done the same: But when we consider how *Aniable a Fame* you sacrific'd to its Interests, it would be barbarous not to inquire into the Value of it: How long, and happily did *Old Isaac* triumph in the universal Love, and Favour of his Readers! The Grave, the Chearful,
the

The DEDICATION. ix

the Wise, the Witty, Old, Young, Rich and Poor, all Sorts, though never so opposite in Character, whether Beaux or Bishops, Rakes or Men of Business, Coquets or Statesmen, Whigs or Tories, All were equally his Friends, and thought their Tea in a Morning had not its Taste without him: Thus, while you appear'd the *Agreeable Philosopher* only, Mankind by a general Assent came into your Applause, and Service: And yet, how in a Moment was this calm, and unrivall'd Enjoyment blown into the Air, when the Apprehension of your Country's being in a Flame called upon you to resign it, by employing the same Spirit of Conviction, in the restless Office of a *Patriot*! For no sooner did you rise the Champion of our insulted Constitution, than one Half of the Nation (that had just before allow'd you the proper *Censor* of our Morals) in an Instant deny'd you to have had either *Wit*, *Sense* or *Genius*; the Column they had been two Years jointly raising to your Reputation, was then, in a few Days, thrown down by the implacable Hands that rais'd it. But when they found no Attacks of Prejudice could deface the real Beauty of your Writings, and that they *still* recover'd from the Blow, their Malice then indeed was driven to its last Hold, of giving the Chief Merit of them to another great Author, who they allow'd had never so audaciously provok'd them: This was indeed turning your own Cannon upon you, and making use of your private Virtue to depreciate your Character; for had not the diffusive Benevolence of your Heart thought even *Fame* too great a Good to be possess'd *alone*, you would never (as you confess'd in the *Preface* to those Works) have taken your nearest Friend into a Share of it: A Man of Modern Prudence would have consider'd a *Fame* so *peculiar*, as a Mistress, whom *his* Services only had deserved;

A 5

x *The DEDICATION.*

deserved; and would have maturely deliberated, before he trusted her Constancy in private, with the dearest Friend upon Earth: Your Enemies therefore thus knowing that your own Consent had partly justify'd their Insinuations, saved a great deal of their Malice from being ridiculous, and fairly left you to apply to such your singular Conduct, what *Mark Antony* says of *Octavius* in the Play---

*Fool that I was! upon my Eagle's Wings
I bore this Wren, 'till I was tir'd with Soaring,
And now, he mounts above me-----* Dryden.

Nothing is more common among the prudent Men of this World, than their Admiration that you will not (with all your Talents) be guided to the proper Steps of making your Fortune: as if that were the *non ultra* of Happiness: Can they suppose that Flattery, Deceit and Treachery, or the perpetual Surrender of our Reason, Will, and Freedom to the Convenience, and Passions of others, with a Train of the like abject Servilities, if your Spirit could stoop to them, are not as soon attain'd to, as their contrary Virtues? And that consequently it is much easier to *make* a Fortune, than to *deserve* one? Such Men can never know how much the Conscious Transport of having done their Duty, is preferable to all the the mean, unwieldy Pomp of arrogant, and unmerited Prosperity----But let them hug themselves, and count their Happiness by their Sums of Gold; yours is to know, the Service you have done your Country has contributed to their being secure in the Possession of it, and that such (however unfashionable) Actions are (like their Gold) intrinsically valuable only for their Weight, which can neither rise or fall from the Stamp of Favour, or Discouragement. And that these Men may not

sup-

The DEDICATION. xi

suppose, you did not, as well as the Wifest of them, foresee this Barren Consequence of your Endeavours, I shall beg Leave to quote a prophetick Instance to the contrary, which you publish'd in No. II. of a Paper, call'd *The Reader*, in the Year 1714.

' There was a certain Husbandman, in a certain
' Kingdom, who liv'd in a certain Place, under a
' certain Hill, near a certain Bridge: This poor
' Man was a little of a Scholar, and given to Coun-
' try Learning: such as Astrological Predictions of
' the Weather, and the like. One Night in One
' of his Musings about the House, he saw a Party
' of Soldiers belonging to a Prince, in Enmity with
' his own, coming towards the Bridge: he imme-
' diately ran, and drew up that Part which is called
' the *Draw-Bridge*, and calling all his Family, and
' getting his Cattle together, he put his Plough, be-
' hind that his Stools, and his Chairs behind them,
' and by this Means stopped the March 'till it was
' Day-light, when all the Neighbouring Lords and
' Gentlemen *saw the Enemy as well as he*. They
' crowded on with great Gallantry to oppose the
' Foe, and in their Zeal and Hurry, throwing our
' Husbandman Over-bridge, and his Goods after
' him, effectually kept out the Invaders. This
' Accident, says my Author, was the Safety of that
' Kingdom; yet no one ought to be discomfited
' from the publick Service, for what happen'd to this
' Rustick; for tho' he was neglected at the present,
' and every Man said he was an honest Fellow,
' that he was no one's *Enemy* but his *own*, and
' that no Body said he was every one's *Friend* but
' his *own*, the Man had ever after the Liberty, that
' *he*, and no other but *he*, and his Family, should
' beg on that Bridge in all Times following.

Had

xii *The DEDICATION.*

. Had you not published this Prediction so many Years ago, the Art, or Malice of Men might have insinuated, that the Hope of some farther Reward, than that of the Action it self, had been the Motive to your Zeal, for the then endanger'd Protestant Succession.

But alas ! I fear I am running into the same publick-spirited Rashness, it being impossible to speak Truth of you, without giving Shame to others, who may not perhaps have your Talent of easily forgiving, whatever is Honest in its Intention: I shall therefore beg Leave to subscribe my self,

S I R,

Your most devoted

Sept. the 29.
1719.

humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.



TO THE
READER.

THE *Cid* of *Monsieur Corneille* (from whence the following Scenes are drawn) has made such an *Eclat* on all the Theatres of *Europe*, that were I to be wholly silent on the Side of the *Heroick Daughter*, the great Liberties I have taken in altering the Conduct of his Fable, might be more imputed to a vain Opinion of my own Judgment, than any Foundations in Reason, or Nature: But I hope I shall stand upon better Terms with the Impartial, and the Curious. I am not insensible what vast Odds will be offer'd against me, while I am entering the Lists with so Fam'd an Author, as *Corneille*: But that shall not discourage me: For I look upon Truth in an Argument, to be like Courage in a Combat, the best Advantage a Man can have over his Antagonist; 'tis not his Fame ought to fright me; for let mine be never so obscure, if I am in the Right, his being in the Wrong will be no more a Wonder, than that a Watchman's plain Staff should foil the Sword of a Field-Officer.

But I have a farther View, That while I am comparing the Two Plays, I may give the Lovers of the Theatre some Insight into the Merit, and Difficulty of forming a good Fable; and that even our common Spectators,

Spectators, who find themselves unaccountably pleas'd with a pathetick Scene, may be more pleas'd, by knowing they have Reason to be so.

It may perhaps be expected, I should offer some Excuse for not publishing this Piece till Seven Years after its first Appearance on the Stage; and you will probably answer, I had as good have said nothing about it, as to tell you it has been little better than Idleness, or Indifference: For it having done my Business, when acted, I confess I wanted the Modern Appetite for Fame, that Authors usually think follows them into the Country, after Publication. But if I had any real Cause to defer it, it was from an Observation I had made, that most of my Plays (except the First, the *Fool in Fashion*) had a better Reception from the Publick, when my Interest was no longer concern'd in them: I therefore suppos'd this might have a fairer Chance for Favour, when the Author had no farther Stake upon it: And I hope I may be allow'd the Honest Vanity of this Complaint, while I have (to my Cost) so many Facts to support it--- Every Auditor, whose Memory will give him Leave, cannot but know, that *Richard the Third*, which I alter'd from *Shakespeare*, did not raise me Five Pounds on the Third Day, though for several Years since, it has seldom, or never fail'd of a crowded Audience--The *Fop's Fortune* lagg'd on the Fourth Day, and only held up its Head by the Heels of the *French Tumblers*, who it seems had so much Wit in their Limbs, that they forc'd the Town to see it, till it laugh'd it self into their good Graces---The *Kind Impostor* did not pay the Charges on the Sixth Day, tho' it has since brought me, as a Sharer, more than I was then disappointed of as Author---'Twas at first a moot Point whether the *Careless Husband* should live or die; but the Houses it has since fill'd have reproach'd the former Coldness of its Auditors---The *Wife's Resentment* is another, tho' not an equal, Instance of the same Nature.

But

To the READER. xv

But not to take the Particularity of this Treatment wholly to my self, I confess it has sometimes been the Fate of the better Authors: Nor ought we so much to wonder at it, if we consider, that there is in Human Nature a certain low latent Malice to all laudable Undertakings, which never dares break out upon any Thing, with so much Licence, as on the Fame of a Dramatick Writer: For even the lavish Applause, that is usually heaped upon his first Labours, is not perhaps so entirely owing to their real Admiration of the work itself, as the mean Pleasure they take in swelling him up to Rival the Reputation of others, that have writ well before him: If he succeeds in a first Play, let him look well to the next, for then he is enter'd the Herd, as a Common Enemy, and is to know that they, who gave him Fame, can take it away; he is then to be allow'd no more Merit or Mercy, than the rest of his Brethren: Of which nothing can be a stronger Instance, than the Torrent of Applause, that was deservedly thrown in upon the *Old Bachelor*, and the boisterous Cavils that the next Year unreasonably over-run the same Author's Play of the *Double-Dealer*: And I am apt to believe, that after the Success of the *Funeral*, it was the same Caprice that deserted the *Tender Husband*: And that all this is not mere Conjecture only, I beg Leave to relate a Matter of Fact, that perhaps will better incline you to my Opinion.

When the *Herick Daughter* was first Acted, I had the Curiosity (not having then any Part in it) sometimes to sit unseen into the Side-Boxes, where I met with the highest Mixture of Pleasure, and Mortification: The Pleasure was in observing the Generality of the Audience, in a silent, fix'd Attention, never failing by their Looks or Gestures, to discover those pleasing Emotions of the Mind, which I was always confident would arise from so elevated a Subject: The Mortification was from a Set of well-dress'd
merry.

xvi *To the READER.*

merry-making Criticks, that call themselves the *Town*, whose private Wit was continually insulting the publick Diversion, by their waggish Endeavours to Burlesque every Thing, that seem'd to have a serious Effect on their Neighbours; and treating the poor Rogue the Author (who stood with his Hat over his Eyes at their Elbow) with the utmost Insults, Scandal, and Malevolence: And when the Play was over, some of the same Persons, (which had like to have made me laugh) came, and wish'd me Joy of its Success: But I have since seen frequent Instances, that the same Sort of Auditors, with a little Management, have been made as enterprizing Friends to other Authors, as they were then Enemies to me: For with some leading Man of the Town, or celebrated Wit at the Head of them, they have been often known, by their over-bearing Manner of Applause, to make a wretched sickly Play stand stoutly upon its Legs for Six Days together: But (as in mine; and most Cases) when they are not so engaged and marshall'd, they naturally run Riot into Mischief and Cruelty. Upon the Whole, till this Accident convinc'd me, I never could believe, that to bring a Play upon the Stage, was so invidious a Task; and as it was with great Reluctance, that I from hence resolv'd never to trouble the Town with another, so I found it necessary, (while I was a Player at least) not to put People of meer Pleasure and Fortune in Mind, that I durst pretend to any Talent that their Footmen might not be equally Masters of: And if in Breach of this Resolution, I have since attempted in the *Non-juror* to expose the Enemies of our Constitution, and Liberties, it was because I knew the Friends of the Government would secure me a fair Hearing, and from all such Apprehensions of being disturbed, by the wanton Malice of a few *Petits Maitres*; not but I flatter my self, that even its Enemies will allow, I gave their Principles fair

Play

To the READER. xvii

Play in the Characters of Sir John Woodville, and Charles, who were no where shewn in a contemptible Light; and I hope it was no great Malice to make them amiable in their Conversion---If therefore I have not justly accounted for the Neglect, or Discouragement, which most of my other Plays met with at first; I shall however beg Leave of the World to comfort my self with supposing, that their present Success is now, one Way or other, owing to their Merit. But I have rambled too far from my first Design, which was to give you

AN EXAMEN of the *Cid*, and the
Heroick Daughter.

THE great Beauties of the *French Play*, are in the tender Compassion that rises from the Misfortunes of the Two Lovers *Rodrigue*, and *Chimene*; but should we not be much more sensible of their Distress, if before we saw them unfortunate, we were first rais'd to a proper Admiration of their Persons, and Virtues? They may indeed, as in the *Cid*, move us simply, as Lovers; but as *such* Lovers, their Sorrows would certainly strike deeper into the Hearts of an Audience. In this Point *Cornelie* seems defective; for he opens his Play with a cold Conversation between *Chimene*, and her *Servant*, whom *Chimene* desires to repeat, what Reason she had to suppose, the Count her Father was inclin'd to prefer her favoured Lover *Rodrigue*, to his Rival *Don Sanchez*? By the Way she owns in the same Scene, she has heard all this before; but when an Author wants to acquaint his Audience with a necessary Fact, nothing is so common, as to make some Person in the Play improbably desirous to hear it over again. A poor Shift! we see thro' it, 'tis lazy---He could not but know, that *Artis est celare Artem*. After
Chimene

xviii To the READER.

Chimene is inform'd, that her Father has allow'd *Rodrigue* the Person most worthy of her, she thinks the News too good to be true, and is still, (tho' she can't very well tell why) afraid it will come to nothing, and so quaintly walks off, to as little Purpose as she came on.

In all this Scene, *Chimene* utters no one Sentiment that can possibly draw to her the least Esteem from the Audience; we only as yet see her a marriageable young Woman, that is willing to have a Husband-- A poor Setting out for the Heroine of a Tragedy; the Hero indeed is less faultily manag'd, for he never appears till he enters at once into his Distress of being oblig'd to revenge the Blow, his Father had just receiv'd, upon the Father of his Mistress, who gave it. This Incident is doubtless of uncommon Beauty: But had we been better acquainted with the Merit, and Dignity of his Passion for the Daughter of his Enemy, before his critical Entrance on that Occasion, our Imagination would have had a much higher Alarm, at the first Sight of them; and this was palpably evident from the different Surprize his sudden Appearance gave in the *Heroick Daughter* at *London*, to what I observ'd it had in the same Scene of the *Cid*, when Acted at *Paris*.

In the *English* Play more Care is taken to make the Audience sure, the Son brings with him the highest Sentiments of Courage, Love and Honour, that must make a sensible Heart tremble at the immediate Distress, in which his first Appearance shews him involv'd.

The second Scene in the *Cid* breaks into the Apartment of the Infanta, who is secretly in Love with *Rodrigue*, but her Honour combating with the Inequality of his Birth, she resolves to sacrifice her Passion to her Glory, and in order to it, uses her utmost Endeavours to advance his Marriage with her Rival *Chimene*: There is something so romantick, so cold, and inactive in this Episode, and so very little conducive

To the READER. xix

to the main Design, that I have left it quite out of the *Heroick Daughter*, and supply'd the Vacancy with the Character of *Is Izara*, to whom I have given a more Natural Interest to advance the Marriage of *Ximena*, which is to make Don *Sanchez* (whom *Is Izara* is contracted to) despair of her. *Corneill* seems even in this Scene too, to have lost a fair Occasion of heightening the Character of *Rodrigue*, and preparing the Audience in his Favour; but the Infanta, in no Part of it, mentions the least Motive to her Passion for him, unless that he is a *Jeune Cavalier*.

The next Scene introduces the Quarrel, and the Blow given to the Father of *Rodrigue*, by the Father of his Mistress, and this is the first Scene of the *Cid*, that is made use of in the *Heroick Daughter*: This Quarrel seems too sudden, and unprepared, and wants the Terror that would naturally arise from it, if, as I observ'd, the Audience were prepossess'd with a proper Admiration of the Lovers, whose approaching Ruin they would then be more nearly concern'd for; and this Concern I have attempted to give by the Preparation of a whole first Act in the *Heroick Daughter*, which is intirely unborrowed, and previous to the first Opening *Beauties* of the *Cid*: The Heroick Obligations, that have passed between the two Lovers, (whom I call *Carlos* and *Ximena*;) before they secretly entertain or publicly avow their Passion; the gentle manner of *Ximena's* first softning the Prejudice of *Alvarez*; the solemn Interposition of the King to heal the Hereditary Feud of their Families, and his crowning their Reconcilement with the immediate Union of the Lovers, were all intended to give a Dignity to their Passion, and consequently to move the Audience with a quicker Sense of their ensuing Calamities, than if (as they are in the *Cid*) they had been only shewn in their mere lawful Desire of being virtuous Bedfellows.

Though Terror seems the favourite Passion of *Corneille*, and what he usually paints in much more lively Colours

Colours than his Objects of Pity; yet the fatal Rupture that ruins the Happiness of these Lovers, loses half its Force and Beauty for want of Art or Pains in preparing it. For Terror must certainly rise in Proportion to the Object it menaces; and we cannot be as much concern'd for the Misfortunes of Merit unknown, as for what is evident and conspicuous; and till that Rupture happens, we are (in the *Cid*) utter Strangers to the Merit of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*.

But besides all this, the Quarrel it self seems an Accident merely arising from the brutal Temper of the Count, and the Spectator might as well expect, from the Beginning of the Scene, that it was to end in a friendly Conclusion of their Childrens Marriage, as their so unforeseen and violent Enmity: And tho' Surprise is a necessary Part of Tragedy, yet that Surprise is never to be abrupt: for when it is so, it is more apt to shock, than delight us; we do not love to be startled into a Pleasure: As an Audience ought never to be wholly let into the secret Design of a Play, so they ought not to be intirely kept out of it, you may safely leave room for the Imagination to guess at the Nature of the Thing you intend, and are only to surprise them with your Manner of bringing it about: As in the second Act of *Dryden's All for Love*; where *Marc Antony* seems confirm'd in his Resolution to part with *Cleopatra*; yet when he once consents to expostulate with her in Person, tho' you easily foresee the Contest is to End to her Advantage, yet you are far from losing the Pleasure of your Surprise, while it is so artfully executed; nay, you have a farther Delight, from the private Applause you give to your own Judgment, in so rightly foreseeing the Conclusion; and to this Reason may be attributed the Success of most Allegorical Writings ---- But here (in this Scene of the Quarrel in the *Cid*) is an important Action brought about, and you know not what it means, till it is over. Then indeed you see ---- What? why, that the Hopes
of

To the READER. xxi

of the young Couple's Wedding are all blown up; like enough, but the Audience have as yet no great Reason to be concern'd at it, they know very little of them. Beside, the Scene is half over before you know who the old Men are, or what their Quarrelling can signify; so that your Admiration cannot go along with the Performance, and your Attention is either lost, or in pain, till the Author explains himself; which is afterwards too late, your Imagination is not at leisure to look so far back for the Propriety of what's past; you are then to be intent upon what is to come, or else what you *have* seen, is but an Interruption to what you *are* to see; the Case of many a modern Play: This Laziness, or want of Skill in an Author, does not give an Auditor fair play for his Money, it will not let him see all the Play; nor is it enough to say, the Scene is notwithstanding Natural ---- If you cannot say it has Art, as well as Nature, you praise it but by halves.

I cannot omit another Objection to the Character of the Count, who is so insolent, fierce, and turbulently vain of his Merit, that he is below the Dignity of the Subject: Nor will his being a *Spaniard* excuse it, they are all *Spaniards* in the Play; and tho a ridiculous Pride is natural to the Nation, we are not by that Rule to shew a *Frenchman* dancing, or a *Dutchman* drunk in a Tragedy. In short, he is a mere *Miles Gloriosus*, and makes so disagreeable a Figure, that we have much ado to think him an Object worthy of that filial Regard and Duty which *Chimene* pays to his Memory. I therefore thought it necessary, in higher Justification of her Sorrows, and Virtue, to make him more Civiliz'd and Rational in the *Heroick Daughter*; his honourable and open Reconciliation to *Alvarez*; his generous Compassion for the Distress of *Carlos*, whom he had reduc'd to the Necessity of fighting him: his Humanity and Honour (in case he fell by his Sword) in bequeathing him his Daughter, were all attempted to give the Audience,

xxii *To the READER.*

dience, as well as *Ximena*, a more justifiable Regret for the Loss of him--The only Reason *Corneille* seems to have for making him so brutal, is to introduce an unreasonable Quarrel, from whence all the Distress of the Play was to rise: I have likewise attempted to remove that Objection, by grounding the Jealousy and Resentment of the Count upon the subtle Insinuations of *Sanchez*, it being the immediate (tho' dishonourable) Interest of his Love to *Ximena*, by any Artifice to obstruct her Marriage with *Carlos*: This Expedient I thought would make the Count more excusable in his violent Measures, and might remove the Odium that lay hard upon him in the *Cid*, by throwing it upon *Sanchez*, whose Character here may better endure it.

The next Scene of Moment that follows the Quarrel, is the Challenge, which is delivered with so vaunting a Boast by *Rodrigue*, that one would imagine he thought it first prudent to frighten his Enemy, before he fought him; and truly, by the Behaviour of the Count, he seems to have carried his Point; for after the Challenge is made, the Count as pleasantly evades it, by pretending to be offended with *Rodrigue's* Presumption, in calling him to an Account. In short, they debate so heartily, that you begin to lose your Apprehension of its coming to Mischief; for even after they seem both determin'd, and going out, the Count is resolv'd to have no other Chance for resuming the Debate, and says briskly to *Rodrigue*----- *Art thou so weary of thy Life?* But I think nothing can better expose the Absurdity of the Question, than the shrewd Answer that is made to it, viz. *What are you afraid to die?* There is Reason in the Answer, but (between two Men of Honour) there could be none for the Question.

This sort of Behaviour I could not be reconcil'd to, and have taken the liberty, in the first six Lines of the Scene, to get the Challenge accepted with the plain Language of a Man determined: And tho' I could

To the READER. xxiii

not allow them to expostulate, while their Courage was only in question, yet I could not help thinking the Lover in some part of the Scene, owed a Sigh or two to the Terrors of his Mistress, and the certain Misery his Honour was then going to reduce her to, which would have been still unquestionable, tho' his Regard to her had here shewn its last Effort to right his Injuries with a bloodless Reparation: For tho' he had before debated himself into a Resolution of revenging them, yet nothing is more natural, than to see Love turn back, and back again, for another last Adieu. I shall here beg leave to quote a few Lines from the Scene it self, as the shortest Way of explaining how I have conducted it----- When the Place of Meeting is just going to be appointed, Carlos stops short—and says to the Count,

*One Moment's respite for Ximena's sake,
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart would spare her
We both, without a Stain to either's Honour,
May pity her Distress, and pause to save her.
Nor need I blush, that I suspend my Cause,
Since with its Vengeance her sure Woes are blended:
O! lay not on her Innocence, the Grief
Of a mourn'd Father, or a Lover's Blood!
O! spare her Sighs, prevent her streaming Tears,
Stop this Effusion of my bleeding Honour,
And heal, if possible, its Wounds with Peace.*

To all which, when the Count is immoveable, and grows at last impatient of his Reproaches; then Carlos recovers to his Honour, and breaks out as follows---

*O! give me back that vile submissive Shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance:
Yet no--withhold it! take it to acquit my Love,
That Sacrifice was to Ximena due:
Her helpless Sufferings claim'd that Pang; and since
I cannot bring Dishonour to her Arms,*

I thus

xxiv To the READER.

*Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its last Adieu,
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace:
Farewel dear injur'd Softness ---- Follow me.*

After the Place of Meeting is appointed, Carlos troubles you with no more of his Love, than by uttering with a Sigh, as he goes out,

Poor Ximena. —————

Which had so compassionate an Effect upon our English Hearers, that if his Love was then a Weakness, it was at least such a one, as they heartily forgave him.

The next Scene of the *Infanta*, (who is always dropping in, like cold Water, upon the Heat of the main Action) is for that Reason again left out; our Difference otherwise is not material, till the King receives Notice of the Count's being kill'd by *Rodrigue*; which is so slightly related, or, to use *Cornille's* own Words, *Sans aucune Narration touchante*, and reciv'd with so little Surprise, or Curiosity to know any Circumstances of the Action, that upon my first reading the French Play, I scarce knew whether I was to believe him dead, or no. I have therefore endeavour'd, in the *Hercick Daughter*, to awaken the Audience, by making that Relation more solemn and particular, and to prepare the Probability of the *Catastrophe*, which I shall better account for in its Place: But in the last Scene of this second Act it must be allow'd, the *Cid* begins to seize upon the Heart of the Spectator, and this is one of those great Beauties that have so justly given Rise to its Fame: The fluctuating Pity, that is so finely perplex'd between the Tears of a pious Daughter, and the venerable Sorrows of a Father: The happy Skill of throwing them both, in the same instant, at the King's Feet for Justice and Mercy; and with Pretensions so equally laudable, is an Incident which few Tragedies, either Ancient or Modern, can boast of. The only Liberty I have taken with this Scene, is in making the father plead with more Resignation, and rather

To the READER. xxv

rather to trust his Cause to its simple Merits, than those of his own past Services.

The next Act opens with *Rodrigue's* appearing in the Apartment of his Mistress, where he lessens his Character, by justifying his Honour to her Servant: After *Chimene* too is left alone with the same servant *Elvire*, she throws away a great many fine Sentiments upon that prating Creature, who has no Sense of them, but endeavours to comfort her by vulgar Advice, which makes *Chimene* inexcusable to hear: beside the main Action cools in the Conversation: This is avoided in the *Heroick Daughter*, by making *Belzara* the third Person in these two Scenes, who has an Interest in serving *Carlos*, yet never is mean or dishonourable in her attempting it. But the next Scene makes us ample amends for all we may have justly found fault with.

The Meeting of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*, throws us into a Tenderness that is irresistible: This Incident gives the *Cid* as fair an Assurance of being Immortal, as any modern Poetry can hope for. There is something so amiable in the Despair of *Rodrigue*, in his natural Disregard of his Safety, for the restless Pleasure of seeing his Mistress: and we are apt to be so seiz'd with the instant Idea of her tender Passion breaking through her filial Obligations to pursue him, that at the first sight of them it is impossible, for an attentive Auditor, not to feel the most agreeable Transport and Astonishment: And since the Incident is *Cornelle's*, and not mine, it may be no Vanity to say, this Effect was evident from the Hurry and busy Murmur that ran through the Audience at its first Presentation in *London*. And it would indeed be a Reflection on our *English* Taste, to suppose we could be less sensible than our Neighbours, of so palpable an Excellence: For *Cornelle* speaking of the Reception of this Scene in *Paris*, says,

xxvi To the READER.

Qu'alors que ce malheureux amant se presentoit devant elle, il s'elevoit un certain Tremblement dans l'Assemblée, qui marquoit une Curiosité merveilleuse, & un redoublement d'attention pour ce qu'ils avoient à se dire dans un estat si pitoyable.

But allowing it all this Admiration, I have some Reasons to offer (to better Judgment) why the Conduct of this Scene in the *Heroick Daughter*, is not implicitly form'd up n the Model of that in the *Cid*: I cannot but think, that *Rodrigue's* entring with an Answer to the last Words of *Chimene*, must be unnatural, if you don't suppose him to have listen'd at the Door to her private Discourse; and tho' 'tis possible most of our modish Criticks may own they would have listen'd in his Condition, yet that is no Proof, that list'ning, especially in another Person's House, is not always the Effect of Meanness, Ill-Manners, or Treachery; I therefore thought it more reasonable to let him approach her in a mute submissive Address, and to give him Time for it, have thrown *Ximena* into a reproachful Astonishment the Moment she sees him: *Corneille* after some fine Touches of their Distress, suffers him to proceed in Excuse of his Offence, in which he seems too fond of shewing the Man of Honour, and the harsh Terms he uses in his Justification, are too Choquant for the Ear of an injur'd Mistress. These are his Words,

“ Car enfin n'attens pas de mon Affection,

“ Un lâche repentir d'une bonne Action.

And a little farther:

“ Je l'ai forcé encore, si j'avois à le faire.

This last Line is omitted in the *Heroick Daughter*, and the first are soften'd by only saying,

“ —How shall I repent me of a Crime,

“ Which uncommitted had deserv'd thy Scorn?

To the READER. xxvii

I have endeavour'd in the same Speech to make his Crime more pitiful, by his pleading the Regard he had to her Peace, in first endeavouring to reduce her Father into a Temper, that might have ended their Difference with a less fatal Reparation; and it seems to heighten the Distress of *Ximena*, when you see her Heart is full, and conscious of the Obligation.

After *Chimene* has answer'd his Plea, in the most sublime Sentiments of her filial Duty to pursue him for her Father's Death, *Rodrigue* insists, that her own Hand alone ought to satisfy her Vengeance, I have here made bold to shorten their Argument upon this Point, which seem a little too near the Romantick, and have substituted one, that I thought more agreeable to Nature, where *Carlos* says,

*Let not the Wretch once honour'd with thy Love,
Thy Carlos, once thought worthy of thy Arms,
Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Justice,
To draw the irksome Fury of a Crowd,
Who may, with vulgar Reason, call thee cruel;
My Death from thee will cleave to thy Vengeance,
And shew, like mine, thy Duty scorn'd Assistance.*

But the greatest Omission in this Scene, is, that *Chimene* so far forgets her filial Duty, as to take no Precaution, not so much as his Word of Honour, that *Rodrigue* shall appear to answer his Crime to the Law; she is indeed concern'd for her Reputation, and on that Account only desires him to leave her; her last Concern, when they part at the End of the Scene, is,

“ ——— *Et sur tout Garde bien, qu'on Te veye.*

This makes their Meeting look too like a modern Carriage, I have therefore endeavour'd to give her a better Reason for releasing him; when he reproaches her with want of Love, in refusing his Desire to fall by her Hand, she replies ---

xxviii *To the READER.*

*Can Hate have Part in Interviews like this?
Art thou not now within my Power to seize?
Yet I'll release thee, Carlos, on thy Word,
Give me thy Word, that on the Morrow's Noon
Before the King, in Person thou wilt answer,
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.*

I do not see how the Scene could possibly be said to have a just Conclusion, but by this mutual Discharge of their Duty for the present: And when Carlos had given his Honour to appear, then indeed there is a more pardonable and natural Excuse for the Tenderneſs they fall into; which tho' the *Reader* must be charm'd with in the Original, I have ventur'd to alter, to make them more agreeable to the *Spectator*.

The next Scene breaks into the Street, where the Father of *Rodrigue* is wandring up and down alone, in Search of his Son; a very slender Mark of his Wisdom, and puts one in Mind of a Vulgar Saying ----*To look for a Needle, &c.*---Nay, he does all this, tho' he has Five Hundred Friends in his House (whom he had drawn together to vindicate the Cause of his Honour) waiting for him; and there is no Excuse appears for his leaving them alone, or why some do not attend him Abroad: Where he entertains the Audience with a long Account (which he gives to himself) of his Condition, in pointed Conceits, and quaint Antitheses, that would be much prettier in an Epigram ---At last he meets with his Son, with whom he falls into a tedious Argument; and to comfort his Sorrow for the Loss of his Mistress, tells him there are more Women than *Ximena*, and would have him shew the Greatneſs of his Heart, in shaking off his Weakneſs for her: This seems unpardonable, and stains the Character of the Father; for to suppose him capable of changing his Mistress, takes away Half the Merit of the Son's having reveng'd his Honour;

nour, which, had he not inviolably loved her, had only shewn his Courage in common with other Men. The Answer the Son makes him, indeed is truly Great, which it might easily be, when he had so dishonourable a Thought to oppose; so that the one Speech is only fine from the other's being improper, I might say unnatural: This Scene seems extremely cold, after the Spirit and warm Passion in the preceding One: Care should be always taken in such Cases not to suffer the Attention to languish, but (as *Horace* says *Semp. et ad exitum festinet*) when the Subject will not suffer us to exceed what is gone before, we should at least keep our Hearers awake, by being busy about new Matter and Action, plainly necessary to carry on the Story of the Play. All that seems useful in this Scene, is the last Speech of it, which is the only One, that is taken into the *Heroick Daughter*: There *Alvarez* appears at the Head of his Friends in his own House, where his Son may be suppos'd with more Probability to come to him. But *Cornelle* honestly tells us in his *Examen* of the *Cid*, that the Reason, why he did not bring on *Don Diegue* with his Friends about him, was because those Personages are generally supply'd by awkward Fellows, and Candle-Snuffers--A miserable sign of the Lowness of the *French Theatre*, when so great an Author is forc'd to restrain his Fancy, and to commit an Absurdity, to make his Play fit for the Stage--But this not being our Case here, I had the Liberty of writing as well as I could. After *Cornelle* has done his Scene, I have given the Son a soliloquy, that I thought would be a new Motive to the Compassion of the Audience; if your Curiosity is as warm as my Vanity could wish it, you will now turn to it at the End of the Fourth Act.

The Two last Acts of the *Cid*, tho', in Nature, they may be finely written, lose Half their Force for Want of Art: All those great Sentiments which bi-

xxx To the READER.

mene utters to the *Infanta* in the Beginning of the Fourth Act, are improper in that Place; for she is not only arguing her Case with one, that has nothing to do with it, but she is merely *talking* while she should be *doing*; we are impatient for the Issue of her Appeal to the King, and it is no Excuse to the Hearer, that the King's Daughter stops her by the Way, when it was in the Poet's Choice to have sent the King's Daughter to Prayers, or any other Employment in the mean Time----'n short, the Author seems to want Matter for Two Acts more, and is reduc'd to these Shifts to give the Audience full Measure for their Money: But the *Heroick Daughter*, having a whole first Act added before the Action of the *Cid* begins, of Consequence transfers the Third Act of the *French* Play into the Fourth of the *English*, by which Expedient, the necessary Matter of the Two last Acts of the One, are easily contain'd in the single Fifth Act of the Other.

The next Prolixity the *Cid* entertains us with, is the King's solemn Reception of *Rodrigue* after his Defeat of the *Moors*; which let it be never so justly due to the Merit of the Action, yet *Non nunc erat his locus*. All this moves not, and might have been suppos'd, or related only, that the more immediate Business of the Play might have come forward, as is attempted in the *Heroick Daughter*.

Beside, the making *Rodrigue* to give an Account of his own Victory, must either lessen the Action, or his Character---Any Friend, that was a Well-Wisher to his Interest, must certainly have been a more proper Herald of his Fame: I have therefore made *Alonzo* give the Particulars of this glorious Service to his Country, and I thought the Audience would be better pleas'd, if it were given to *Ximena*, that they might at the same Instant see the new Conflict it must naturally raise between her Passion and her Duty: For tho' the King is in the Play the Person most concern'd

To the READER. xxxi

cern'd to hear it, yet the *Spectator* is most concern'd that *Ximena* should hear it; and it offends not either Manners, or Probability, that the King is suppos'd to have heard it before.

When *Chimene* returns to Court for Justice, the King, in Hopes to appease her, has a Mind first to make a Discovery of her Passion. and cunningly tells her, that her Desire of Vengeance is answer'd, for *Rodrigue* is dead of his Wounds; at which *Chimene* fainting, his Majesty fairly bites her, owns he is alive, and that he is now convinc'd she has no Mind to hurt him---- This *Finesse* is needless, and ill becomes the Gravity of the Subject: There is nothing of it in the *Herick Daughter*.

Well! when all will not do, when she finds it is so hard to make the King more sensible of her private Wrongs, than of her Lover's late Service to the Publick, it is indeed Time to make her lose her Senses, for then, poor Lady! she demands the Combat, and is forc'd to call her Vanity and Falshood to the Assistance of her Duty, by proposing her Person as a Reward to any Gentleman that would be the Champion of her Cause, if he prov'd Victorious: This is sacrificing her Passion to her Duty with a Vengeance: What an unconsolable Figure would she have made, if no Body had taken up the Cudgels! 'tis well she knew she was Handsome, or that might really have been the Case; but to be serious- ----

I thought it much more decent and natural, when she was in this Extremity, to let *Sanchez*, who had before offer'd his Service, take this fair Occasion of stepping in to her Assistance; 'tis he, therefore, that in *Ximena's* Name demands the Combat, and that she might not have the Guilt of flattering him with the least Hope, as a Lover, he is made even to disguise the Motive to it with his pretended Friendship for her late Father: The King's granting the Combat, and

the necessary Orders about it, conclude the Fourth Act of the *Cid*.

The Fifth Act begins with *Rodrigue's* abruptly Visiting *Chimene*, without Leave or Excuse, before he was going to the Lists. And tho' in her first Words she pretends to be shock'd at his Appearance, yet he takes no Notice of it, but goes on with his Business, and she as insensibly sinks into Mildness and Temper to hear it: Here they seem too Declamatory, and Romantick, which I have endeavour'd to avoid, by giving a more spirited Turn to the Passions, and reducing them nearer to common Life: and the Expedient that introduces the Interview it self, is, I hope, upon a more pardonable Foundation: For to make these Two Acts into One, in the *Harick Daughter*, it was but to contrive this Scene naturally to follow the last, without leaving the Stage vacant, which is effected by the King's giving *Carles* Leave to take his Farewell of *Ximena* before his going to the Combat; and thus her hearing him, while her Friend *Belzara* is present, and in the Court, seems more excuseable, than her receiving his Visit in open Day, in her private Apartment: And that your Patience might not languish, the Combat immediately follows his parting from her; and tho' you see nothing of that Engagement on the Stage, yet your Imagination all the while enjoys it in the Alarms and Terrors of *Ximena*, which upon every distant Sound of the Trumpet she is differently thrown into: And I have always observ'd, that when any thing of Moment is heard to be doing from behind, that has a warm Effect upon the Actors in Sight, it seems to give a double Delight to the Audience: This Incident is entirely my own, and yet I flatter my self, not the least Artful in that Play. The Return of *Sanchez* from the Combat too, is here prepared with such Circumstances, as might more probably lead *Ximena* into the Mistake of his being the Victor; but all this is languidly interrupted in the *Cid*, by making

To the READER. xxxiii

making the Infanta's melancholy Passion break into the warmest Connection of the Story; and *Isabelle* too, for want of having her Imagination stirr'd with such various Notice of the Combat, which the Trumpet gives her, falls again into an inactive and decumatory Account of her Calamities, which in a last Act ever furfs its the Attention.

After the Combat she accosts the King with a long Argument, on a Supposition that *Rodrigue* is dead, wherein she begs to be releas'd from her Obligation to marry *Sanchez* as the Victor, and barters to reward him with her Fortune, which she is willing to settle upon *Sanchez* for his Trouble, provided she may have Leave to dispose of her Person in a Nunnery--All this the King hear without undeceiving her, as to *Rodrigue's* being alive, which is not only improbable, but needlessly carries her Mistake farther than it will bear to be beautiful. In the *Heroick Daughter* the very Instant she hints at the Death of *Carlos*, the King rectifies her Mistake: Which prevents that odd Project of compromising the Matter with *Sanchez*, and lets the Hearer sooner into Matter of more Importance: The King too here is only an Advocate, not a Tyrant for *Carlos*; and *Simena* having made no Promise to marry the Victor, avoids that Violation of her Duty, which, in the *ail*, the absolute Power of the King would impose on her. But here he is so tender of her Virtue, that he even suffers not *Carlos* to approach her, without Leave-- And now we come to the last Conflict of her Heart, which concludes in a Resolution not to trust her Love in sight of him that had kill'd her Father: But to shut her Sorrows from the World in a Chaster: And I am of Opinion, it was impossible under such Misfortunes to dispose of her otherwise, without breaking into the Laws of Honour and Virtee. Well! but tho' you grant me this, we are here still at a Loss, this can be no absolute Conclusion of the Play, the Matter stands just as

xxxiv To the READER.

it did Three Acts ago, the Lovers were parted then, and all we have done with them since comes to no more. *Corneille* seems to be plunged in this Difficulty, and in my humble Opinion had much better have parted them for ever, than have brought them together with so wretched a Violation of *Chimene's* Character: In short, his Expedient comes to no more than this, that the King gives her Leave, for Decency's sake, to be virtuous a Year longer, but after that's expir'd, he obliges her (and she tacitly consents) to marry the Man that has killed her Father. As if a dishonourable Action could be justify'd, by our staying a Year before we commit it.

There seem'd therefore to me but one Way in Nature, to bring them decently together, which was by removing the Fundamental Cause of their Separation: If therefore without offending Nature or Probability, we can make the Father of *Ximena* recover of his Wounds, I see no Reason, why every Auditor might not in Honour congratulate their Happiness: By this Expedient their Story is instructive, and these Heroick Lovers stand at last Two fair Examples of rewarded Virtue: But it is now Time to conclude.

Notwithstanding all our critical Amendments, it must be allow'd, that the first Happiness of a Tragick Writer depends on his Choice of a proper Subject, without That his Art and Genius are but misemploy'd: If therefore there be any thing more than my not being a sufficient Master of Style, that could make the *Heroick Daughter* less successful than the *Cid*, I can allow it might be likewise owing to the Subject, of which perhaps the chief Characters are too severely Virtuous, for the Homespun Morals of our *English* Audience: Whereas the *French* run into the other Extreme; with them your Hero must be Virtuous even to Romance, or he is insufferable; but Good Nature is so distinguishing a Characteristick of the *English*, that the *French* have no Word to express it: And the
Persons

To the READER. xxx

Persons that *We* often *Pity* in our Plays, a *French* Critick would tell you ought to be *Hanged* by Poetical Justice. But we are so tender-hearted, that let the Characters of our Tragedies be never so Criminal, yet if you can but make them penitent, and miserable, resign'd and humble in their Afflictions, we forget all their old Faults, take them immediately into Favour, and the Handkerchiefs of a whole Audience shall be wet with their Misfortune: This Effect is frequent at the Tragedy of *Venice Preserv'd*, where *Jaffeir*, after having been a Conspirator against his Country from a private Revenge; after his betraying that Conspiracy, and the Life of his dearest Friend, from the Importunities of a Wife, whom his Weakness could not resist, yet makes his Peace with the Audience at last, and dies surrounded with their Compassion: I am therefore convinc'd, that Criminal Characters so artfully conducted, have much the Advantage of the Perfect and Blameless; and perhaps 'tis the Narrowness of the *French* Genius, that would never let their best Authors attempt to raise Compassion upon such bold and natural Foundations. But on the other Side, it would be hard to infer from hence, that Characters nearer to Perfection ought not as well to appear the Principals of Tragedy: Both *Carlos* and *Ximena* have their Imperfections, and I allow are most to be pity'd, when they are least able to resist them; I cannot therefore but insist, that the *Cid* has all the Greatness, Dignity, and Distress in the Subject, that Tragedy requires; and tho' it may have had too many Hearers of an uncultivated Taste, who think it inclines to the Romantick; yet if Filial Duty, Love, and Honour in the highest Instances of Self-denial, are not imaginary Virtues, then certainly all its Structures are upon exalted Nature: Let the common Practice of Mankind be what it will, it is not Unnatural to be Virtuous; and it ought to be more commendable to pity the Misfortunes of the Virtuous, than

of

xxxvi *To the READER.*

of those, who owe their Distress to their immediate Criminal Conduct. But I am notwithstanding willing to compound for the Inference, by granting, that when a capable Genius sets himself to Work, there may justly be Room for Success upon either Foundation.



P R O L O G U E.

*AS oft in form'd Assemblies of the Fair,
The strait lac'd Prude will no loose Passion bear,
Beyond set Bounds no Lover must address,
But secret Flame in distant Sighs express;
Yet if by Chance some gay Coquet sails in,
A joyous Murmur breaks the silent Scene,
Each Heart reliev'd by her enliv'ning Fire,
Feels easy Hope. and unconfin'd Desire;
Then shuddering Prudes with secret Envy burn,
And treat the Fops; they could not catch, with Scorn.
So Plays are valued; not confin'd to Rules,
Those Prudes, the Criticks call them, Feasts for Fools;
And if an Audience 'gainst those Rules is warm'd,
Or by the lawless Force of Genius charm'd,
Their whole Confederate Body is alarm'd :
Then every Feature's false, though ne'er so taking,
The Heart's deceiv'd though 'tis with Pleasure aking.
They'll prove your Charmer's not agreeable:
Thus far'd it with the Cid of Fam'd Corneille.
In France 'twas charg'd with Faults were past enduring;
But still had Beauties that were so alluring,
It rais'd the Envy of the grave Richlieu.*

And

P R O L O G U E.

*And Spite of his Remarks, cram'd Houses drew:
Of this Assertion if the Truth you'll know,
Two Lines will prove it from the great Boileau:
En vain contre le Cid un Ministre se ligue,
Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.
In vain against the Cid the Statesman arms,
Paris with Rodrick feels Ximena's Charms.
This proves, when Passion truly wrought appears,
In Plays imperfect, 'twill command your Tears:
Yet think not from what's said, we Rules despise,
To raise your Wonder from Absurdities;
As France improv'd it from the Spanish Pen,
We hope, now British, 'tis improv'd again:
And though lost Tragedy has long seem'd Dead,
Yet having lately rais'd her awful Head,
To Night with Pains and Cost we humbly strive
To keep the Spirit of that Taste alive:
But if, like Phaeton, in Corneille's Carr,
Th' unequal Muse unhappily should err,
At least you'll own from glorious Heights she fell,
And there's some Merit in attempting well.*



T H E P E R S O N S.

M E N.

Don <i>Ferdinand</i> .	King of <i>Castille</i> .	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
Don <i>Alvarez</i> .	{ His late General, and Father of Don <i>Carlos</i> .	{ Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
Don <i>Gormaz</i> , Count of <i>Gormaz</i> .	{ The present General, and Father of <i>Ximena</i> .	{ Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
Don <i>Carlos</i> .	{ In Love with <i>Ximena</i> .	{ Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
Don <i>Sanchez</i> .	{ His secret Rival, tho' lately betroth'd to <i>Belzara</i> .	{ Mr. <i>Elrington</i> .
Don <i>Alonso</i> .	{ Officers of the Court.	{ Mr. <i>Thurmond</i> .
Don <i>Garcia</i> .		{ Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
A <i>Page</i> .		

W O M E N.

<i>Ximena</i> .	{ Daughter to <i>Gormaz</i> .	{ Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> .
<i>Belzara</i> .	{ Her Friend forsaken by Don <i>Sanchez</i> .	{ Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .

The SCENE, the Royal Palace in *Seville*.



THE
HEROICK DAUGHTER.

A C T the First.

Alvarez and Carlos.

Alv.



Lliance! ha! and with the Race of
Gormaz!

My mortal Foe! The King enjoins
it, saidst thou?

Let me not think thou couldst de-
scend to ask it:

Take heed, my Son, nor let the Daughter's Eyes,
Succeed in what the Father's Sword has fail'd;
Since I to Age have stood his Hate unmov'd,
Be not thou vanquish'd by her Female Wiles,
Nor stain thy Honour with insulted Love.

Car. Otaint not with so hard a Thought her Virtues,
Which she has prov'd sincere, from Obligations:

'Tis to her Suit I owe my late Advancement.

You know, my Lord, the Fortune of this Sword
Redeem'd her from the *Moors*, when late their Captive;

For which, at her return to Court, she swell'd

The Action with such Praises to the King,

He bad her name the Honours cou'd reward it;

She, conscious of our Houses Hate, surpriz'd,

And yet disdaining that her Heart shou'd fall

In Thanks below the Benefit receiv'd,

Warm'd with th' Occasion, begg'd his Royal Favour

Wou'd

2 *The* HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Wou'd rank me in the Field, the next her Father.
The King comply'd, and with a Smile insisted,
That from her own fair Hand I shou'd receive
The Grace. This forc'd me then to visit her:
To say what follow'd from our Interview,
Might tire, at least, if not offend your Ear.

Alv. Not so, my *Carlos*, but proceed.

Car. In brief;

The Queen, who now in highest Favour holds
The fair *Ximena*, soon perceiv'd our Passion,
Approv'd and cherish'd it; our Houses Discord
She knew of old, had often shook the State;
Whereon she kindly to the King propos'd
This happy Union, as the sole Expedient
To cure those Wounds, and fortify his Throne:
Nay, she, *Ximena*, if I know her Thoughts,
Chiefly to that Regard resigns her Heart.
O! she disclaims, contemns her Beauty's Power,
And builds no Merit but on stable Vertue.

Alv. If so, I shou'd indeed applaud her Spirit.

Car. Oh! had you search'd her Soul like me, you would
Repose your Life, your Fame, upon her Truth.

Alv. On thee at least I'm sure I may; I know
Thou lov'st thy Honour equal to *Ximena*,
And to that Guard I dare commit thy Love,
Keep but that Union sacred:——

Car. When I break it,
May your Displeasure, and *Ximena*'s Scorn,
Unite their Force to torture me with Shame:
But see! she comes! her Eye, my Lord, has reach'd you.

[*Ximena enters.*]

Mark her Concern, the Softness of her Fear,
O'ercast with Doubt and Diffidence to meet you;
One gentle Word from you wou'd chase the Cloud,
And let forth all the Lustre of her Soul.

Alv. Hail fair *Ximena*—beauteous Brightness, hail,
Propitious be this Meeting to us all,
With equal Joy and Wonder I survey Thee,
How lovely's Virtue in so bright a Form!
Thy Father's Fierceness all is lost in thee;
Well have thy Eyes reproach'd our Houses' Jars,

And

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 3

And calm'd the Tempests that have wreck'd our
Peace;

What we with false Resentments but inflam'd,
Thy nobler Virtues have appeas'd with Honour.

Xim. These Praises from another Mouth, my Lord,
Might dye these glowing Cheeks with crimson
Shame;

But as they flow thus kindly from *Alvarez*,
From the heroick Sire of my Deliverer,
As you bestow 'em, my exulting Heart,
Tho' undeserv'd, receives with Joy the Sound:
But for those Virtues you ascribe to me,
Alas! they are but copy'd all from thence;

Carlos, I saw, was brave, victorious, great,
Compassionate——I am at best but grateful——
Could I be less reduc'd with Obligations?

Could I retain our House's ancient Hate,
When *Carlos*' Deeds so greatly had forgot it?
If Heav'n had will'd our Feuds should never end,
It wou'd have chose some other Arm to save me:
But if its kinder Providence decrees,

Ximena's yielded Heart should cure those Ills,
And bind our Passions in the Chains of Peace;
Be witness that, all gracious Heav'n, I've gain'd
The End, the Haven of my Hopes on Earth,
And fill'd the proudest Sails of my Ambition.

Alv. O *Carlos*! *Carlos*! we are both subdu'd!
Where can such heav'nly Sweetness find a Foe?
What *Gormaz* may resolve, his Heart can tell,
But mine no longer can resist such Virtue;
His Pride perhaps may triumph o'er my Weakness,
And wrong *Ximena* to insult *Alvarez*:
Be mine that Shame, but then be mine this Glory,
[*He joins their Hands.*]

That I surrender to his Daughter's Merit
All that her Heart demands, or mine can give:
If he's obdurate, let her Wrongs reproach him.

[*Don Sanchez and Alonzo observing 'em.*]
No Thanks, my Fair; for both or neither are
Oblig'd: Whatever may be due to me,
Let Love, and mutual Gratitude repay.

D. San.

4 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

D. San. Death to my Eyes! *Alvarez* joins their Hands!

Alon. Forbear! is this a Time for Jealousy?

D. San. Thou, that hast Patience then, relieve my Torture.

Car. O *Ximena*! how my Heart's oppress'd with Shame,
Thou giv'st me a Confusion equal to
My Joy, I yet am Laggard in my Duty,
I must despair to reach with equal Virtues
Dread *Gormaz* Heart, as thou hast touch'd *Alvarez*.

Xim. That Hope we must to Providence resign;
The King intends this Day to sound his Temper,
Which, tho' severe, I know is generous,
In Honour great, as in Resentments warm,
Fierce to the Proud, but to the Gentle Yielding;
The Goodness of *Alvarez* must subdue him.

Alon. My Lord, I heard the King enquiring for you.

Alv. Sir, I attend his Majesty—I thank you.

Xim. Saw you the Count, my Father, in the Presence?

Alon. Madam, I left him with the King this Instant,
Withdrawn to th' Window, and in Conference.

Xim. 'Twas his Command I shou'd attend him there.

Alv. Come fair *Ximena*, if thy Father's Ear
Inclines like mine, unprejudic'd to hear:
His Hate subdu'd will publick Good regard,
And crown thy Virgin Virtues with Reward.

[*Ex. Alv. Car. Xim.*]

D. San. Help me, *Alonzo*, help me, or I sink,
Th' Oppression is too great for Nature's Frame,
And all my Manhood reels beneath the Load;
O Rage: O! Torment of successless Love!

Alon. Alas! I warn'd you of this Storm before,
Yet you, incredulous and deaf, despis'd it;
But since your Hopes are blasted in their Bloom,
Since vow'd *Ximena* never can be yours,
Forget the Folly, and resume your Reason:
Recover to your Vows your Love betroth'd,
Return to Honour, and the wrong'd *Belzara*.

D. San. Why dost thou still obstruct my Happiness,
And thwart the Passion, that has seiz'd my Soul?
A Friend shou'd help a Friend in his Extreams,
And not create, but dissipate his Fears.

'Tis

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 5

'Tis true, I see *Ximena's* Heart is given,
But then her Person's in a Father's Power;
He, I've no Cause to fear, will slight my Offers.
Thou know'st, th' Aversion that he bears *Alvare*
Bars like a Rock her Wishes from their Harbour:
While *Carlos* has a Fear, shall I despair?
Has not the Count his Passions too to please,
And will he starve his Hate to feed her Love?
May I not hope he rather may embrace
The fair Occasion of my timely Vows,
To torture *Carlos* with a sure Despair,
And force *Ximena* to assist his Triumph
Nay, she perhaps, when his Commands are fix'd,
In Pride of Virtue may resist her Love,
Suppress the Passion, and resign to Duty.

Alon. Why will you tempt such Seas of wild Disquiet,
When Honour courts you in a Calm to Joy?
Belzara's Charms are yielded to your Hopes,
Contracted to your Vows, and warm'd to Love;
Ximena scarce has Knowledge of your Flame,
Without Reproach the racks you with Despair,
And must be perjur'd cou'd her Heart relieve you.

D. San. Let her relieve me, I'll forgive the Guilt,
Forget it, smother in her Arms the Thought,
And drown the charming Falshood in the Joy.

Alon. What wild Extravagance of youthful Heat
Obscures your Honour, and destroys your Reason?

D. San. I am not of that Lifeless Mould of Men,
That plod the beaten Road of virtuous Love;
With me 'tis Joyous, Beauty gives Desire,
Desire by Nature gives Instinctive Hope;

The Phoenix Woman sets her self on Fire,
Hope gives us Love, our Love makes them desire, }
And in the Flames they raise, themselves expire: }

Alon. Nor Love, nor Hope can give you here Success.

D. San. Let those despair, whose Passions have their Bounds,
Whose Hopes in Hazards, or in Dangers die:
Shew me the Object worthy of my Flame,
Let her be barr'd by Obligations, Friends
By Vows engag'd, by Pride, Aversion, all
The Common Letts, that give the Virtuous Awe,

M

6 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

My Love wou'd mount the tow'ring Falcon's Height,
Cut thro' them All, like yielding Air, my Way,
And downwards dart me rapid on the Quarry.

Alon. Farewel, my Lord, some other Time perhaps
This Rapture may subside, and want a Friend;
I shall be glad to advise, when you can hear.
But see, *Belzara* comes, with Eyes confus'd,
That speak some new Disorder in her Heart.
Wou'd you be Happy, Friend, be Just; preserve
Inviolate the Honest Vows you've made her.
Farewel, I leave you to embrace th' Occasion. *[Exit.*

Enter Belzara.

Bel. I come, *Don Sanchez*, to inform you of
A Wrong, that now concerns our Mutual Honour;
'Tis wip'ed thro' the Court, that you retract
Your solemn Vows by Contract seal'd to me,
And with a perjur'd Heart pursue *Ximena*;
Such false Reports shou'd perish in their Birth:
I've done my Honest Part, and disbeliev'd 'em;
Do yours, and by your Vows perform'd destroy them.

D. San. Madam, this tender Care of me deserves
Acknowledgments beyond my Power to pay;
But Virtue always is the Mark of Malice,
Contempt the best Return that we can make it.

Bel. Virtue shou'd have so strict a Guard, as not
To suffer ev'n Suspicion to approach it.
For tho', *Don Sanchez*, I dare think you Just,
Yet while the envious World believes you False,
I feel their Insults, and endure the Shame.

D. San. Malice succeeds when its Report's believ'd,
Seem you to slight it, and the Monster's mute.

Bel. I cou'd have hop'd some Cause to make me slight it.
This cold Concern to satisfy my Fears,
Proclaims the Danger, and confirms them True.

D. San. Then you believe me False?

Bel. Believe it! Heav'n!

Am I to doubt? What ev'n your Looks, your Words,
Your faint Evasions faithlessly confess?

Ungrateful Man! when you betray'd my Heart,
You shou'd have taught me too to bear the Wrong.

D. San. When Tears with Menaces relieve their Grief,
They flow from Pride, not Tenderness distressed. *Bel.*

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 7

Bel. Insulting, horrid Thought! am I accus'd
Of Pride, complaining from a Breaking Heart?

D. San. Behold th' unthrifty Proof of Woman's Love!
Pursue you with the Sighs of faithful Passion,
You starve our pining Hopes with painted Coyness;
But if our Honest Hearts disdain the Yoke,
Or seek from sweet Variety, Relief,
Alarm'd to lose, what you despis'd secure,
Your trembling Pride retracts its haughty Air,
And yields to Love, pursuing when we fly.
These lavish Tears when I deserv'd your Heart,
Had held me fighting to be more your Slave;
But to bestow them when that Heart's broke loose,
When more I merit your Contempt than Love,
Arraigns your Justice, and acquits my Falshood.

Bel. Injurious, false, and barbarous Reproach.
Have I with-held my Pity from your Sighs,
Or us'd with Rigour my once boundless Power?
Am I not sworn by testify'd Consent,
By solemn Vows contracted, yielded yours?
But what avails the Force of Truth's Appeal,
Where the Offender is himself the Judge?
But yet, remember, Tyrant, while you Triumph,
I am Don *Henrick's* Daughter, whom you dare betray;
Henrick, whose fam'd Revenge of injur'd Honour,
Dares step as deep in Blood, as you in Provocations:

D. San. Since then your seeming Grief's with Rage
[reliev'd,
Hear me with Temper, Madam, once for all.
You urge our solemn Contract sworn, I own
The Fact, but must deny the Obligation.
'Twas not to me, but to a Father's Will,
To *Henrick's* dread Commands your Pride submitted:
Since then your Merit's to Obedience due,
Seek your Reward from Duty, not from *Sanchez*:
Your Slights to me live yet recorded here,
Nor can your forc'd Submissions now remove them:
Ximena's foster Heart has rais'd me to
A Flame, that gives at once Revenge, and Rapture.
How far Don *Henrick* may resent the Change,
I neither know, nor with Concern shall hear.

Nay,

8 The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Nay, trust your injur'd Patience to inflame him.

Bel. Inhumane, vain Provoker of my Heart,
I need not urge the Ills that must o'ertake Thee,
Thy giddy Passions will without my Aid
Punish their Guilt, and to themselves be fatal.

Ximena's Heart is fixt as far above

Thy Hopes, as Truth and Virtue from thy Soul.
To her avenging Scorn I yield thy Love;
There, faithless Wretch, indulge thy vain Desires,
And starve, like tortur'd *Tantalus*, in Plenty;

*Gaze on her Charms forbidden to thy Taste,
Famish'd and pining at the tempting Feast,
Still rackt, and reaching at the flying Fair,
Pursue thy Falshood, and embrace Despair.* [Exit,

D. San. So raging Winds in furious Storms arise,
Whirl o'er our Heads, and are when past forgotten.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Why, *Sanchez*, are you still resolv'd on Ruin?
I met *Belzara* in disorder'd Haste,

At Sight of me she stopt, and wou'd have spoke,
But Grief alas was grown too strong for Words:
When turning from my View her mournful Eyes,
She burst into a Show'r of gushing Tears,
And in the Conflict of her Shame retir'd:
O yet collect your Temper into Thought,
And shun the Precipice that gapes before you:
A Moment hence, convinc'd, your Eyes will see
Ximena parted from your Hopes for ever.

D. San. Why dost thou double thus my new Disquiets?
For Pains foreseen are felt before they come.

Enter King, Gormaz, Alvarez, Carlos, Ximena.

Alon. Behold the King, *Alvarez*, and her Father.
Be wise, tho' late, and profit from the Issue.

King. Count *Gormaz* you, and you *Alvarez* hear,
Tho' in the Camp your Swords, in Court your Counsel,
Have justly rais'd your Fame to envy'd Heights,
Yet let me still deplore your Race and you,
That from a long Descent of Lineal Heat,
Your private Feuds as oft have shook the State.
And what's the Source of this upheld Defiance?
Alas! the stubborn Claim of ancient Rank,

Held

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 9

Held from a Two Days antedated Honour,
Which gave the younger House Preheminence.
How many valiant Lives have eas'd our Foes
Of Fear, destroy'd by this contested Title!
And what's decided by this endless Valour?
Whose Honour yet confesses the Superior?
While both dare die, the Quarrel is Immortal:
Or say that Force on one Part has prevail'd,
Is there such Merit in unequal Strength?
If Violence is Virtue, Brutes may boast it:
Lions with Lions grapple, and dispute;
But Men are only Great, truly Victorious,
When with superior Reason they subdue.
Can you then think you are in Honour bound
To Heir the Follies of your Ancestors?
Since they have left you Virtues and Renown,
Transmit not to Posterity their Blame.

Alv. }
and } My Gracious Lord—
Gor. }

King. Yet hold, I'll hear you Both.
Of your Compliance, *Gormaz*, I've no doubt,
This Quarrel in your Nobler Breast was dying,
Had not, *Alvarez*, you reviv'd it:

Alv. I?
Wherein, my Gracious Lord, stand I suspected?

King. What else cou'd mean that sullen Gloom you
That conscious Discontent so ill conceal'd [wore,
In your abrupt Retirement from our Court,
When late the valiant Count was made our General?
Was't not your own Request, you might resign it?
Which tho', 'tis true, you long had fill'd with Honour,
Was it for you to circumscribe our Choice?
T'oppose from private Hate, the publick Good,
And in his Case, whose Merit had prefer'd him?
When his fierce Temper, from Reflection calm,
Inclin'd to let the Embers of his Heat expire,
Was it well done thus to revive the Flame,
To wake his jealous Honour to Resentment,
And shake that Union we had laid to Heart?
If thou hast ought to urge, that may defend

Thy

10 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

Thy late Behaviour, or accuse his Conduct,
Unfold it free, we are prepar'd to hear.

Alv. Alas, my Lord, the World misjudges me,
My Hate suppos'd is not so deeply rooted,
Age has allay'd those Fevers of my Honour,
And weary Nature now wou'd rest from Passions.
The Noble Count, whose warmer Blood may boil,
Perhaps is still my Foe: I am not his,
Nor envy him those Honours of his Merit.
Where Virtue is, I dare be just, and see it.
Your Majesty has spoke your Wisdom in
Your Choice, for I have seen his Arm deserve it.
In all the Sieges, Battles I have won,
I knew not better to Command, than he
To Execute: Those Wreaths of Victory
That flourish still upon this hoary Brow,
Impartial I confess, his active Sword
Has lopt from Heads of *Moors*, and planted there.

King. How has Report, my *Gormaz*, wrong'd this Man?

Alv. Nor was the Cause of my Retirement more,
Than that I found it Time to ease my Age,
Unfit for farther Action, and bequeath
My Son the needless Pomp of my Possessions.

King. Is't possible? Could'st thou conceal this Goodness?
Cou'd secret Virtue take so firm a Root,
While Slander like a Canker kill'd its Beauties?

Gormaz, if yet thou art not Passion's Slave,
Take to thy self the Glory to reward him.

Gor. My Lord, the Passions, that have warm'd this Breast,
Yet never stirr'd but in the Cause of Honour.

Honour's the Spring that moves my active Life,
And Life's a Torment, while that Right's invaded.
Shew me the Man whose Merit claims my Love,
Whose milder Virtues modestly assail me,
And Honour throws me at his Feet submissive.

In Proof of this, there needs but now to own,
The generous Advances of *Alvarez*

Have turn'd my fierce Resentments into Shame.

What can I more? My Words but faintly speak me.
But since my King seems pleas'd with my Conversion,
My Heart and Arms are open to embrace him.

King.

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. II

King. Receive him, Soldier, to thy Heart, and give
Your King this Glory of your Mutual Conquest.

[*They embrace.*]

Xim. Auspicious Omen!

Car. O transporting Hope!

D. San. Adders and Serpents mix in their Embraces!

[*Apart.*]

King. O Gormaz! O Alvarez! stop not here,
Confine not to your selves your stinted Virtue,
But in this noble Ardour of your Hearts,
Secure to your Posterity your Peace:

[*Carlos and Ximena kneel.*]

Behold the lifted Hands, that beg the Blessing,
The Hearts that burn to ratify the Joy,
And to your Heirs unborn transmit the Glory.

Gor. Receive her, *Carlos*, from a Father's Hand,
Whose Heart by Obligations was subdu'd.

Alv. Accept, *Ximena*, all my Age holds dear,
Not to my Bounty, but thy Merit due.

King. O manly Conquest! O exalted Worth!
What Honours can we offer to applaud it?

To grace this Triumph of *Ximena's* Eyes,

Let Publick Jubilee conclude the Day.

Sound all our sprightly Instruments of War,

Fifes, Clarions, Trumpets. speak the general Joy.

Alv. Raise high the Clangor of your lassy Notes,
Sound Peace at Home——

Gor. And Terror to our Foes.

King. Let the loud Cannon from the Ramparts roar.

Gor. And make the frighted Shores of Africk ring,

Car. Long live! and ever Glorious live, the King.

[*Trumpets and Volleys at a Distance.*]

Alv. O may this glorious Day for ever stand

Fam'd in the Rolls of late recorded Time.

King. This happy Union fixt, my Lords, we now

Must crave your Counsel in our State's Defence——

Letters this Morn alarm us with Designs

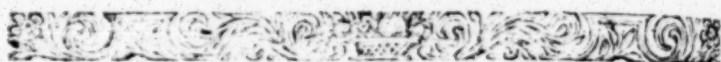
The *Moors* are forming to invade our Realms;

But let them be, we're now prepar'd to meet them.

12 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

*The Prince that wou'd sit free from foreign Fears,
Shou'd first with Peace compose intestine Fars;
Of Hearts united, while secure at Home,
His rash Invaders to their Graves must come.*

The End of the First ACT.



A C T the Second.

Enter Don Sanchez.

R Elentless Fortune! thou hast done thy Part,
Neglected nothing to oppose my Love;
But thou shalt find, in thy Despight, I'll on.
Wert thou not blind indeed, thou had'st foreseen
The Honour done this Hour to old *Alvarez*.
His being nam'd the Prince's Governor,
(Which I well know th'ambitious *Gormaz* aim'd at)
Mett like a Wildfire's Rage embroil their Union,
Rekindle Jealousies in *Gormaz*' Heart,
Whose fatal Flame must bury all in Ashes:
But see, he comes, and seems to ruminate
With pensive Grudge the King's too partial Favour.

Gormaz on the other Side.

Gor. The King methinks is sudden in his Choice—
'Tis true, I never sought (but therefore is
Not less the Merit) nor obliquely hinted,
That I desir'd the Office—He has heard
Me say, the Prince his Son I thought was now
Of Age to change his prattling Female Court,
And claim'd a Governor's instructive Guidance—
Th' Advice it seems was fit-- but not th' Adviser--
Be't so--why is *Alvarez* then the Man?
He may be qualify'd-- I'll not dispute---
But was not *Gormaz* too of equal Merit?
Let me not think *Alvarez* plays me foul ---

That

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 13

That cannot be—he knew I wou'd not bear it—
And yet why he's so suddenly prefer'd—
I'll think no more on't—Time will soon resolve me.

D. San. Not to disturb, my Lord, your graver Thoughts,
May I presume—

Gov. Don Sanchez may command me.
This youthful Lord is sworn our House's Friend,
If there's a Cause for jealous Thought, he'll find it. [*Aside.*]

D. San. I hear, my Lord, the King has fresh Advice
Of a design'd Invasion from the Moors, [*receiv'd*
Holds it confirm'd, or is it only Rumour?

Gov. Such new Alarms indeed his Letters bring,
But yet their Grounds seem'd doubtful at the Council.

D. San. May it not prove some Policy of State
Some bugbear Danger of our own creating?
The King I have observ'd is skill'd in Rule,
Perfect in all the Arts of tempering Minds,
And—for the publick Good—can give Alarms
Where Fears are not, and hush them where they are.

Gov. 'Tis so! he hints already at my Wrongs. [*Aside.*]

D. San. Not but such Prudence well becomes a Prince
For Peace at Home is worth his dearest Purchase:
Yet he that gives his just Resentments up,
Tho' honour'd by the Royal Mediation,
And sees his Enemy enjoy the Fruits,
Must have more Virtues than his King, to bear it—
Perhaps, my Lord, I am not understood,
Nay, hope my jealous Fears have no Foundation;
But when the Tyes of Friendship shall demand it,
Don Sanchez wears a Sword that will revenge you [*Going.*]

Gov. Don Sanchez, stay—I think thou art my Friend,
Thy noble Father oft has serv'd me in
The Cause of Honour, and his Cause was mine.
What thou hast said, speaks thee Balthazar's Son,
I need not praise thee more—If I deserve
Thy Love, refuse not what my Heart's concern'd
To ask; speak freely of the King, of me,
Of old Alvarez, of our late Alliance,
And what has follow'd since: then sum the Whole,
And tell me truly, where th' Account's unequal.

D. San. My Lord, you honour with too great a Trust

14 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

The Judgment of my unexperienc'd Years;
 Yet for the Time I have observ'd on Men,
 I've always found the generous open Heart
 Betray'd, and made the Prey of Minds below it.
 O! 'tis the Curse of manly Virtue, that
 Cowards, with Cunning, are too strong for Heroes:
 And since you press me to unfold my Thoughts,
 I grieve to see your Spirit so defeated,
 Your just Resentments by vile Arts of Court,
 Beguil'd, and melted to resign their Terror.
 Your honest Hate, that had for Ages stood,
 Unmov'd, and firmer from your Foes Defiance,
 Now sapp'd, and undermin'd by his Submission.
Alvarez knew you were impregnable
 To Force, and chang'd the Soldier for the Statesman;
 While you were yet his Foe profess'd,
 He durst not take these Honours o'er your Head;
 Had you still held him at his Distance due,
 He wou'd have trembl'd to have fought this Office.
 When once the King inclin'd to make his Peace,
 I saw too well the Secret on the Anvil,
 And soon foretold the Favour that succeeded:
 Alas! this Project has been long concerted,
 Resolv'd in private 'twixt the King and him,
 Laid out and manag'd here by secret Agents.
 While he, good Man, knew nothing of the Honour,
 But from his sweet Repose was dragg'd t' accept it.
 O! it inflames my Blood to think his Fear
 Shou'd get the Start of your unguarded Spirit,
 And proudly vaunt it in the Plumes he stole
 From you.

Ger. O! *Sanchez*, thou hast fir'd a Thought,
 That was before but dawning in my Mind:
 O! now afresh it strikes my Memory.
 With what disssembled Warmth the artful King
 First charg'd his Temper with the Gloom he wore,
 When I supply'd his late Command of General.
 Then with what fawning Flattery to me,
Alvarez' Fear disguis'd his trembling Hate,
 And sooth'd my yielding Temper to believe him.

D. San. Not Flattery, my Lord; tho' I must grant,
 'Twas

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 15

'Twas Praise well tim'd, and therefore skillful.

Gor. Now on my Soul, from him 'twas loathsome
I take thy Friendship, *Sanchez* to my Heart; [Daubing—
And were not my *Ximena* rashly promis'd—

D. San. *Ximena's* Charms might grace a Monarch's
Nor dares my humble Heart admit the Hope, [Red,
Or, if it durst, some sifter Time thou'd shew it.

Results more pressing now demand your Thought;

First ease the Pain of your depending Doubt,

Divide this sawning Courtier from the Friend.

Gor. Which way shall I receive, or thank thy Love?

D. San. My Lord, you over-rate me now—but see,
Alvarez comes—now probe his hollow Heart,
Now while your Thoughts are warm with his Deceit,
And mark how calmly he'll evade the Charge:
My Lord, I'm gone. [Exit.

Gor. I am thy Friend for ever.

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. My Lord, the King is walking forth to see
The Prince, his Son, begin his Horsemanship;
If you're inclin'd to see him, I'll attend you.

Gor. Since Duty calls me not, I've no Delight

To be an idle Gazer on another's Business.

You may indeed find Pleasure in the Office,

Which you've so artfully contriv'd to fit.

Alv. Contriv'd, my Lord! I'm sorry such a Thought
Can reach the Man, whom you've so late embrac'd.

Gor. Men are not always what they seem: This Honour,
Which in another's Wrong, you've barter'd for,
Was at the Price of those Embraces bought.

Alv. Ha! bought? For Shame suppress this poor Suspi-
For if you think, you can't but be convinc'd, [cious:
The naked Honour of *Alvarez* scorns

Such base Disguise—yet pause a Moment—

Since our great Master with such kind Concern

Himself has interpos'd to heal our Fruits,

Let us not thanklets rob him of the Glory

And undervalue the Grace by new false

Gor. Kings are, alas! but Men—and some

Subject alike to be by Men deceiv'd;

The blushing Court from this rash Choice will see,

16 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

How blindly he o'erlooks superior Merit.

Could no Man fill the Place but worn *Alvarez*?

Alv. Worn more with Wounds and Victories than
Who stands before him in great Actions past? [Age,

But I'm to blame to urge that Merit now,

Which will but shock what Reasoning may convince.

Gov. The fawning Slave! O *Sanchez*! how I thank
thee!—[*Aside.*

Alv. You have a virtuous Daughter, I a Son,
Whose softer Hearts our mutual Hands have rais'd
E'en to the Summit of expected Joy;
If no Regard to me, yet let at least
Your Pity of their Passions rein your Temper.

Gov. O needless Care! to nobler Objects now
That Son be sure in Vanity pretends.
While his high Father's Wisdom is preferr'd
To guide and govern our great Monarch's Son,
His proud aspiring Heart forgets *Ximena*;
Think not of him, but your superior Care;
Instruct the Royal Youth to rule with Awe
His future Subjects trembling at his Frown;
Teach him to bind the loyal Heart in Love,
The bold and factious in the Chains of Fear;
Join to these Virtues too your warlike Deeds.
Inflame him with the vast Fatigues you've born,
But now are past, to shew him by Example,
And give him in the Closet safe Renown:
Read him what scorching Suns he must endure;
What bitter Nights must wake, or sleep in Arms,
To counter-march the Foe, to give th' Alarm,
And to his own great Conduct owe the Day.
Mark him on Charts the Order of the Battle,
And make him from your Manuscripts a Heroe.

Alv. Ill-temper'd Man! thus to provoke the Heart,
Whose tortur'd Patience is thy only Friend.

Gov. Thou only to thy self can't be a Friend;
I tell thee, false *Alvarez*, thou hast wrong'd me,
Hast basely robb'd me of my Merits Right,
And intercepted our young Prince's Fame;
His Youth with me had found the active Proof,
The living Practice of experienc'd War;

This

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 17

This Sword had taught him Glory in the Field,
At once his great Example, and his Guard;
His unfledg'd Wings from me had learnt to soar,
And strike at Nations trembling at my Name;
This I had done, but thou, with servile Arts,
Hast fawning crept into our Master's Breast,
Elbow'd superior Merit from his Ear,
And, like a Courtier, stole his Son from Glory.

Alv. Hear me, proud Man—for now I burn to speak,
Since neither Truth can sway, nor Temper touch thee;
Thus I retort with Scorn thy slanderous Rage:
Thou! thou the Tutor of a Kingdom's Heir!
Thou guide the Passions of o'er-boiling Youth,
That can'st not in thy Age yet rule thy own!
For shame retire, and purge th' imperious Heart,
Reduce thy arrogant, self judging Pride,
Correct the Meanness of thy groveling Soul,
Chase damn'd Suspicion from thy manly Thoughts,
And learn to treat with Honour thy Superior.

Gor. Superior, ha! dar'lt thou provoke me, Traytor?

Alv. Unhand me, Russian! lest thy Hold prove fatal.

Gor. Take that! audacious Dotard. [*Strikes him.*]

Alv. O! my Blood!

Flow forward to my Arm to chain this Tyger.

If thou art brave, now bear thee like a Man,

And quit my Honour of this vile Disgrace. [*They fight,*
Alvarez is disarm'd.]

O feeble Life! I have too long endur'd thee.

Gor. Thy Sword is mine, take back th' inglorious Trophy,

Which wou'd disgrace thy Victor's Thigh to wear;

Now forward to thy Charge, read to the Prince

This martial Lecture of thy fam'd Exploits,

And from this wholesome Chastisement, learn thou

To tempt the Patience of offended Honour. [*Exit*]

Alv. O Rage! O wild Despair! O helpless Age!

Wert thou but lent me to survive my Honour?

Am I with martial Toils worn Grey, and see

At last one Hour's Blight lay waste my Laurels?

Is this fam'd Arm to me alone defenceless?

Has it so often prop'd this Empire's Glory,

Fenc'd like a Rampart the *Castilian* Throne,

18 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

To me alone disgraceful! to its Master useless!
 O sharp Remembrance of departed Glory!
 O fatal Dignity too dearly purchas'd!
 Now, haughty *German*, now guide thou my Prince;
 Insulted Honour is unfit t' approach him.
 And thou once glorious Weapon, fare thee well,
 Old Servant worthy of an abler Master,
 Leave now for ever his abandon'd Side,
 And to revenge him, grace some nobler Art.
 My Son!

Enter Carlos.

O *Carlos*! can'st thou bear Dishonour?

Car. What Villain dares occasion, Sir, the Question?
 Give me his Name, the Proof shall answer him.

Alv. O just Reproach! O prompt resentful Fire!
 My Blood rekindles at thy manly Flame;
 And glads my labouring Heart with Youth's Return.
 Up, up, my Son—I cannot speak my Shame—
 Revenge, Revenge me!

Car. O my Rage! of what?

Alv. Of an Indignity so vile, my Heart
 Redoubles all its Torture to repeat it.
 A Blow! a Blow! my Boy.

Car. Distraction! Fury!

Alv. In vain, alas, this feeble Arm assail'd
 With mortal Vengeance the Aggressor's Heart:
 He dally'd with my Age, o'erborn, insulted;
 Therefore to thy young Arm for sure Revenge
 My Soul's Distress commits my Sword and Cause:
 Pursue him, *Carlos*, to the World's last Bounds,
 And from his Heart tear back our bleeding Honour.
 Nay, to inflame thee more, thou'lt find his Brow
 Cover'd with Laurels, and far fam'd his Prowess;
 Oh! I have seen him dreadful in the Field,
 Cut thro' whole Squadrons his destructive Way,
 And snatch the gore-dy'd Standard from the Foe.

Car. O rack not with his Fame my tortur'd Heart,
 That burns to know him, and eclipse his Glory.

Alv. Tho' I foresee, 'twill strike thy Soul to hear it,
 Yet since our gasping Honour calls for thy
 Relief—O *Carlos*, 'tis *Ximena's* Father—

Car.

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 19

Car. Ha!

Alc. Pause not for a Reply — I know thy Love,
I know the tender Obligations of thy Heart,
And even lend a Sigh to thy Distress.
I grant, *Ximena* dearer than thy Life;
But wounded Honour must surmount them both.
I need not urge thee more; thou know'st my Wrong,
'Tis in thy Heart, and in thy Hand the Vengeance:
Blood only is the Balm for Grief like mine.

*Which till obtain'd, I will in Darkness mourn,
Nor lift my Eyes to Light, till thy Return.
But haste, o'ertake this Blaster of my Name,
Fly swift to Vengeance, and bring back my Fame.* [Exit.]

Car. Relentless Heav'n! is all thy Thunder gone?

Not one Bolt left to finish my Despair?
Lie still my Heart, and close this deadly Wound!
Stir not to Thought, for Motion is thy Ruin.

But see, the frighted poor *Ximena* comes,
And with her Tremblings, strikes thee cold as Death.

My helpless Father too, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
Begg his Dismission to his Grave with Honour.

Ximena weeps, Heart-pierc'd *Alvarez* groans:
Rage lifts my Sword, and Love arrests my Arm;

O! double Torture of distracting Woe.

Is there no Mean betwixt these sharp Extreams?

Must Honour perish, if I spare my Love?

O ignominious Pity! shameful Softness!

Must I, to right *Alvarez*, kill *Ximena*?

O cruel Vengeance! O Heart wounding Honour!

Shall I forsake her in her Soul's Extreams,

Depress the Virtue of her filial Tears,

And bury in a Tomb our Nuptial Joy?

Shall that just Honour that subdu'd her Heart,

Now build its Fame relentless on her Sorrows?

Instruct me, Heav'n, that gav'st me this Distress,

To chuse, and bear me worthy of my Being!

O Love! forgive me, if my hurry'd Soul

Shou'd act with Error in this Storm of Fortune!

For Heav'n can tell what Fangs I feel to save thee!

But hark! the Shrieks of drowning Honour call!

'Tis sinking, gasping, while I stand in Pause.

C 5

Plunge

20 *The* HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Plunge in, my Heart, and save it from the Billows,
It will be so—the Blow's too sharp a Pain,
And Vengeance has at least this just Excuse,
That e'en *Ximena* blushes, while I bear it:
Her generous Heart, that was by Honour won,
Must, when that Honour's stain'd, abjure my Love.

*O Peace of Mind, farewell! Revenge, I come!
And raise thy Altar on a mournful Tomb.*

The End of the Second ACT.



A C T the Thirdh.

Garcia and Gormaz.

Gor. **T**HE King is Master of his Will and me.
But be it as it may—what's done's irrevocable.

Gar. My Lord, you ill receive this Mark of Favour,
And while thus obstinate, inflame your Fault.
When sovereign Power descends to ask of Subjects
The due Submission, which its Will may force,
Your Danger's greater from such slighted Mildness,
Than shou'd you disobey its full Commands.

Gor. The Consequence, perhaps, may prove it so.

Gar. Have you no Fear of what his Frown may do?

Gor. Has he no Fear of what my Wrongs may do?
Men of my Rank are not in Hours undone;
When I am crush'd, I fall with Vengeance round me.

Gar. The rash Indignity you've done *Alvarez*,
Without some Proof of Wrong, bears no Excuse.

Gor. I am my self the Judge of what I feel,
I feel him false, and feeling must resent.

Gar. Shall it be deem'd a Falshood to accept
A Dignity by Royal Hands conferr'd?

Gor.

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 21

Gor. He shou'd have wav'd it; first consulted me.
He might have held me still his Friend sincere,
Have shar'd my Fortunes, as a Friend intreating;
But basely thus to out me of my Right,
By treacherous Acts to do me private Wrong,
Is what I never can forgive, and have resent'd.

Gar. But in this Violence you offend the King,
The Sanction of whose Choice claim'd more Regard.

Gor. Why am I fretted with these Chains of Honour,
Less free than others in my just Resentments?
Who unprovok'd my self, do no Man Wrong,
But injur'd, am as Storms implacable.

Gar. My Lord, this stubborn Temper will undo you.

Gor. Then, Sir, *Alvarez* will be satisfy'd.

Gar. Be yet perswaded, and compose this Broil.

Gor. My Resolution's fix'd; let's wave the Subject.

Gar. Will you refuse all 'Terms of Reparation?

Gor. All! all! that are not from my Honour due!

Gar. Dare you not trust that Honour with your King?

Gor. My Life's my King's! my Honour is my own.

Gar. What's then in short your Answer? For the King
Expects it on my first Return.

Gor. 'Tis this;

That I dare die, but cannot bow to Shame.

Gar. My Lord, I take my Leave.

Gor. Don *Garcia's* Servant.

[Exit *Garcia*.]

Who fears not Death, smiles at the Frowns of Power.

Enter *Carlos*.

Car. My Lord, your Leave to talk with you.

Gor. Be free.

I did expect you on this late Occasion.

Car. I'm glad to find you do my Honour right,
And hope you'll not refuse it wrong'd *Alvarez*.

Gor. He had a Sword to right himself.

Car. That Sword is here.

Gor. 'Tis well; the Place — and let our Time be short.

Car. One Moment's Respite for *Ximena's* sake,
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart would spare her;
We both, without a Stain to either's Honour,
May pity her Distress, and pause to save her.
Nor need I blush, that I suspend my Cause,

Since

22 *The* HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Since with its Vengeance her sure Woes are blended :
 Not for my self, but for her tender sake,
 I bend me to the Earth, and beg for Mercy.
 Let not her Virtues suffer for her Love;
 O! lay not on her Innocence the Grief
 Of a mourn'd Father's, or a Lover's Blood;
 O! spare her Sighs, prevent her streaming Tears :
 Stop this Effusion of my bleeding Honour,
 And heal, if possible, its Wounds with Peace.

Cor. What you have offer'd for *Ximena's* sake,
 Will, in her Gratitude, be full repaid;
 And for the Peace you ask, that's yours to give.
 Submission 'tis in vain to hope, for know,
 I have this Hour refus'd it to the King.
 Thy Father's Arts betray'd my Friendship's Faith;
 I felt the Wrong, and, as I ought, reveng'd it.
 We're now on equal Terms: but if his Cause
 So deep is in thy Heart, that thou resolv'st,
 With fruitless Vengeance, to provoke my Rage,
 Then thou, not I, art Author of thy Ruin.

Car. Support me now, *Ximena*, guard my Heart,
 And bar this pressing Provocation's Entrance. [*Aside.*]
 Have I, my Lord, in Person wrong'd you?

Cor. No.

Car. Why then these fatal Cruelties to me,
 That I must lose, or wrong *Ximena's* Love?
 For she must scorn me, should I bear my Shame;
 Or fly me, tho' my Honour thou'd revenge it.

Cor. Place that to thy Misfortune, not to me.

Car. Not to you?

Am I not forc'd by Wrongs, I blush to name,
 'To prosecute this fatal Reparation?
 Which, had you Temper, or a Feeling here;
 Had you the Spirit to confess your Error,
 Your Heart's Confusion had subdu'd *Alvarez*,
 And thrown you at his injur'd Feet for Pardon.

Cor. If thou com'st here to talk me from my Sense,
 Or think'st with Words t' extenuate his Guilt,
 Thou offer'st to the Winds thy forceless Plea.
 I will not bear the Mention of his Truth;
 His Fall's here, 'tis rooted in my Heart,

And

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 23

And justifies a worse Revenge than I have taken.

Car. O Patience, Heav'n! O tortur'd Rage! Not speak?

The pious Pangs of my torn Soul insulted!

Have I for this, bow'd down my humble Knee,

To swell thy Triumph o'er my Father's Wrongs,

And hear him tainted with a Traytor's Practice?

O give me back that vile submissive Shame,

That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,

And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance.

Yet no——with-hold it, take it to acquit my Love!

That Sacrifice was to *Ximena* due,

Her helpless Sufferings claim'd that Pang: And since

I cannot bring Dishonour to her Arms,

Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its last Adieus,

And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace:

Farewel, dear injur'd Softness——follow me.

Ger. Lead on—yet hold! shou'd we together forth,

It may create Suspicion, and prevent us:

Propose the Place, I'll take some different Circle.

Car. Behind the Ramparts, near the *Western Gate*.

Ger. Expect me on the Instant.

Car. Poor *Ximena*! [Exit.

Ger. Deep as Resentment lodges in my Heart,

It feels some Pity there for *Carlos*' Passion—

It shall be so—his brave Resentment's just;

[Writes in Tablets,

And hard his Fate—both Ways—this Legacy

Shall right my Honour and my Enemy. [Exit.

Enter Belzara, and Ximena.

Bel. Look up, *Ximena*, and suppress thy Fears.

What tho' a Transient Cloud o'ercast thy Joy,

Shall we conclude from thence a Wrack must follow?

Xim. Can I resist the Fears that Reason forms?

Have I not Cause to tremble in the Storm?

While Horror, Ruin, and Despair's in view?

Can I support the good *Alvarez*' Shame,

Whose generous Heart took Pity on our Love,

And not let fall a grateful Tear to mourn it?

Can I behold fierce *Carlos*, stung with his Disgrace,

Breaking like Fire from these weak-holding Arms,

And

24 *The* HEROICK DAUGHTER.

And not sink down with Terror at his Rage?
Must I not tremble, for the Blood may follow?
If by his Arm my hapless Father falls,
Am I not forc'd with Rigour to revenge him?
If *Carlos* by my Father's Sword shou'd bleed,
Am I not bound with double Grief to mourn him?
One gave me Life, shall I not revere him,
The other is my Life, can I survive him?

Bel. Her Grievs have something of such mournful Force,
That, tho' not equal to my own, I feel them.

Xim. *Carlos* you see too shuns my Sight, no News,
No Tydings yet arrive, tho' I have sent
My swiftest Fears a Thousand Ways to find him.
Who can support these Terrors of Suspense?

Bel. Be not thus torn with wild uncertain Fears,
Carlos may yet arrive, and save your Peace:
He is too much a Lover to resist
The tender Pleadings of *Ximena's* Sorrow.
One Word, one Sigh from you arrests his Arm,
And makes the Tempest of his Rage subside.

Xim. And say that I cou'd conquer him; with Tears;
And Terrors cou'd subdue his pitious Heart,
To yield his Honour and its Cause to Love,
What will the World not say of his Compliance?
Can I be happy in his Fame's Disgrace?
Can Love subsist on Shame, that sprung from Honour?
Shall I reduce him to such hard Contempt,
And raise on Infamy our Nuptial Joy?
Ah no! no Means are left for my Relief:
Let him resist, or yield to my Distress,
Or Shame, or Sorrow's sure to meet me.

Bel. *Ximena* has, I see, a Soul refin'd,
Too Great, too Just, too Noble to be Happy:
True Virtue must despair from this vile World
To crown its Days with unallay'd Reward:
But see, your Servant is return'd! good News,
Kind Heav'n!

Enter a Page.

Xim. Speak quickly, hast thou seen Don *Carlos*?

Page. Madam, where your Commands directed me,
I've made the stricted Search in vain to find him.

Xim.

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 25

Xim. Now, now *Belzara*, where's that Hope thou gav'st me?

Has no one seen him pass, or heard of him?

Bel. Nor hast thou gain'd no Knowledge of his Steps?

Page. As I return'd, the Centinel, that guards The Gate, inform'd me, that he saw him scarce Ten Minutes hence pass in disorder'd Haste From out this very House alone.

Bel. Alone?

Page. Alone, and after soon my Lord, wrapt in His Coak, without a Servant, follow'd him.

Xim. O Heav'n!

Bel. No Servant, said'st thou?

Page. None, and as

My Lord came forth, the Soldier standing to His Arms, he sign'd Forbiddance, and reply'd, Be sure you saw me not.

Xim. Then Ruin's sure,

They are engag'd, and fatal Blood must follow:

Excuse, my Dear, this Hurry of my Fate,

One Moment lost may prove an Age too late. [Exit.]

Bel. Howe'er my own Afflictions press my Heart,

I bear a Part in poor *Ximena's* Grief,

Tho' e'en the Worst that can befall her Hopes,

May better be endur'd than what I feel!

O! nothing can destroy her Lover's Truth,

Carlos may prove Unhappy, not Inconstant;

Whate'er Disasters may obstruct her Joy,

The Comfort of his Truth is sure to find her.

That Thought ev'n Pains of Parting may remove,

Or fill up all the Space of Absence with Delight.

But I, alas, am left to my Despair alone,

Confin'd to sigh in Solitude my Woes,

Or hide with Anguish what I blush to bear.

In vain the Woman's Pride resents my Wrongs,

Unconquer'd Love maintains his Empire still,

And with new Force insults my Heart's Resistance.

Enter Alonzo hastily.

Alon. Your Pardon, Madam—Have you seen Lord

Gormaz?

I come to warn him that he stir not hence,

The

26 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

The Guards are order'd to attend his Doors.

Bel. Alas they are too late! *Carlos* and he
Are both gone forth, 'tis fear'd with fatal Purpose;
And poor *Ximena* drown'd in Tears has follow'd 'em.

Alon. Then 'tis indeed too late, I wish my Friend,
The rash *Don Sanchez*, has not blown this Fire.
Be not concern'd, Madam, I know your Griefs,
And as a Friend, have labour'd to prevent 'em.
You have not told *Ximena* of his Falshood?

Bel. Alas! I durst not; knowing that her Friendship
Wou'd for my sake so coldly treat his Vows,
That 'twou'd but more provoke him to insult me.

Alon. You judge him right, Patience will yet recall him.
'Tis not his Love, but Prides pursues *Ximena*,
A youthful Heat, that with the Toil will tire:
Be comforted. I'll still observe his Steps,
And when I find him staggering, catch him back
'To Love, and warm him with his Vows of Honour;
But Duty calls me to the King——Shall I
Attend you, Madam?

Bel. Sir, I thank your Care,
My near Concern for poor *Ximena's* Fate,
Keeps me impatient here, 'till her Return. [Exit.

Enter King, Garcia, Sanchez, Attendants.

King. Since mild Intreaties fail, our Power shall
force him;
Cou'd he suppose, his Insult to our Person offer'd,
His Outrage done within our Palace Walls,
Deserv'd the Lenity we've deign'd to shew him?
Is yet *Alonzo* with our Orders gone?

Gar. He is, my Lord, but not return'd.

D. San. Dread Sir,

For what the Count has offer'd to *Alvarez*,
I dare not plead Excuse; but as his Friend,
Wou'd beg your Royal Leave to mitigate
His seeming Disobedience to your Pleasure.
Restraint, however Just, oppos'd against
The Tyde of Passion, makes the Current fiercer,
Which of it self in time had ebb'd to Reason;
Your Will surpriz'd him in his Heart's Emotion,
Ere Thought had Leisure to compose his Mind:—

Great

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 27

Great Souls are jealous of their Honour's Shame,
And bend reluctant to enjoin'd Submission:
Had your Commands oblig'd him to repair
Alonzo's Wrongs with Hazards in your Service,
Were it to face the double number'd Foe,
To pass the rapid Stream thro' Showers of Fire,
To force the Trenchment, or to storm the Breach,
I'll answer he'd embrace with Joy the Charge,
And march intrepid in Commands of Honour.

King. We doubt not of his Daring in the Field;
But he mistakes, if he concludes from thence,
That to persist in Wrong, is Height of Spirit,
Or to have acted Wrong, is always base:
Perfection's not the Attribute of Man,
Nor therefore can a Fault confess degrade him:
The lowest Minds have Spirit to offend,
But few can reach the Courage to confess it.
Submitting to our Will, the Count had lost
No Fame, nor can we pardon his Refusal:
What you have said, *Don Sanchez*, speaks the Friend;
What we resolve, 'tis fit thou'd speak the King:
We both have said enough—The Publick now
Requires our Thought: We are inform'd Ten Sail
Of warlike Vessels, Man'd with our old Foes
The *Moors*, were late discover'd off our Coast,
And steering to the River's-Mouth their Course.

Gar. The Lives, Sir, they have lost in like Attempts
Must make them cautious to repeat the Danger;
This is no Time to fear them.

King. Nor condemn;
Too full Security has oft been fatal.
Consider with what Ease the Flood at Night,
May bring them down t'insult our Capital:
Let at the Port, and on the Walls our Guards
Be doubl'd; till the Morn, that Force may serve;
Gormaz has tim'd it ill to be in Fault,
When his immediate Presence is requir'd.

Gar. My Liege, *Alonzo* is return'd.

Enter Alonzo.

King. 'Tis well!
Have you obey'd us, is the Count confin'd?

Alonzo.

28 The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Alon. Your Orders, Sir, arriv'd unhappily
Too late, the Count with *Carlos*, was before
Gone forth, to end their fatal Difference;
As I came back, I met the gathering Croud
In Fright, and hurrying to the Western Gate,
To see, as they reported, in the Field
The Body of some murther'd Nobleman.
Struck with my Fears, I hasted to the Place,
Where to my Sense's Horror, when arriv'd,
I found them true, and *Gormaz* just expir'd;
While fair *Ximena*, to adorn the Woe,
Bath'd his pale breathless Body with her Tears,
Calling with Cries for Justice on his Head,
Whose rueful Hand had done the barb'rous Deed:
The pitying Crowd took Part in her Distress,
And join'd her moving Plaints for due Revenge;
While some in kinder Feeling of her Grievs,
Remov'd the mournful Object from her Eyes,
And to the Neighbouring Convent bore the Body,
Which when committed to the Abbot's Care,
I left the pressing Throng to tell the News.

King. *Ximena's* Grievs are follow'd with our own.
For tho' in some Degree the haughty Count
Drew on himself the Son's too just Revenge,
We cannot lose without a deep Concern
So true a Subject, and so brave a Soldier:
However Pity may for *Carlos* plead,
Death ends his Failings, and demands our Grief.

Alon. Sir, here in the Tablets of th' unhappy Count,
In his own Hand these written Lines were found.

King. ' *Alvarez* wrong'd me in my Master's Favour,
' *Carlos* is brave, and has deserv'd *Ximena*. [Reading.
Strange, generous Spirit, now we pity thee.

Alon. Behold, Sir, where the lost *Ximena* comes,
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, to demand your Justice.

Enter Ximena.

Xim. O Sacred Sir! forgive my Grief's Intrusion,
Behold a helpless Orphan at your Feet,
Who for a Father's Blood implores your Justice.

Enter Alvarez, hastily.

Alv. O! turn, dread Royal Master, turn your Eyes,
See

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 29

See on the Earth your faithful Soldier prostrate,
Whose Honour's just Revenge intreats your Mercy.

Xim. O godlike Monarch, hear my louder Cries!

Alv. O be not to the Old and Helpless deaf!

Xim. Revenge your self, your violated Laws.

Alv. Support not Violence in rude Aggressors.

Xim. Be greatly Good, and do the Injur'd Justice.

Alv. Be greater still, and shew the Valiant Mercy.

Xim. O Sir, your Crown's Support and Guard is
gone;

The impious *Carlos*' Sword has kill'd my Father.

Alv. And like a pious Sen aveng'd his own.

King. Rise, fair *Ximena*, and *Alvarez* rise!

With equal Sorrow we receive your Complaints,

Both shall be heard apart——proceed *Ximena*:

Alvarez in your Place you speak, be patient.

Xim. What can I say? But Miseries like mine
May plead with plainest Truths their pious Cause.
Is he not dead? Is not my Father kill'd?

Have not these Eyes beheld his ghastly Wound,
And mixt with fruitless Tears his streaming Blood?

That Blood which in his Royal Master's Cause
So oft has sprung him thro' your Foes victorious?

That Blood, which all the raging Swords of War
Could never reach, a young presumptuous Arm,

Has dar'd within your View to sacrifice!

These Eyes beheld it stream——Excuse my Grief,

My Tears will better than my Words explain me.

King. Take Heart, *Ximena*, we're inclin'd to hear thee.

Xim. O shall a Life so faithful to the King

Fall unreveng'd, and stain his Glory?

Shall Merit so important to the State

Be left expos'd to sacrilegious Rage,

And fall the Sacrifice of private Passion?

Alvarez says his Honour was insulted;

Yet, be it so, was there no King to right it?

Who better could protect it than the Donor?

Shall *Carlos* wrest the Scepter from your Hand,

And point the Sword of Justice whom to punish?

O! if such Outrage may escape with Pardon,

Whose Life's secure from his self-judging Rage?

30 The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

O where's Protection, if *Ximena's* Tears,
And tender Passion cou'd not save her Father?

King. *Alvarez*, answer her.

Alv. My Heart's too full:

Divided, torn, distracted with its Grievs.
How can I plead poor *Carlos's* Cause, when I
Am taught with Pity of *Ximena's* Woe?
Her suffering Piety has caught my Soul,
And only leaves me Sorrow to defend me;
Ximena has a Grief I cannot disallow,
Nor dare I hope for Pardon, but your Pity;
Carlos even yet may merit some Compassion.
Perhaps I'm partial to his Piety,
And see his Deeds with a fond Father's Eye;
But that I still must leave to Royal Mercy!
O Sir, imagine what the Brave endure,
When the chaste Front of Honour is insulted,
Her Fame abus'd, and ravish'd by a Blow.
Oh piercing, piercing must the Torture be,
If soft *Ximena* wanted Power to appease it.
Pardon this Weakness of o'erflowing Nature,
I cannot see such filial Virtue perish,
And not let fall a Tear to mourn its Hardship.

Xim. O my divided Heart! oh poor *Alvarez*!

King. Compose thy Grievs, my good old Friend, we
feel them. *[Aside.*

Alv. If *Gormaz's* Blood must be with Blood reveng'd,
O do not, Sacred Sir, misplace your Justice,
Mine was the Guilt, and be on me the Vengeance,
Carlos but acted what my Sufferings prompted,
The fatal Sword was not his own, but mine,
I gave it with my Wrongs into his Hand,
Which had been innocent had mine been able.
On me your Vengeance will be just and mild!
My Days alas are drawing to their End,
But *Carlos* spar'd, may yet live long to serve you;
Preserve my Son, and I embrace my Fate.
Since he has sav'd my Honour from the Grave,
O lay me gently there to rest for ever.

King. Your mutual Complaints require our tend'rest
Thought, Ours

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 31

Our Counsel shall be summon'd to assist us——
Look up, my Fair, and calm thy Sorrows,
Thy King is now thy Father, and will right thee:
Avarez on his Word has Liberty:
Be *Carlos* found to answer to his Charge.
Sanchez, wait you *Ximena* to her Rest,
Whom on the Morrow's Noon we full will answer.

*Hard is the Task of Justice, where Distress
Excites our Mercy, yet demands Redress.*

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT the Fourth.

Belzara, alone: In Ximena's Apartment.

Bel. SURE some illboding Planet must preside
Malignant to the Peace of tender Lovers!
Undone *Ximena*! O relentless Honour!
That first subdu'd thy generous Heart, then rais'd
Thy Lover's fatal Arm to pierce it through
Thy Father's Life, and make thy Virtue wretched:
The hapless *Carlos* too is lost for ever!
Condemn'd to fly an Exile from her Sight,
In whom he only lives! Oh Heav'n! he's here,
His Miseries have made him desperate.

Enter Carlos.

Carlos, What wild Distraction has possess'd thee,
That thus thou seek'st thy Safety in thy Ruin?
Is this a Place to hide thy wretched Head,
Where Justice, and *Ximena's* sure to find thee?

Car. I wou'd not hide me from *Ximena's* Sight,
Banish'd from her, I every Moment die:
Since I must perish, let her Frowns destroy me,
Her Anger's sharper than the Sword of Justice.

Bel.

32 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

Bel. Alas, I pity thee, but would not have
Thee tempt the first Emotions of her Heart,
While Duty, and Resentment yet transport her:
I wait each Moment her Return from Court,
Which now, be sure, will be with Friends attended;
O fly, for Pity's sake, regard her Fame;
Shou'd you be seen, what must the World conclude?
Wou'd you increase her Miseries, to have
Malicious Tongues report her Love conceal'd
Beneath her Roof, her Father's Murderer?
But see, she comes! O hide thee but a Moment!
Kill not her Honour too, let that persuade thee.

[*Exit Carlos.*

Don Sanchez here! Oh Heavens! how I tremble.

[*Retires.*

Enter Sanchez and Ximena.

D. San. This noble Conquest, Madam, of your Love,
To After-Ages must Record your Fame.

Just is your Grief, and your Resentment great,
And great the Victim that shou'd fall before it;
But Words are empty Succours to Distress;
Therefore command my Actions to relieve you.
Wou'd you have sure Revenge, employ this Sword;
My Fortune, and my Life is yours to right you;
Accept my Service, and you over-pay it.

Bel. O faithless, barb'rous Man! but I'll divert
Thy cruel Aim, and use my Power for *Carlos*. [*Apart.*

Xim. O miserable me!

Bel. Take Comfort, Madam.

D. San. *Belzara* here! then I have lost th' Occasion.
[*Aside.*

Yet I may urge enough to give her Pain:
Commanding me, you make your Vengeance sure.

Xim. That were t'offend the King, to whom I have
Appeal'd, and whence I now must only wait it.

D. San. Revenge from Justice, Madam, moves so slow,
That oft the watchful Criminal escapes it.
Appeal to your Resentment, you secure it.

Carlos, you found, wou'd trust no other Power,
And 'tis but just you quit him, as he wrong'd you.

Bel. Alas! *Don Sanchez*, Madam, feels not Love;
He

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 33

He little thinks how *Carlos* fills your Heart;
What shining Glory in his Crime appears;
What Pangs it cost him to take part with Honour:
That you must hate the Hand that could destroy him.
Sanchez, to shew the real Friend, would use
His secret Int'rest with the King to spare him;
For tho' you're bound in Duty to pursue him,
Yet Love, alas! wou'd, with a conscious Joy,
Applaud the Power that could unbid preserve him.

Kim. O kind *Belzara*! how thou feel'st my Sufferings!
Yet I must think, *Don Sanchez* means me well.

D. San. Confusion! how her subtle Tongue has foil'd
me— [Aside.]

Madam, some other Time I'll beg your Leave
To wait your Service, and approve my Friendship.

Kim. Oh! every Friend, but *Carlos*, is at Hand
To help me! Grief, Sir, is unfit to thank you.

D. San. Oh! if such Beauties 'midst her Sorrows shine,
What darting Charms must point her smiling Eyes! [Exit.]

Kim. At length I'm free, at Liberty to think,
And give my Miseries a Loose of Sorrow.

O *Belzara*! *Carlos* has kill'd my Father!
Weep! weep my Eyes, pour down your baleful Show'rs.

He that in Grief shou'd be my Heart's Support,
Has wrought my Sorrows, and must fall their Victim.

When *Carlos* is destroy'd, what Comfort's left me?
Spite of my Wrongs he still inhabits here:

O still his fatal Virtues plead his Cause;
His filial Honour charms my Woman's Heart,

And there ev'n yet he combats with my Father.

Bel. Restrain these headstrong Sallies of your Heart,
And try with Slumbers to compose your Spirits.

Kim. O! where's Repose for Misery like mine?
How grievous, Heav'n! how bitter is my Portion!

O shall a Parent's Blood cry Unreveng'd?
Shall impious Love suborn my Heart to pay

His Ashes but unprofitable Tears,

And bury in my Shame the great Regards of Duty?

Bel Alas! that Duty is discharg'd; you have
Appeal'd to Justice, and shou'd wait its Course.

Nor are you bound with Rigour to enforce it;

His

34 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

His hard Misfortunes may deserve Compassion.

Xim. O! that they do deserve, it is my Grief;
 Cou'd I withdraw my Pity from his Cause,
 Were Falthood, Pride, or Insolence his Crime,
 My just Revenge, without a Pang, shou'd reach him:
 But as he is supported with Excuse,
 Defended by the Cries of bleeding Honour,
 Whose cruel Laws none but the Great obey;
 My hopeless Heart is tortur'd with Extreame,
 It mourns in Vengeance, and at Mercy shudders.

Bel. O what will be at last the dire Resolve
 Of your afflicted Soul?

Xim. There is but one
 Can end my Sorrows. and preserve my Fame;

The sole Resource, my Miseries can have,

Is to pursue, destroy; then meet him in the Grave.

[Going.

Carlos meets her.

Amazement, Horror! have my Eyes their Sense?
 Or do my raving Grievs create this Phantom?
 Support me! help me! hide me from the Vision!
 For 'tis not *Carlos* come to brave my Sorrows.

[*Carlos kneels.*

Bel. O turn your Eye, in pity of his Grievs,
 Resign'd, and prostrate at your Feet for Mercy.

Xim. What will my Woes do with me?

Bel. Now!

Now conqu'ring Love shoot all thy Fires to save him;
 Now snatch the Palm from cruel Honour's Brow;
 Maintain thy Empire, and relieve the Wretched:
 O hang upon his Tongue thy thrilling Charms,
 To hold her Heart, and kill the Hopes of *Sanchez*.

[*Exit.*

Car. O pierce not thus, with thy offended Eyes,
 The wretched Heart that of it self is breaking.

Xim. Can I be wounded, and not shrink with Pain?
 Can I support, with 'Temper, him that shed
 My Father's Blood, triumphant in my Ruin?
 O *Carlos!* *Carlos!* was thy Heart of Stone?
 Was nothing due to poor *Ximena's* Peace?
 O! 'twas not thus I felt new Pains for thee,

When,

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 35

When at my Feet, thy Sighs of Love were pity'd,
And all hereditary Hate forgotten!
Tho' bound in filial Honour, to insult
Thy Flame; I broke thro' all to crown thy Vows,
And bore the Censure of my Race to save thee:
And am I thus requited? left forlorn?

The tender Passion of my Heart despis'd!
Cou'd not my Terrors move one Spark of Mercy?
No mild Abatement of thy stern Revenge,
T'excuse thy Crime, or justify my Love?

Car. O hear me but a Moment.

Xim. O my Heart!

Car. One mournful Word!

Xim. Ah! leave me to Despair!

Car. One dying last Adieu, then wreak thy Vengeance:

Behold the Sword that has undone thee.

Xim. Ah! stained with my Father's Blood! O useful Object!

Car. O *Ximena*!

Xim. Take hence that horrid Steel,

That, while I bear thy Sight, arraigns my Virtue.

Car. Endure it rather to support Resentment,
T'inflame thy Vengeance, and to pierce thy Victim.
I am more wretched, than thy Rage can wish me.

Xim. O cruel *Carlos*! in one Day thou hast kill'd
The Father with thy Sword, the Daughter with
Thy Sight—O yet remove that fatal Object;

I cannot bear the Glare of its Reproach;
If thou wou'dst have me hear thee, hide the Cause,
That wounds Reflection to our mutual Ruin.

Car. Thus I obey——but how shall I proceed?

What Words can help me to deserve thy Hearing?

How can I plead my wounded Honour's Cause,

Where injur'd Love and Duty are my Judges?

Or how shall I repent me of a Crime,

Which, uncommitted, had deserv'd thy Scorn?

Yet think not; O I conjure thee! think not,

That I bore a thousand Racks of Love,

While my conflicting Honour press'd for Vengeance.

I endur'd! submitted ev'n to Shame,

D

Begg'd

36 *The* HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Begg'd, as for Life, for peaceful Reparation!
 But all in vain! like Water sprinkled on
 A Fire, those Drops but made him burn the more,
 And only added to thy Father's Fierceness.
 Reduc'd, at last, to these Extreames of Torture,
 That I must be, or Infamous, or Wretched,
 I sav'd my Honour, and resign'd to Ruin.
 Nor think, *Ximena*, Honour had prevail'd,
 But that thy nobler Soul oppos'd thy Charms,
 And told my Heart, none but the Brave deserv'd thee.
 Now having thus discharg'd my Honour's Debt,
 And wash'd my injur'd Father's Stains away,
 What yet remains of Life, is due to Love.
 Behold the Wretch, whose Honour's fatal Fame
 Is founded on the Ruin of thy Peace:
 Receive the Victim, which thy Griefs demand,
 Prepar'd to bleed, and bending to the Blow.

Xim. O *Carlos*, I must take thee at thy Word,
 But must with equal Justice too discharge
 My Ties of Love, as fatal Bonds of Duty.
 O think not, tho' enforc'd to these Extreames,
 My Heart is yet insensible to thee!
 O! I must thank thee for thy painful Pause;
 The generous Shame thy tortur'd Honour bore,
 When at my Father's Feet my Sufferings threw thee.
 Can I present thee in that dear Confusion,
 And not with grateful Sighs of Pity mourn thee?
 I can lament thee, but I dare not pardon;
 Thy Duty done, reminds me of my own;
 My filial Piety, like thine distress'd,
 Compels me to be miserably just,
 And asks my Love a Victim to my Fame:
 Yet think not Duty cou'd o'er Love prevail,
 But that thy nobler Soul assures my Heart,
 Thou would'st despise the Passion that cou'd save thee.

Car. Since I must die, let that kind Hand destroy me.
 Let not the Wretch once honour'd with thy Love,
 Thy *Carlos*, once thought worthy of thy Arms,
 Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Justice;
 To draw the irksome Pity of a Crowd,
 Who may with vulgar Reason call thee Cruel.

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 37

My Death from thee will elevate thy Vengeance,
And shew, like mine, thy Duty scorn'd Assistance,

Xim. Shall I then take Assistance? and from thee?
Accept that Vengeance from thy Heart's Despair?
No, *Carlos*, no!

I will not judge, like thee, my private Wrongs,
But to the Course of Justice trust my Duty,
Which shall, in every Part, untainted flow,
Unmix'd with gain'd Advantage o'er thy Love,
And from its own pure Fountain raise my Glory.

Car. O can my Death with Shame advance that Glory?
Can I do more than perish, to appease thee?

Can my Misfortunes too have reach'd thy Hate?

Xim. Can Hate have part in Interviews like this?
Nay, can I give thee greater Proof of Love.

Than that I trust my Vengeance with thy Honour?

Art not thou now within my Power to seize?

Yet I'll release thee, *Carlos*, on thy Word;

Give me thy Word, that on the morrow Noon,

Before the King in Person thou wilt answer,

And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.

Car. O! thou hast found the Way to fix my Ruine!

It must be so, thou shalt have ample Vengeance,

Pursu'd by thee, my Life's not worth the saving;

But then that fatal Honour, my Engagement,

That at the Hour propos'd, I'll meet my Fate——

But must we part, *Ximena*, like sworn Foes?

Has Love no Sense of all its perish'd Hopes?

Dismiss my Miseries, at least, with Pity:

May I not breathe upon this injur'd Bosom

One parting Sigh, to ease my wounded Soul,

And loose the Anguish of a broken Heart?

Xim. Support me, Heaven——we meet again to
Morrow.

Car. To Morrow we must meet, like Enemies,

Thy piercing Eyes, relentless in Revenge,

And all the Softness of thy Heart forgotten;

This only Moment is our Life of Love.

O take not from this little Interval,

The poor expiring Comfort that is left me.

D 2

[*Xim.* weeps.

My

thee.
oy me.

My

38 The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

My Heart's confounded with thy soft Compassion,
And doats upon the Virtue that destroys me.

Xim. O! I shall have the Start of thee in Woe;
Thou can't but fall for her thou lov'st; but what
Must she endure that loves thee—and destroys thee?
Yet, *Carlos*, take this Comfort in thy Fate,
That if the Hand of Justice shou'd o'ertake thee,
Thy mournful Urn shall hold *Ximena's* Ashes.

Car. O Miracle of Love!

Xim. O mortal Sorrow!

But haste, O leave me while my Heart's resolv'd,
Fly, fly me, *Carlos*, lest thou taint my Fame;
Lest in this ebbing Rigour of my Soul
I tell thee, tho' I prosecute thy Fate,
My secret Wish is, that my Cause may fail me.

Car. O Spirit of Compassion! O *Ximena*!
What Pangs and Ruine have our Parents cost us!
Farewel, thou Treasure of my Soul, O stay!
Take not at once my short liv'd Joys away.
While thus I fix me on thy mournful Eyes,
Let my Distresses to Extreame arise.

Thy Victim's now secure; for thus to part,
I fate thy Vengeance with a broken Heart.

[Exeunt.

Enter Alvarez with Noblemen, Officers, and others.

1st. Nob. These few, my Lord, are on my Part engag'd,
In half an Hour *Don Henrique de Las Torres*,
With Sixty more, will wait upon your Cause,
Resolv'd, and ready, all like us, to right you:
Since the just Quarrel of your House must live,
Since the brave Blood of *Carlos* is pursu'd,
The Race of *Gormaz* shall attend his Ashes.

Alv. My Lord, this Mark of your exalted Honour
Will bind me ever grateful to your Friendship;
Tho' I still hope the Mercy of the King
Will spare the Criminal, whose Guilt is Honour.
The Service I have done the State has found
A bounteous Master always to reward it;
Nor am I yet so wedded to my Rest,
But that I still can, on Occasion, break it.
The *Moors* are anchor'd now within the River,
And, as I'm told, near Landing to insult us—

Where—

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 39

Wherefore I would intreat you at this Time,
To wave my private Danger for the Publick.
Since Chance has forc'd us to to brave a Body,
Let us not part inactive in our Honour;
Let's seize this glad Occasion of th' Alarm,
Let's chafe these Rascals in our King's Defence,
And bravely merit, not demand his Mercy.

1st. Nob. Alvarez may command us, who is still
Himself, and owns no Cause unmix'd with Honour.

Alv. How now! the News. [*Enter a Servant, who*
just enter'd, and alone! *whispers Alvarez.*

O Heav'n, my Prayers are heard! my noble Friends,
Something to our present Purpose has occur'd;
Let me intreat you, forward to the Garden,
Where you will find a treble Number of
Our Forces assembl'd on the like Occasion;
My self will in a Moment bring you News.
That will confirm and animate our Hopes. [*Exeunt Nob.*

Enter Carlos.

My *Carlos*! O do I live once more t' embrace thee,
Prop of my Age, and Guardian of my Fame!
Nor think, my Champion, that my Joy's thus wild,
For that thou only hast reveng'd my Honour,
(Tho' that's a Thought might bless me in the Grave)
No, no, my Son, for thee am I transported;
Alas! I am too sensible what Pains

Thy Heart must feel from Anguish of thy Love;
And had I not new Hopes that will support thee,
Some present Prospect of thy Pain's Relief,
My Sense of thy Afflictions would destroy me.

Car What means this kind Compassion of my Griefs?
Is there, on Earth, a Cure for Woes like mine?

O, Sir, you are so tenderly a Father,
So good, I can't repent me of my Duty:
Be not however jealous of my Fame,
If yet I mix your Transports with a Sigh,
For ruin'd Love, and for the lost *Ximena*:
For since I drag, with my Despair, my Chain;
Her fated Vengeance only can relieve me.

Alv. No more depress thy Spirit with Despair,
While Glory and thy Country's Cause shou'd wake it;

40 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

The *Moors* not yet expected, are arriv'd,
 The Tyde and silent Darkneſs of the Night
 Land, in an Hour. their Forces at our Gates :
 The Court's diſmay'd, the People in Alarm,
 And loud Confuſion fills the frighted Town.
 But Fortune ere this publick Danger reach'd us,
 Had rais'd Five Hundred Friends, the Foes of *Gormaz*,
 Whoſe Swords reſolve to vindicate thy Vengeance,
 And here without expect thee at their Head.
 Forward, my Son, their Numbers ſoon will ſwell,
 Sustain the Brunt and Fury of the Foe.
 And if thy Life's ſo painful to be born,
 Lay it at leaſt with Honour in the Duſt.
 Caſt it not fruitleſs from thee ; let thy King
 Firſt know its Value, ere his Laws demand it;
 But Time's too precious to be talk'd away.

*Advance, my Son, and let thy Maſter ſee,
 What he has loſt in Gormaz, is redeem'd in thee.*

Car. Relenting Heav'n at laſt has found the Means
 To end my Miſeries with guiltleſs Honour.
 Why ſhou'd I live a Burden to my ſelf,
 A Trouble to my Friends, a Terror to *Ximena*?
 Not all the Force of Mercy, or of Merit,
 Can waſh a Father's Blood from her Remembrance,
 Or reconcile the Horror to her Love.
 Yet I'll not think her Duty ſo ſevere,
 But that to ſee me fall my Country's Victim
 Wou'd pleaſe her Paſſion, tho' it ſhock'd her Vengeance:
 It muſt be ſo——dying with Honour I
 Diſcharge the Son, the Subject, and the Lover :
 O! when this mangled Body ſhall be found
 A bare and undiſtinguiſh'd Carcaſs 'miſt the Slain,
 Will ſhe not weep in pity of my Wounds,
 And own her Wrongs have ample Expiation?

*Her Duty then may, with a ſecret Tear,
 Confeſs her Vengeance great, and glorious my Deſpair.*

The End of the Fourth A C T.

ACT

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 41



A C T the Fifth.

Belzara alone.

Bel. **V**ictorious *Carlos*, now resume thy Hopes,
Demand thy Life, and silence thy *Ximena*.
Hard were thy Fate indeed, if she alone
Should be the Bar to Triumphs nobly purchas'd.
But see, she comes, with mournful Pomp of Woe,
To prosecute this Darling of the People,
And damp, with ill tim'd Grievs, the publick Joy.

Enter Ximena in Mourning, attended.

Ximena! Oh! I more than ever now
Deplore the hard Afflictions that pursue thee;
While thy whole native Country is in Joy,
Art thou the only Object of Despair?
Is this a Time to prosecute thy Cause,
When publick Gratitude is bound t' oppose thee?
When on the Head of *Carlos*, which thy Grievs
Demand, Fortune has pour'd Protection down?
The *Moors* repuls'd, his Country sav'd from Rapine,
His menac'd King confirm'd upon his Throne,
From every Heart but thine, will find a Voice
To lift his echo'd Praises to the Heav'ns.

Ximena. Is't possible? Are all these Wonders true?
Am I the only Mark of his Misdoing?
Cou'd then his fatal Sword transpierce my Father;
Yet save a Nation to defeat my Vengeance?
Still as I pass, the publick Voice extols
His glorious Deeds, regardless of my Wrongs;
The Eye of Pity, that but Yesternight
Let fall a Tear in feeling of my Cause,
Now turns away, retracting its Compassion,
And speaks the general Grudge at my Complaining.
But there's a King, whose sacred Word's his Law;

42 The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Supported by that Hope, I still must on,
Nor, till by him rejected, can be silent.

Bel. Your Duty shou'd recede, when publick Good
Must suffer in the Life your Cause pursues.

Xim. But can it be? Was it to *Carlos* Sword
The Nation thus transported owes its Safety?
O let me taste the Pleasure, and the Pain!
Tell me, *Belzara*, tell me all his Glory,
O! let me Surfeit on the guilty Joy,
Delight my Passion, and torment my Virtue.

Bel. *Alonzo*, who was present will inform us.

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo, if your Business will permit.

Alon. The Abbot, at whose House Count *Gormax* lies,
Has sent in haste to speak with me, I guess,
To fix the Order of his Funeral. [*Apart to Belz.*

Bel. Spare us at least a Moment from th' Occasion,
Ximena has not yet been fully told
The Action of our late Deliverance;
The Fame of *Carlos* may compose her Sorrows.

Alon. Permit the Action then to praise it self;
Late in the Night, at Lord *Alvarez*' House,
Five Hundred Friends were gather'd in his Cause,
T' oppose the Vengeance, that pursu'd his Son;
But in the common Danger, brave *Alvarez*,
With valiant *Carlos* at their Head, prefer'd
The publick Safety to their private Honour,
And march'd with Swords determin'd 'gainst the *Moors*.
This brave Example, ere they reach'd the Harbour,
Increas'd their Numbers to Three Thousand strong.

Bel. Were the *Moors* landed ere you reach'd the Port?

Alon. Not till some Hours after; when we arriv'd,
Our Troops were form'd, *Ximena* was the Word,
And *Carlos* foremost, to confront the Foe.
The *Moors* not yet in view, he order'd first
Two Thirds of our divided Force to lie
Conceal'd i'th Hatches of our Ships in Harbour;
The rest, whose Numbers every Moment swell'd,
Halted with *Carlos*, on the Shore, impatient,
And silent on their Arms reposing, pass'd
The still remainder of the wasting Night.

At

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 43

At length the Brightness of the Moon presents
Near Twenty Sail approaching with the Tyde;
Our Order still observ'd, we let them pass;
Nor at the Port, or Walls, a Man was seen.
This Deadness of our Silence wings their Hopes
To seize th' Occasion, and surprize us sleeping,
And now they disembark, and meet their Fate.
For at the Instant they were half on Shore,
Uprose the Numbers in our Ships conceal'd,
And to the vaulted Heaven thunder'd their Huzza's,
Which *Carlos* echo'd from his Force on Shore:
At this, amaz'd Confusion seiz'd their Troops,
And ere their Chiefs cou'd form them to resist,
We press'd them on the Water, drove them on
The Land, then fir'd their Ships to stop their Flight:
Howe'er at length their Leaders bravely rallying,
Recover'd them to Order, and a while
Sustain'd their Courage, and oppos'd our Fury:
But, when their burning Ships began to flame,
The dreadful Blaze presenting to their View
Their slaughter'd Heaps that fell where *Carlos* fought,
(For oh he fought, as if to die were Victory)
Their fruitless Courage then resign'd their Hopes;
And now their wounded King, despairing, call'd
Aloud, and hail'd our General to surrender,
Whom *Carlos* answering receiv'd his Prisoner:
At this, the rest had on Submission Quarter,
Our Trumpets sound, and Shouts proclaim our Victory:
While *Carlos* bore his Captive to his Father,
Whose Heart transported at the Royal Prize,
Dropt Tears of Joy, and to the King convey'd him,
Where now he's pleading for his Son's Distress,
And asks but Mercy for his glorious Triumph. [Exit.

Xim. Too much! it is too much, relentless Heav'n!
Th' Oppression's greater than my Soul can bear!
O wounding Virtue! O my tortur'd Heart!
Art only thou forbidden to applaud him?
Cannot a Nation sav'd appease thy Vengeance?
Why! why just Heaven, are his Deeds to glorious,
And only fatal to the Heart that loves him?

Bel. Complete *Minena*, thy Disorder, see,

44 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

The King approaches, smiling on *Alvarez*,
Whole Heart o'erflowing gushes at his Eyes,
And speaks his Plea too strong for thy Complaint.

Xim. Then sleep, my Love, and Virtue arm t'oppose
him.

Let me look backward on his fatal Honour,
Survey this mournful Pomp of his Renown,
'These woeful Trophies of his conquer'd Love,
That thro' my Father's Life pursu'd his Fame,
And made me in his Nuptial Hopes an Orphan:
O broken Spirit! would't thou spare him now,
Think on thy Father's Blood! exert the Daughter,
Suppress thy Passion, and demand thy Victim!

Enter King, Alvarez, Sanchez, &c.

King. Dismiss thy Fears, my Friend, and Man thy Heart,
For while his Actions are above Reward,
Mercy's of Course included in the Debt.
Our ablest Bounty's Bankrupt to his Merit.
Our Subjects rescu'd from so fierce a Foe,
'The *Moors* defeated, ere the rude Alarm
Allow'd us Time to order our Defence,
Our Crown protected, and our Scepter fixt,
Are Actions that secure Acknowledgment.

Alv. My Tears, Sir, better than my Words will thank
you.

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Don *Carlos*, Sir, without, attends your Pleasure,
And comes surrender'd as his Word engag'd,
To answer the Appeal of fair *Ximena*.

King. Attend him to our Presence.

Xim. O my Heart!

King. *Ximena*, with Compassion we shall hear thee,
But must not have thy Grievs arraign our Justice;
If in his Judge thou find'st an Advocate:
Not less his Virtues, than thy Wrongs will plead.

Xim. O fainting Cause! but thus my Grievs demand him.

[*Kneeling.*

[*While the King raises Ximena, enter
Alonzo, and whispers Alvarez.*

Alv. This Instant, say'st thou? Can I leave my Son?

Alon.

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 45

Alon. The Matter's more important than your Stay.
Make Haste, my Lord.

Alv. What can thy Transport mean?
Be plain.

Alon. We have no Time to lose in Words,
Away, I say.

Alv. Lead on, and ease my Wonder. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Carlos. and kneels to the King.

King. O rise, my Warrior, raise thee to my Breast,
And in thy Master's Heart repeat thy Triumphs.

Car. These Honours, Sir, to any Sense but mine,
Might lift its Transports to Ambition's Height;
But while *Ximena's* Sorrows press my Heart,
Forgive me, if despairing of Repose,
I taste no Comfort in the Life she seeks;
And urge the Issue of her Grief's Appeal.

King. Ximena, 'tis most true, has lost a Father,
But thou hast sav'd her Country from its Fate,
And the same Virtue that demands thy Life,
Owes more than Pardon to the publick Weal.

Xim. My Royal Lord, vouchsafe my Grievs a Hearing;
O think not, Sir, because my Spirits faint,
That the firm Conscience of my Duty staggers.
The Criminal I charge, has kill'd my Father;
And, tho' his Valour has preserv'd the State,
Yet every Subject is not wrong'd like me,
Therefore with Ease may pardon, what they feel not:
As he has sav'd a Nation from its Foes,
The Thanks that Nation owes him, are but just,
And I must join the general Voice t'applaud him:
But all the Tribute, that my Heart can spare him,
Is Tears of Pity, while my Wrongs pursue him.
What more than Pity can those Wrongs afford?
What less than Justice can my Duty ask?
If publick Obligations must be paid him,
Let every single Heart give equal Share:
(*Carlos* has prov'd, that mine is not ungrateful)
But must my Duty yield such Disproportion?
Must on my Heart a Father's Blood be levy'd,
And my whole Ruin pay the Publick Thanks?
If Blood for Blood might be before demanded,

46 The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Is it less due, because his Fame's grown greater?
Shall Virtue, that shou'd guard, insult your Laws,
And tolerate our Passions to infringe 'em?

If to defend the Publick, may excuse
A private Wrong, how is the Publick safe?

How is the Nation from a Foe preserv'd,

If every Subject's Life is at his Mercy?

My Duty, Sir, has spoken and kneels for Judgment.

Car. O Noble Spirit, how thou charm'st my Sense,
And giv'st my Heart a Pleasure in my Ruin! [*Apart.*]

King. Raise thee, *Ximena*, and compose thy Thoughts.

As thou to *Carlos*' Deeds hast spoke impartial,

So to thy Virtue, that pursues him, we

Must give an equal Plaudit of our Wonder:

But we have now our Duty to discharge,

Which far from blaming, shall exalt thy own:

If thy chaste Fame, which we confess sublime,

Compels thy Duty to suppress thy Love,

To raise yet higher then thy matchless Glory,

Prefer thy Native Country to them both,

And to the Publick Tears resign thy Victim:

Where a whole People owe their Preservation,

Shall private Justice do a publick Wrong,

And feed thy Vengeance with the general Sorrow?

Xim. Is then my Cause the Publick's Victim?

King. No.

We've yet a Hope to conquer thy Resentment,

And rather wou'd compose than silence it:

For if our Arguments seem yet too weak

To guard thy Virtue from the least Reproach,

Behold the generous Sanction that protects it,

Read there the Pardon which thy Father gives him,

And with his dying Hand assigns thy Beauties.

Xim. My Father's Pardon!

King. Read, and raise thy Wonder.

Xim. (*Reads*) * *Alvarez* wrong'd me in my Master's
Favour,

* *Carlos* is brave, and has deserv'd *Ximena*!

Car. O Soul of Honour! now lamented Victory!

King. Now, fair *Ximena*, now resume thy Peace,
Reduce thy Vengeance to thy Father's Will,

And

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 47

And join the Hand his Honour has forgiven.

Xim. All-gracious Heav'n! have my swoln Eyes their
[Sense?

D. San. O tottering Hope, but I have yet a Thought,
That will compel her Virtue to pursue him.

Xim. Why did you shew me, Sir, this wounding Good-
This Legacy, tho' fit for him to leave, [ness?

Wou'd in his Daughter be Reproach to take;
Honour unquestion'd may forgive a Foe,
But who'll not doubt it when it spares a Lover?
If you propos'd to mitigate my Grievs,
You shou'd have hid this cruel Obligation.
Why wou'd you set such Virtues in my View,
And make the Father dearer than the Lover?

King. Since with such Rigour thou pursu'st thy Ven-
And what we meant shou'd pacify, provokes it, [geance,
Attend submissive to our last Resolve:

For since thy Honour's so severely strict,
As not to ratify thy Father's Mercy,
We'll right at once thy Duty and thy Lover:
Give thee the Glory of his Life pursu'd,
And seal his Pardon to reward thy Virtue.

Xim. Avert it Heav'n, that e'er my guilty Heart
Shou'd impiously insult a Father's Grave,
And yield his Daughter to the Hand that kill'd him.

D. San. Unnatural Thought! Madam, suppress your
Your murder'd Father was my dearest Friend, [Tears,
Permit me therefore in your sinking Cause,
To offer an Expedient may support it.

Xim. Whatever Right or Justice may, I'm bound
In Duty to pursue, and thank your Friendship.

D. San. Thus then to Royal Justice I appeal,
And in *Ximena's* Right her Advocate,
Demand from *Carlos* your Reverse of Pardon.

King. What means thy Transport?

D. San. Sir, I urge your Laws;
And since her Duty's forc'd to these Extreame,
There's yet a Law from whence there's no Appeal,
A Right, which e'en your Crown's oblig'd to grant her,
The Right of Combat, which I here demand,
And ask her Vengeance from a Champion's Sword.

Car.

48 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

Car. O Sacred Sir, I cast me at your Feet,
And beg your Mercy wou'd relieve my Woes;
Since her firm Duty is inflexible,
Consign her Victim to the braver Sword.
Grant this Expedient to acquit my Crime,
Or silence with my Arm her Heart's Reproaches:
O nothing is so painful as Suspense,
This Way our Grievs are equally reliev'd,
Her Duty's full discharg'd, your Justice crown'd,
And Conquest must attend Superior Virtue.

King. This barb'rous Law, which yet is unrepeal'd,
Has often against Right, gross Wrongs supported,
And robb'd our State of many noble Subjects;
Nor ever was our Mercy tempted more
T' oppose its Force, than in our Care for *Carlos*:
But since his Peace depends upon his Love,
And cruel Love insists upon its Right,
We'll trust his Virtues to the Chance of Combat,
And let his Fate reproach, or win *Ximena*.

Xim. What unforeseen Calamities surround me?

King. *Ximena*! now no more complain, we grant
Thy Suit; but where's this Champion of thy Cause?
Whose Appetite of Honour is so keen,
As to confront in Arms this laurell'd Brow,
And dare the shining Terrors of his Sword?

D. San. Behold th' Assailant of this glorious Heroe.
Your Leave, dread Sir, thus to appel him forth. [*Drums.*]

Bel. Hold Heart, and spare me from the publick
[Shame. [*Afide.*]

D. San. *Carlos*, behold the Champion of *Ximena*,
Behold th' Avenger of brave *Gormaz*' Blood,
Who calls thee Traytor to thy injur'd Love,
Ungrateful to the Sighs that pitied thee,
And proudly partial to thy Father's Falshood:
These Crimes my Sword shall prove upon thy Heart,
And to defend them dares thee to the Combat.

Car. Open the Lists, and give th' Assailant Room,
There on his Life my injur'd Sword shall prove,
This Arm ne'er drew it but in Right of Honour:
First, for thy Slander, *Sanchez*, I defy thee,
And throwing to thy Teeth the Traytor's Name,

Will

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 49

Will wash the Imputation with thy Blood;
And prove thy Virtue false as is thy Spirit:
For not *Ximena's* Cause but Charms have fir'd thee,
Vainly thou steal'st thy Courage from her Eyes,
And basely stain'st the Virtue that subdu'd her.

D. San. O that thy Fame in Arms—

King. Sanchez, forbear—

'Tis not your Tongues must arbitrate your Strife,
Let in the Lists your Vauntings be approv'd.
Whose Arm, *Ximena*, shall defend your Cause?

Xim. O Force of Duty! Sir, the Arm of *Sanchez*.

D. San. My Word's my Gage.

King. 'Tis well, the Lists are set,—

Let on the Morn the Combatants be cited,
And, *Felix*, you be Umpire of the Field.

Car. The Valiant, Sir, are never unprepar'd,
O Sir, at once relieve my Soul's Suspense,
And let this Instant Hour decide our Fate.

D. San. This Moment, Sir—I join in that with *Carlos*.

King. Since both thus press it, be it now decided.

Carlos be ready at the Trumpet's Call,
You, *Felix*, when the Combat's done, conduct
The Victor to our Presence—Now, *Ximena*,
As thou art just or cruel in thy Duty,
Expect the Issue will reward or grieve thee:
Sanchez, set forward—*Carlos*, we allow
Thy pitied Love a Moment with *Ximena*.

[*Ex. King and Train.*

D. San. A fruitless Moment that must prove his last.

[*Exit.*

Car. Ximena! O permit me ere I die,
To tell thy Heart, thy hard Unkindness kills me.

Xim. Ah *Carlos*, can thy Complaints reproach my Duty?
Nay, art thou, more than *Sanchez* is, in Danger?

Car. Or thou more injur'd than thy hapless Father,
Whose greater Heart forgave my Sense of Honour?
Thou can'st not think I speak regarding Life,
Which hopeless of thy Love's not worth my Care;
But oh! it strikes me with the last Despair,
To think that lov'd *Ximena's* Heart had less
Compassion than my mortal Enemy;

My

50 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

My Life had then indeed been worth Acceptance,
Had thy relenting Throes of Pity sav'd it:
But, as it is pursu'd to these Extreams,
Thus made the Victim of superfluous Fame,
And doom'd the Sacrifice of filial Rigour,
These Arms shall open to thy Champion's Sword,
And glut the Vengeance, that supports thy Glory.

Xim. Hast thou no Honour, *Carlos*, to defend?

[*Trembling.*]

Car. How can I lose what *Sanchez* cannot gain?
For where's his Honour, where there's no Resistance?
Is it for me to guard *Ximena's* Foe,
Or turn outrageous on the friendly Breast,
Which her distressful Charms have warm'd to right her?

Xim. O cruel *Carlos*! thus to rack my Heart
With hard Reproaches, that thou know'st are groundless;
Why dost thou talk thus cruelly of Death,
And give me Terrors unconceiv'd before?
What tho' my Force of Duty has pursu'd thee,
Hast thou not left thy Courage to defend thee?
O! is thy Quarrel to our Race reviv'd?

Couldst thou to right thy Honour, kill my Father?
And now not guard it, to destroy *Ximena*?

Car. O heav'nly Sound, O Joy unfelt before!

Xim. O! Is my Duty then not thought compulsive?
Canst thou believe I'm pleas'd while I pursue thee?
Or think'st thou I'm not pleas'd the King preserv'd thee?
And that thy Courage yet may ward my Vengeance?
O if thou knew'st what Transports fill'd my Heart,
When first I heard the *Moors* had fled before thee,
Thy Love wou'd feel Confusion for my Shame,
And scarce forgive the Passion thou reproachest:
O *Carlos*, guard thy Life, and save *Ximena*!

Car. And save *Ximena*! O thou hast fir'd my Heart
With animated Love, and sav'd thy *Carlos*—

[*Sound Trumpets.*]

But hark the Trumpet calls me to the List!

Xim. May Heav'n's high Care, and all its Angels guard
[thee.]

Car. Words wou'd but wrong my Heart, my Sword
[shall speak it:
Sanchez,

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 51

Sanchez, I come — Impatient to chastise
Thy Love, which makes thee now the Criminal;
I might have spar'd thee, had the Rival slept,
But boldly thus avow'd, thou'rt worth my Sword —
'Tis said the Lion, tho' distressed for Food,
Espying on the Turf the Huntsman sleeping,
Restrains his Hunger, and forbears the Prey;
But when his rousing Foe alarm'd and ready
Uplifts his Javelin brandisht to assail him,
The generous Savage then erects his Crest,
Grinds his sharp Fangs, and with fierce Eyes inflam'd,
Surveys him worthy of his Rage defy'd,
Furious uprearing rushes on the Game,
And crowns at once his Vengeance and his Fame. [*Exit.*]

Xim. O glorious Spirit! O hard-fated Virtue!
With what Reluctance has my Heart pursu'd thee!

Bel. Was ever Breat like mine with Woe divided?
I fear the Dangers of the faithless *Sanchez*,
And tremble more for his dread Sword's Success:
Shou'd *Carlos* fall — What stops him from *Ximena*?
Keep down my Sighs, or seem to rise for her.

Xim. Tell me, *Belzara*, was my Terror blameful?
Might not his Passion make my Heart relent,
And feel at such a Time a Pang to save him?

Bel. So far was your Compassion from a Crime,
That 'tis th' exalted Merit of your Duty;
Had *Carlos* been a Stranger to your Heart,
Where were the Virtue, that your Griefs pursu'd him?
Were it no Pain to lose him, where the Glory?
The Sacrifice that's great, must first be dear;
The more you Love, the nobler is your Victim.

Xim. Thy partial Friendship sees not sure my Fault,
I doubt my youthful Ignorance has err'd,
And the strict Matron rigidly severe,
May blame this Weakness of my Woman's Heart:
But let her feel my Trial first, and if
She blames me then, I will repent the Crime.

[*Sound Trumpet at Distance.*]

Hark, hark, the Trumpet! O tremendous Sound!

Belzara! O the Combat is begun,
The agonizing Terror shakes my Soul,

Help

52 The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Help me, support me with thy friendly Comforts,
O tell me what my Duty owes a Parent,
And warm my Wishes in his Champion's Favour—
Oh Heaven! it will not, will not be! my Heart
Rebels, and spite of me inclines to *Carlos*,
Who now again, in *Sanchez*, fights my Father;
Now he attacks him, presses, now retreats;
Again recovers, and resumes his Fire,
Now grows too strong, and is at last triumphant!

Bel. Restrain thy Thoughts, collect thy Constancy,
Give not thy Heart imaginary Wounds,
Thy Virtue must be Providence's Care.

Xim. O guard me Heav'n—Help me to support it! ah!
[Trumpets and Shouts.

'Tis done, those dreadful Shouts proclaim the Victor;
If *Carlos* conquers, still I've lost a Father;
And if he perishes, then—die *Ximena*.

Bel. Conquer who may, no Hope supports *Belzara*.

Enter Garcia.

Came you, Don *Garcia*, from the Combat?

Gar. Madam,

The King, to shew he disapproves the Custom,
Forbad his own Domesticks to be present. [Shouts nearer;
But I presume 'tis done, these Shouts confirm it;
Hence from this Window we may guess the Victor.

Xim. O tell me quickly, while I've Sense to hear thee.

Gar. O Heav'n, 'tis *Sanchez*, I see him with his Sword
In Triumph pressing thro' the Crowd his Way.

Xim. *Sanchez*! thou'rt sure deceiv'd, O better yet
Inform thy dazled Eyes.

Gar. 'Tis certain he!

For now he stops, and seems to warn them back;
The Crowd retires, I see him plain, and now
He mounts the Steps that lead to this Apartment.

Xim. Then, fatal Vengeance, thou art dearly sated.
Now Love unbounded may o'erflow my Heart,
And *Carlos*' Fate without a Crime be mourn'd:
O *Sanchez*, if poor *Carlos* told me true,
If 'twas thy Love, not Honour fought my Cause,
Thy Guilt has purchas'd with thy Sword my Scorn,
And made thy Passion wretched as *Ximena*.

Bel.

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 53

Bel. O Heav'n support her nobler Resolution—
But see, he comes to meet the Disappointment.

Enter Don Sanchez, and lays his Sword at Ximena's Feet.

D. San. Madam, this Sword that in your Cause was
[drawn—

Xim. Stain'd with the Blood of *Carlos*, kills *Ximena*.

D. San. I come to mitigate your Grievs.

Xim. Avant, avoid me, wing thee from my Sight.

O thou hast given me for Revenge, Despair,
Hast raviht with thy murtherous Arm my Peace,
And robb'd my Wishes of their dearest Object.

D. San. Hear me but speak.

Xim. Can't thou suppose 'twill please me,
To hear thy Pride triumphant, paint my Ruin,
Vaunt thy vain Prowess, and reproach my Sorrows?

D. San. Those Sorrows, would you hear my Story—

Xim. Hence.

To Regions distant, as my Soul from Joy,
Fly, and in gloomy Hours waite thy Life:
Remorse, and pale Affliction wait thee to
Thy Rest, Repose forsake thee, frightful Dreams
Alarm thy Sleeps, and in thy waking Hours,
May Woes like mine pursue thy Steps for ever!

Bel. O charming Rage! how cordially she hates him!

Enter King.

King. What still in Tears, *Ximena*? Still complaining!
Cannot thy Duty's full Discharge content thee?
Repin't thou at the Act of Providence?

And thinkest thy Cause still wrong'd in Heav'n's Decree?

Xim. O far, Sir, from my Soul be such a Thought,
I bow submissive to high Heav'n's Appointment.

But is Affliction impious in its Sorrow?

Tho' Vengeance to a Father's Blood was due,

Is it less Glorious, that I priz'd the Victim?

Has Nature lost its Privilege to weep,

When all that's valuable in Life is gone?

O *Carlos*, *Carlos*! I shall soon be with thee.

King. Are then these Tears for *Carlos*—O *Ximena*!

The vanquisht *Sanchez* has deceiv'd thy Grief,

And made this Tryal of thy generous Heart,

For know thy *Carlos* lives, and lives to adore thee.

Xim.

54 The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

Xim. What means my Royal Lord?

King. Inform her, *Sanchez*.

D. San. The Fortune of the Combat I had told before,
Had, Sir, her Fright endur'd my Speech.
I wou'd have told you, Madam, as oblig'd
In Honour to the conquering Sword of *Carlos*,
How nobly, for your sake, he spar'd your Champion;
When on the Earth succumbent, and disarm'd.
I lay: 'Live, *Sanchez*, said the generous Victor,
' The Life that fights *Ximena's* Cause, is Sacred;
' Take back thy Sword, and at her Feet present
' The glorious Trophy which her Charms have won,
' The last Oblation, that Despair can make her.
Toucht with the noble Fullness of his Heart,
I flew to execute the grateful Charge;
But, Madam, your Affright mistook the Victor,
And your impatient Griefs refus'd me Audience.

King. Now think, *Ximena*, one Moment think for

Xim. O Love! O persecuted Heart! [Carlos.

Instruct me Heaven to support my Fame,
To right my Passion, and revere my Father.

D. San. And now with just Confusion, Sir, I own
In me 'twas guilty Love, that drew my Sword;
But since th' Event has crown'd a nobler Passion,
I plead the Merit of that Sword's Defeat,
Regret the Error, and intreat for Pardon.

King. *Sanchez*, thy Crime is punisht in it self.
We late have heard of thy retracted Vows,
Which on thy strict Allegiance we enjoin
Thy Honour, instantly to ratify:

Suppress thy Tears, *Belzara*, he shall right thee.

Xim. 'Tis fixt, a Beam of heav'nly Light breaks forth,
And shews my ruin'd Peace its last Resource.

Gar. Don *Carlos*, Sir, attends your Royal Pleasure.

King. Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, to approach?

Xim. O Sir, yet hold, I dare not see him now.

While my depending Justice was my Guard,
I saw him fearless from Assaults of Love:
But now my vanquisht Vengeance dreads his Merit,
And conscious Duty warns me to avoid him;
Since then my Heart's impartial to his Virtues,

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 55

O do not call me cruel to his Love,
 If I in Reverence to a Father's Blood,
 Shou'd shut my Sorrows ever from his Sight;
 For tho' you raise above Mankind his Merit,
 And I confess it——still he has kill'd my Father——
 Nay, tho' I grant the Fact may plead for Mercy,
 Yet 'twou'd in me be impious to reward it;
 My Eyes may mourn, but never must behold him more:
 Yet, ere I part, let, Sir, my humblest Sense
 Applaud your Mercy, and confess your Justice:
 Hence to some sacred Cloister I'll retire,
 And dedicate my future Days to Heav'n——
 'Tis done—O lead me to my peaceful Cell,
 One Sigh for Carlos—Now vain World farewell.

[As Xim. is going off,

Enter Alvarez and Alonzo.

Alv. Turn, turn, *Ximena*, O prepare to hear
 A Story will distract thy Sense with Joy,
 Drive all thy Sorrows from thy sinking Heart,
 And crown thy Duty with triumphant Love.
 Pardon, dread Sir, this Tumult of my Soul,
 That carries in my Rudeness my Excuse;
 O press me not to tell Particulars,
 But let my Tidings leap at once the Bounds
 Of your Belief, and in one Burst of Joy
 Inform my Royal Master, that his Crown's Support,
 My vanquish'd Friend, thy Father, *Gormaz*, lives;
 He lives in Health confirm'd from Mortal Danger,
 These Eyes have seen him, these blest Arms embrac'd
 The Means, th' Occasion of his Death suppos'd, [him.
 Would ask more Words than I have Breath to utter,
Alonzo knows it all——O where's my *Carlos*?

King. Fly, *Sanchez*! make him with this News, thy
 [Friend.

Alv. O lead me, lead me, to his Heart's Relief.—
 [Exeunt.

Xim. O Heav'n! *Alvarez* wou'd not sure deceive me.

King. Proceed, *Alonzo*, and impart the Whole.
 Whence was his Death so firmly credited,
 And his Recovery not before reveal'd?

Alon. My Liege, the great Effusion of his Blood

Had

56 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

Had such Effect on his deserted Spirits,
That I, who saw him, judg'd him quite expir'd:
But when the Abbot, at whose House he lay,
With friendly Sorrow washt his hopeless Wound,
His heaving Breast discover'd Life's Return;
When calling strait for Help, on stricter Search,
His Wound was found without a mortal Symptom:
And when his Senses had resum'd their Function,
His first Words spoke his generous Heart's Concern
For *Carlos*, and *Ximena*; when being told
How far her filial Vengeance had pursu'd him:
Is't possible, he cry'd? Oh Heav'n! then wept,
And beg'd his Life might be one Day conceal'd,
That such exalted Merit of her Duty
Might raise her Virtue worthy of his Love.
But, Sir, to tell you how *Alvarez* met him,
What generous Reconcilements pass'd between them,
Wou'd ask more Time, than publick Joy cou'd spare.
Let it suffice, the Moment he had heard
Ximena had appeal'd brave *Carlos* to the Lists,
We flew with Terror to proclaim him Living—
But, Sir, so soon the Combat follow'd your
Decree, that breathless we arriv'd too late,
And had not his Physicians, Sir, prescrib'd
His Wound Repose, himself had ventur'd forth
To throw his Errors at your Feet for Pardon.

King. Not only Pardon, but our Love shall greet him.
Brave *Carlos* shall himself be Envoy of
Our Charge, and gratulate his blest Recovery:
Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, now t' approach you?

Xim. My Senses stagger with tumultuous Joy,
My Spirits hurry to my Heart's Surprise
And sinking Nature faints beneath the Transport.

[*Enter Alvarez, Sanchez, and Carlos.*]

King. Look up, *Ximena*, and compleat thy Joy.

Xim. My *Carlos*! oh!

Car. *Ximena*! oh my Heart! [Embracing.]

Alv. O *Carlos*! O *Ximena*! yet suppress
These Transports till kind *Gormaz*' Hand confirms them:
First pay your Duty there, haste to his Feet,
And let his Sanction consecrate your Love.

King.

The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 57

King. Lose not a Moment from his Sight! O fly!
Tell him his King congratulates his Health,
And will with Loads of Honour crown his Virtues;
Nor in his Orisons let his Heart forget
The Hand of Heav'n, whose providential Care

*Has order'd All, the Innocent to save,
To right the Injur'd, and reward the Brave.*



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Ximenez*.

Well, Sirs!

I'M come to tell you, that my Fears are over,
I've seen Papa, and have secur'd my Lover:
And troth I'm wholly on our Author's Side,
For had (as Corneille made him) Gorinaz dy'd,
My Part had ended as it first begun
And left me still unmarried, and undone,
Or, what were harder far, than Both—A Nun.
The French, for Form indeed, postpones the Wedding,
But gives her Hopes within a Year of Bedding.
Time could not tie her Marriage Knot with Honour,
The Father's Death still left the Guilt upon her:
The Frenchman kept her in that forc'd Regard,
The bolder Briton wedds her in Reward:
He knew your Taste wou'd ne'er endure their Billing,
Shou'd be so long desir'd, when both were willing:
Your formal Dons of Spain an Age might wait,
But English Appetites are sharper bet.
'Tis true, this Difference we indel discover,
That though like Lions you begin the Love,
To do you Right, your Fury soon is over.
Beside, the Scene thus chang'd this Moral bears,
That Virtue never of Relief despairs:

But

EPILOGUE.

*But while true Love is still in Plays ill-fated,
 No Wonder you gay Sparks of Pleasure hate it;
 Bloodshed discourages what should delight you,
 And from a Wife, what little Rubbs will fright you!
 And Virtue not consider'd in the Bride,
 How soon you yawn, and curse the Knot you've ty'd!
 How oft the Nymph, whose pitying Eyes give Quarter,
 Finds in her Captive she has caught a Tartar!
 While to her Spouse that once so high did rate her,
 She kindly gives Ten Thousand Pounds to hate her.
 So on the other Side some sighing Swain,
 That languishes in Love whole Years in vain,
 Impatient for the Feast, resolves he'll have her,
 And in his Hunger vows he'll eat for ever;
 He thinks of nothing but the Honey-Moon,
 But little thought he could have din'd so soon:
 Is not this true? Speak—Dearys of the Pit,
 Don't you find too, how horribly you're lit?
 For the Instruction therefore of the Free,
 Our Author turns his just Catastrophe:
 Before you wed let Love be understood,
 Refine your Thoughts, and chase it from the Blood.
 Nor can you then of lasting Joys despair,
 For when that Circle holds the British Fair,
 Your Hearts may find Heroick Daughters there.*



H

A

The
K
The
of
R
The
K
Fi
in

At

Re

Prin

E
L
r
T

The Tragical
HISTORY
O F

King RICHARD III.

CONTAINING,

The Distresses and Death of
King HENRY the Sixth.

The Artful Acquisition
of the Crown by King
RICHARD.

The Cruel Murder of young
King EDWARD the
Fifth, and his Brother
in the Tower.

The Landing of the Earl of

RICHMOND, and the
Death of King RICH-
ARD in the memorable
Battle of *Bosworth Field*:

Being the last that was
fought between the
Houses of York and
Lancaster.

With many other Historical Passages.

At is now Acted at the THEATRE-
ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

Reviv'd, with Alterations, by Mr. CIBBER.

— *Domestica Faeta.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's Head*, the Corner of
Essex-street in the Strand; R. WELLINGTON, at the
Dolphin and *Crown* near *Temple-bar*; J. WELLING-
TON; and A. BETTESWORTH and F. CLAY, in
Trust for B. WELLINGTON. MDCCXXXIV.



King
Edwa
Rich
Rich
Duke
Henry
Duke
Ratch
Cates
Tress
Oxfo
Lieut
Blun
Lord
Tirva
Forre
Digb

Eliza
Fo
Lady
of
Duch

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King <i>Henry the Sixth</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Wilks.</i>
<i>Edward Prince of Wales</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Norris, Jun.</i>
<i>Richard Duke of York</i>	- - - -	Mrs. <i>Lindar.</i>
<i>Richard Duke of Gloucester</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Cibber.</i>
<i>Duke of Buckingham</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Mills.</i>
<i>Henry Earl of Richmond</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Ryan.</i>
<i>Duke of Norfolk</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Roman, Sen.</i>
<i>Ratcliff</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Oates.</i>
<i>Catesby</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Diggs.</i>
<i>Tressel</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Will. Wilks.</i>
<i>Oxford</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Roman, Jun.</i>
<i>Lieutenant of the Tower</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Quin.</i>
<i>Blunt</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Wright.</i>
<i>Lord Mayor</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Miller.</i>
<i>Tirrel</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Weller.</i>
<i>Forrest</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Wilson.</i>
<i>Dighton</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Higginson.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Elizabeth, Relict of Edward the</i>	}	Mrs. <i>Porter.</i>
<i>Fourth</i>		
<i>Lady Anne, Relict of Edward Prince</i>	}	Mrs. <i>Horton.</i>
<i>of Wales</i>		
<i>Duchess of York</i>	- - - -	Mrs. <i>Baker.</i>

Gentlemen, Ladies, Guards, and Attendants.



T

K

S



I w

Now

S

L



T H E
Tragical HISTORY
O F
King R I C H A R D I I I.

A C T. I.

SCENE *a Garden in the Tower.*

Enter Lieutenant, and Servant.

L I E U T E N A N T.



AS King Henry walk'd forth this Morn-
ing?

Ser. No, Sir, but 'tis near his Hour.

Lieu. At any Time when you see him
here,

Let no Stranger into the Garden;

I wou'd not have him star'd at---See, who's that
Now entring at the Gate?

[Knocking without.]

Ser. Sir, the Lord Stanley.

Lieu. Leave me-----

Exit. Serv.
Enter

Enter Lord Stanley.

My noble Lord, you're welcome to the *Tower*;
I heard last Night you late arriv'd with News
Of *Edward's* Victory to his joyful Queen.

Stan. Yes, Sir, and I am proud to be the Man
That first brought home the Last of Civil Broils;
The Houses now of *York* and *Lancaster*,
Like bloody Brothers fighting for Birthright,
No more shall wound the Parent, that wou'd part 'em:
Edward now sits secure on *England's* Throne.

Lieu. Near *Tewksbury*, my Lord, I think they fought.
Has the Enemy lost any Men of Note?

Stan. Sir, I was posted Home
Ere an Account was taken of the Slain;
But as I left the Field, a Proclamation
From the King was made in Search of *Edward*,
Son to your Prisoner, King *Henry* the Sixth,
Which gave Reward to those discover'd him,
And him his Life, if he'd surrender. (Father,

Lieu. That brave young Prince, I fear, unlike his
Too high of Heart to brook submissive Life:
This will be heavy News to *Henry's* Ear,
For on this Battle's Cast his All was set.

Stan. King *Henry* and ill Fortune are familiar;
He ever threw with an indifferent Hand,
But never yet was known to lose his Patience:
How does he pass the Time in his Confinement?

Lieu. As one whose Wishes never reach'd a Crown;
The King seems dead in him---but as a Man
He sighs sometimes in want of Liberty.

Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes
That Fate had blest'd him with an humbler Birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a Throne.

Stan. Were it not possible to see this King?
They say he'll freely talk with *Edward's* Friends,
And ever treats them with Respect and Honour.

Lieu. This is his usual Time of walking forth
(For he's allow'd the Freedom of the Garden)
After his Morning Prayer; he seldom fails;

Behind

Behind this Arbour we unseen may stand
A while to observe him.

[*They retire.*]

Enter King Henry in Mourning.

Hen. By this Time the decisive Blow is struck,
Either my Queen and Son are blest'd with Victory,
Or I'm the Cause no more of civil Broils.
Wou'd I were dead, if Heav'n's Good-will were so,
For what is in this World but Grief and Care?
What Noise and Bustle do Kings make to find it?
When Life's but a short Chase, our Game Content,
Which most pursu'd, is most compell'd to fly;
And he that mounts him on the swiftest Hope,
Shall often run his Courser to a Stand;
While the poor Peasant from some distant Hill,
Undanger'd and at Ease, views all the Sport,
And sees Content take shelter in his Cottage.

Stan. He seems extreamly mov'd.

Lieu. Does he know you?

Stan. No, nor wou'd I have him.

Lieu. We'll show our selves. [*They come forward.*]

Hen. Why, there's another Check to proud Ambition;
That Man receiv'd his Charge from me, and now
I'm his Prisoner---he locks me to my Rest.
Such an unlook'd for Change who cou'd suppose,
That saw him kneel to kiss the Hand that rais'd him:
But that I shou'd not now complain of,
Since I from thence may happily derive
His civil Treatment of me---Morrow *Lieutenant*,
Is any News arriv'd---Who's that with you?

Lieu. A Gentleman that came last Night Express
from *Tewksbury*---we've had a Battle.

Hen. Comes he to me with Letters, or Advice?

Lieu. Sir, he's King *Edward's* Officer, your Foe.

Hen. Then he won't flatter me---You're welcome, Sir;
Not less because you are King *Edward's* Friend,
For I have almost learn'd my self to be so;
Could I but once forget I was a King,
I might be truly happy, and his Subject.

You've

You've gain'd a Battle; is't not so?

Stan. We have, Sir,--how, will reach your Ear too soon.

Hen. If to my Loss, it can't too soon---pray speak,
For Fear makes Mischief greater than it is.

My Queen! my Son! Say, Sir, are they living?

Stan. Since my Arrival, Sir, another Post
Came in, and brought us Word your Queen and Son
Were Prisoners now at *Tewksbury*.

Hen. Heav'n's Will be done! the Hunters have 'em now,
And I have only Sighs and Prayers to help 'em.

Stan. King *Edward*, Sir, depends upon his Sword,
Yet prays heartily, when the Battle's won;
And Soldiers love a bold and active Leader.
Fortune, like Women, will be close pursu'd:
The *English* are high mett'd, Sir, and 'tis
No easie part to sit 'em well---King *Edward*
Feels their Temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.

Hen. Alas! I thought 'em Men, and rather hop'd
To win their Hearts by Mildness than Severity.
My Soul was never form'd for Cruelty:
In my Eyes Justice has seem'd bloody,
When on the City Gates I have beheld
A Traytor's Quarters parching in the Sun,
My Blood has turn'd with Horror at the Sight;
I took 'em down, and bury'd with his Limbs
The Memory of the dead Man's Deeds---perhaps
That Pity made me look less terrible,
Giving the Mind of weak Rebellion Spirit;
For Kings are put in Trust for all Mankind,
And when themselves take Injuries, who is safe?
If so, I have deserv'd these Frowns of Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman brings a Warrant
For his Access to King *Henry's* Presence.

Lieu. I come to him.

Stan. His Business may require your Privacy;
I'll leave you, Sir, wishing you all the Good
That can be wish'd---not wronging him I serve.

Hen.

Hen. Farewel! [*Exeunt.*] Who can this be! A sudden
Coldness,
Like the damp Hand of Death has seiz'd my Limbs;
I fear some heavy News!

Enter Lieutenant.

Who is it, Good Lieutenant?

Lieu. A Gentleman, Sir, from *Tewksbury*---he seems
A melancholy Messenger---for when I ask'd
What News, his Answer was a deep fetch'd Sigh;
I wou'd not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal. [*Exit.*

Enter Tressel in Mourning.

Hen. Fatal indeed! his Brow's the Title Page,
That speaks the Nature of a tragick Volume.
Say Friend, how does my Queen! my Son!
Thou tremblest, and the Whiteness of thy Cheek
Is apter than thy Tongue to tell the Errand.
Ere in such a Man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in Look, so woe to be gone,
Drew Priam's Curtain in the dead of Night;
And wou'd have told him half his *Troy* was burn'd,
But Priam found the Fire ere he his Tongue,
And I my poor Son's Death ere thou relat'st it.
Now wou'd'st thou say---your Son did thus and thus,
And thus your Queen---so fought the valiant *Oxford*;
Stopping my greedy Ear with their bold Deeds;
But in the End, (to stop my Ear indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Queen and Son, and all are dead.

Tress. Your Queen yet lives, and many of your Friends,--
But for my Lord your Son--

Hen. Why, he is dead!--yet speak I charge thee!

Tell thou thy Master his Suspicion lies,
And I will take it as a kind Disgrace,
And thank thee well, for doing me such Wrong.

Tress. Would it were wrong to say; but, Sir, your
(Fears are true.

Hen. Yet for all this, say not, my Son is dead.

Tress. Sir, I am sorry I must force you to

Believe,

Believe, what wou'd to Heav'n I had not seen:
 But in this last Battle near *Tewksbury*,
 Your Son, whose active Spirit lent a Fire
 Ev'n to the dullest Peasant in our Camp;
 Still made his Way where Danger stood to oppose him.
 A braver Youth of more courageous Heat,
 Ne'er spurr'd his Courser at the Trumpet's sound,
 But who can rule the uncertain Chance of War?
 In fine, King *Edward* won the bloody Field,
 Where both your Queen, and Son, were made his Prisoners.

Hen. Yet hold! for oh, this Prologue lets me in
 To a most fatal Tragedy to come.

Dy'd he Prisoner, say'st thou? how? by Grief,
 Or by the bloody Hands of those that caught him?

Tress. After the Fight, *Edward* in Triumph ask'd
 To see the Captive Prince---the Prince was brought,
 Whom *Edward* roughly chid for bearing Arms;
 Asking what Reparation he cou'd make
 For having stirr'd his Subjects to Rebellion?
 Your Son impatient of such Taunts, reply'd,
 Bow like a Subject, proud, ambitious *York*,
 While I now speaking with my Father's Mouth,
 Propose the self same Rebel Words to thee,
 Which, Traytor, thou would'st have me answer to:
 From these, more Words arose; till in the End
 King *Edward* swell'd with what th'unhappy Prince
 At such a time too freely spoke, his Gauntlet
 In his young Face with Indignation struck.
 At which, crook'd *Richard*, *Clarence*, and the rest,
 Bury'd their fatal Daggers in his Heart.
 In bloody State I saw him on the Earth,
 From whence with Life he never more sprung up.

Hen. Oh! had'st thou stabb'd at every Word's Deli-
 (verance,

Sharp Poniards in my Flesh while this was told,
 Thy Wounds had giv'n less Anguish than thy Words.
 Oh! Heav'ns, methinks I see my tender Lamb
 Gasping beneath the ravenous Wolves fell Gripe!
 But say, did all---did they all strike him, say'st thou?

Tress.

Tress. All, Sir; but the first Wound Duke Richard

(gave

Hen. There let him stop! be that his last of Ills!

O barbarous Act! unhospitable Men!

Against the rigid Laws of Arms to kill him!

Was't not enough, his hope of Birthright gone,

But must your Hate be levell'd at his Life?

Nor cou'd his Father's Wrongs content you?

Nor cou'd a Father's Grief dissuade the Deed?

You have no Children--- (Butchers if you had)

The Thought of them wou'd sure have stirr'd Remorse

Tress. Take Comfort, Sir, and hope a better Day.

Hen. Oh! who can hold a Fire in his Hand,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or wallow naked in December's Snow,

By bare remembrance of the Summer's Heat?

Away---by Heaven I shall abhor his Sight,

Whoever bids me be of Comfort more!

If thou wilt sooth my Sorrows, then I'll thank thee;

Ay! thou'rt kind indeed! these Tears oblige me.

Tress. Alas! my Lord, I fear more Evils to'ards

(you,

Hen. Why, let it come, I scarce shall feel it now,

My present Woes have beat me to the Ground;

And my hard Fate can make me fall no lower.

What can it be---give it its ugliest Shape---Oh my poor

(Boy!

Tress. A Word does that; it comes in Gloster's Form.

Hen. Frightful indeed! give me the worst that

(threatens,

Tress. After the Murder of your Son, stern Richard,

As if unsated with the Wounds he had given,

With unwaith'd Hands went from his Friends in haste;

And being ask'd by Clarence of the Cause,

He, lowring, cry'd Brother, I must to the Tower;

I've Business there; excuse me to the King;

Before you reach the Town, expect some News;

This said, he vanish'd---and I hear's arriv'd.

B

Hen.

Hen. Why then the Period of my Vows is set;
For Ills but thought by him, are half perform'd.

Enter Lieutenant with an Order.

Lieu. Forgive me, Sir, what I'm compell'd t'obey,
An Order for your close Confinement.

Hen. Whence comes it, good Lieutenant?

Lieu. Sir, from the Duke of Glo'ster.

Hen. Good Night to all then; I obey it;
And now, good Friend, suppose me on my Death-bed,
And take of me thy last, short living Leave.
Nay, keep thy Tears till thou hast seen me dead:
And when in tedious Winter Nights, with good
Old Folks, thou sitt'st up late
To hear 'em tell the dismal Tales,
Of Times long past, ev'n now with Woe remember'd,
Before thou bidd'st Good night, to quit their Grief,
Tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
And send thy Hearers weeping to their Beds. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Richard.

Rich. Now are our Brows bound with victorious
Wreaths;
Our stern Alarms are chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful Measures:
Grim-visag'd War has smooch'd his wrinkl'd Front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed Steeds,
To fright the Souls of fearful Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's Chamber,
To the lascivious Pleasing of a Lute:
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive Tricks,
I, that am curtail'd of Man's fair Proportion,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my Time
Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That Dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em.
Why I, in this weak, this piping Time of Peace,
Have no Delight to pass away my Hours,
Unless, to see my Shadow in the Sun,
And descant on my own Deformity:

Then

Then, since this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, and to o'erbear such
As are of happier Person than my self:
Why then to me this restless World's but Hell.
'Till this mishapen Trunk's aspiring Head
Be circl'd in a glorious Diadem----
But then 'tis fix'd on such an Height; oh! I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my Soul.

*I'll climb betimes, without Remorse or Dread,
And my first Step shall be on Henry's Head.* [Exit.

SCENE, a Chamber in the Tower.
King Henry Sleeping.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Asleep so soon! but Sorrow minds no Seasons,
The Morning, Noon, and Night with her's the same;
She's fond of any Hour that yields Repose. (hither!

Hen. Who's there! *Lieutenant!* Is it you! Come

Lieu. You shake my Lord, and look afrighted

Hen. Oh! I have had the fearfull'st Dream! such Sights,
That, as I live

I would not pass another Hour so dreadful,
Tho' 'twere to buy a World of happy Days.
Reach me a Book---I'll try if reading can
Divert these melancholy Thoughts.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Good Day, my Lord; what, at your Book so hard?
I disturb you.

Hen. You do indeed.

Rich. Go Friend leave us to our selves, we must confer.

Hen. What bloody Scene has *Roscius* now to act?
[Exit. *Lieu.*

Rich. Suspicion always haunts the guilty Mind:
The Thief does fear each Bush and Officer.

Hen. Where Thieves without Controiment rob and kill,
The Traveller does fear each Bush a Thief:

The

The poor Bird that has been already lim'd,
 With trembling Wings misdoubts of every Bush;
 And I, the hapless Male to one sweet Bird,
 Have now the fatal Object in my Eye,
 By whom my young one bled, was caught and kill'd.

Rich. Why, what a peevish Fool was that of Crete,
 That taught his Son the Office of a Fowl,
 And yet for all his Wings the Fool was drown'd:
 Thou shoud'st have taught the Boy his Prayers alone,
 And then he had not broke his Neck with climbing.

Hen. Ah! kill me with thy Weapon not with Words!
 My Breast can better brook thy Dagger's Point,
 Than can my Ears that piercing Story,
 But wherefore do'st thou come, is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. If murdering Innocents be executing,
 Then thou'rt the worst of Executioners.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his Presumption.

Hen. Had'st thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
 Thou had'st not liv'd to kill a Son of mine:
 How many old Mens Sighs, and Widows Moans?
 But thou wer't born to massacre Mankind.
 How many Orphans water-standing Eyes,
 Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands Fate,
 And Children for their Parents timeless Death,
 Will rue the Hour that ever thou wert born?
 The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth, an evil Sign;
 The Night-Crow cry'd, foreboding luckless Time;
 Dog's howl'd, and hideous Tempest shook down Trees;
 The Raven took'd her on the Chimney's Top,
 And chattering Pies in dismal Discords sung;
 Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a Mother's Hope.
 Teeth had'st thou in thy Head, when thou wer't born,
 Which plainly said, Thou cam'st to bite Mankind,
 And if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st----

Rich. I'll hear no more---die Prophet in thy Speech,
 For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd: [*Stabs him.*]

Hen.

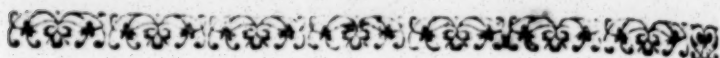
Hen. Oh! and for much more Slaughter after this; *Dies.*
Just Heav'n forgive my Sins, and pardon thee.

Rich. What! will the aspiring Blood of *Lancaster*
Sink in the Ground? ----I thought it wou'd have mounted.
See how my Sword weeps for the poor King's Death.
O, may such Purple Tears be always shed
From those that with the Downfal of our House.
If any Spark of Life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell, and say, I sent thee thither.
I that have neither Pity, Love, nor Fear;
Indeed, 'tis true, what *Henry* told me of;
For I have often heard my Mother say,
I came into the World with my Legs forward;
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,
Good Heav'n bless us he is born with Teeth!
And so I was, which plainly signify'd
That I shou'd snarl and bite, and play the Dog.
Then since the Heav'ns have shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Mind to answer it;
I have no Brother, am like no Brother,
And this Word *Love*, which Grey-beards call Divine;
Be resident in Men, like one another;
And not in me---I am---my self alone.
Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the Light;
But if I fail not in my deep Intent,
Thou'st not another Day to live; which done,
Heav'n take the weak King *Edward* to his Mercy,
And leave the World for me to bustle in.
But soft---I'm sharing Spoil before the Field is won.

*Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns,
When they are gone, then I must count my Gains.* [Exit.]

The End of the First A C T.

A C T



A C T II.

SCENE St. Paul's.

Enter Tressel, meeting Lord Stanley.

Tress. MY Lord, your Servant, pray what brought you to *Paul's*?

Stan. I came amongst the Crowd to see the Corps of Poor King *Henry*; 'tis a dismal Sight:
But Yesterday I saw him in the *Tower*;
His Talk is still so fresh within my Memory,
That I could weep to think how Fate has us'd him.
I wonder where's Duke *Richard's* Policy
In suffering him to lie expos'd to view;
Can he believe that Men will love him for't?

Tress. O Yes, Sir, love him, as he loves his Brothers.
When was you with King *Edward*, pray my Lord?
I hear he leaves his Food, is melancholy,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.

Stan. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.
Shall we to Court, and hear more News of him.

Tress. I am oblig'd to pay Attendance here:
The Lady *Anne* has Licence to remove
King *Henry's* Corps to be interr'd at *Chertsey*;
And I am engag'd to follow her.

Stan. Mean you King *Henry's* Daughter-in-Law?

Tress. The same, Sir, Widow to the late Prince *Edward*.
Whom *Gloster* kill'd at *Tewksbury*.

Stan. Alas! poor Lady, she's severely us'd;
And yet I hear *Richard* attempts her Love:
Methinks the Wrongs he's done her shou'd discourage him.

Tress. Neither those Wrongs, nor his own Shape can
fright him:

He sent for Leave to visit her this Morning,
And she was forc'd to keep her Bed to avoid him:
But see, she is arriv'd---Will you along

To

To see this doleful Ceremony?

Stan. I'll wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Richard.

Rich. 'Twas her Excuse to avoid me.---Alas!

She keeps no Bed-----

She has Health enough to progress far as *Chertsey*,
Tho' not to bear the Sight of me.

I cannot blame her-----

Why, Love forswore me in my Mother's Womb,

And for I shou'd not deal in his soft Laws,

Hedid corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,

To shrink my Arm up like a wither'd Shrub,

To make an envious Mountain on my Back,

Where sits Deformity to mock my Body;

To shape my Legs of an unequal Size,

To disproportion me in ev'ry Part.

And am I then a Man to be belov'd?

O monstrous Thought! more vain my Ambition.

Enter Lieutenant hastily.

Lieu. My Lord, I beg your Grace----

Rich. Be gone, Fellow! I'm not at Leisure.

Lieu. My Lord, the King your Brother's taken ill.

Rich. I'll wait on him, leave me Friend.

Ha! *Edward* ta'n ill!

Wou'd he were wasted, Marrow, Bones and all,

That from his Loins no more young Brats may rise

To cross me in the Golden Time I look for.

SCENE draws, and discovers Lady Anne in Mourning,
Lord Stanley, Tressel, Guards and Bearers, with King
Henry's Body.

But see! my Love appears---Look where she shines,

Darting pale Lustre, like the Silver Moon!

Thro' her dark Veil of rainy Sorrow!

So mourn'd the Dame of *Ephesus* her Love;

And thus the Soldier, arm'd with Resolution,

Told his soft Tale, and was a thriving Woer.

'Tis true, my Form perhaps will little move her,

But I've a Tongue shall wheedle with the Devil:

Yet

Yet hold, she mourns the Man whom I have kill'd.
 First let her Sorrows take some vent---stand here,
 I'll take her Passion in its Wain, and turn
 This Storm of Grief to gentle Drops of Pity
 For his Repentant Murderer.

[He retires.

Lady Anne. Hung be the Heav'ns with black, yield
 Day to Night,

Comets importing Change of Times and States,
 Brandish your fiery Tresses in the Sky,
 And with 'em scourge the bad revolting Stars
 That have consented to King *Henry's* Death.
 O be accurst the Hand that shed this Blood,
 Accurst the Head that had the Heart to do it;
 More direful Hap beride that hated Wretch,
 Than I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives:
 If ever he have Wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the Life of him,
 Than I am now by *Edward's* Death and thine.

Rich. Poor Girl; what Pains she takes to curse her
 self.

[Aside.

L. Anne. If ever he have Child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious and untimely brought to Light,
 Whose hideous Form, whose most unnatural Aspect
 May fright the hopeful Mother at her view,
 And that be Heir to his Unhappiness.
 Now on to *Chertsey* with your Sacred Load.

Rich. Stay, you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

L. Anne. What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable Deeds?

Rich. Villains, set down the Coarse, or, by *St. Paul*,
 I'll make a Coarse of him that disobey.

Guard. My Lord, stand back, and let the Coffin pass.

Rich. Unmanner'd Slave!

Stand thou when I command.

Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breast;
 Or, by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my Foot,
 And spurn thee, Beggar, for this Boldness.

(Fiend?

L. Anne. Why dost thou haunt him thus unfated
 Thou had'st but Power over his mortal Body,

His

His Soul thou can'st not reach, therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, be not so hard for Charity.

L. Anne. If thou delight to view thy heinous Deeds,
Behold this Pattern of thy Butcheries.

Why didst thou do this Deed? Cou'd not the Laws
Of Man, of Nature, nor of Heav'n dissuade thee.

No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of Pity.

Rich. If want of Pity be a Crime so hateful,
Whence is it thou, fair Excellence, art guilty?

L. Anne. What means the Slanderer?

Rich. Vouchsafe, Divine Perfection of a Woman,
Of these my Crimes suppos'd, to give me leave
By Circumstance, but to acquit my self.

L. Anne. Then take that Sword, whose bloody Point
still reeks

With Henry's Life, with my lov'd Lord's young Edward's,
And here let out thy own, to appease their Ghosts.

Rich. By such Despair, I thou'd accuse my self.

L. Anne. Why by despairing only can'st thou stand
Did'st thou not kill this King? (excus'd)

Rich. I grant ye.

L. Anne. Oh! he was gentle, loving, mild, and vertuous:
But he's in Heav'n where thou can'st never come.

Rich. Was I not kind to send him thither then?
He was much fitter for that Place than Earth.

L. Anne. And thou unfit for any Place but Hell.

Rich. Yes, one Place else---if you will hear me name it.

L. Anne. Some Dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-Chamber.

L. Anne. Ill Rest beside the Chamber where thou ly'st.

Rich. So it will, Madam, till I lie in yours.

L. Anne. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen Encounter of our Tongues,
And fall to something a more serious Method;
Is not the Caufer of the untimely Deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the Executioner?

L. Anne. Thou wert the Cause, and most accurs'd Effect.

Rich.

Rich. Your Beauty was the Cause of that Effect;
Your Beauty! that did haunt me in my Sleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one Hour in that soft Bosom!

L. Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
These Hands shou'd rend that Beauty from the Cheeks.

Rich. These Eyes cou'd not endure that Beauty's Rack,
You shou'd not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the World is nourish'd by the Sun,
So I by that--- It is my Day! my Life!

L. Anne. I wou'd it were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a Quarrel most unnatural,
To wish Revenge on him that loves thee.

L. Anne. Say rather 'tis my Duty,
To seek Revenge on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. Fair Creature, he that kill'd thy Husband,
Did it to---help thee to a better Husband.

L. Anne. His Better does not breathe upon the Earth.

Rich. He lives, that lov'd thee better than he cou'd.

L. Anne. Name him.

Rich. Plantagenet.

L. Anne. Why that was he?

Rich. The self-same Name, but one of softer Nature.

L. Anne. Where is he?

Rich. Ah! take more Pity in thy Eyes, and see him---
here.

L. Anne. Wou'd they were Basilisks to strike thee dead.

Rich. I wou'd they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living Death;
Darting with cruel Aim Despair and Love;
I never su'd to Friend or Enemy;
My Tongue cou'd never learn sweet smoothing Words;
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud Heart sues, and prompts my Tongue to speak.

L. Anne. Is there a Tongue on Earth can speak for
thee?

Why dost thou court my Hate!

Tress. Where will this end? She frowns upon him yet.

Stan. But yet she hears him in her Frowns---I fear him.

Rich. O teach not thy soft Lip such cold Contempt-----

If thy relentless Heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed Sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true Breast,
And let the honest Soul out, that adores thee;
I lay it naked to the deadly Stroke,
And humbly beg that Death upon my Knees.

L. Anne. What shall I say or do! Direct me Heav'n,
When Stones weep, sure the Tears are natural,
And Heaven it self instructs us to forgive,
When they do flow from a sincere Repentance.

Rich. Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy wondrous Beauty did provoke me;
Nay, now dispatch -- 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heav'nly Face that set me on;
And I might still persist (so stubborn is
My Temper) to rejoice at what I've done
But that thy powerful Eyes (as roaring Seas
Obey the Changes of the Moon) have turn'd
My Heart, and made it flow with Penitence.
Take up the Sword again, or take up me.

[She drops the Sword.]

L. Anne. No, tho' I wish thy Death,
I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

L. Anne. I have already.

Rich. That was in thy Rage:
Say it agen, and ev'n with thy Word
This guilty Hand that robb'd thee of thy Love,
Shall for thy Love revenge thee on thy Lover.
To both their Deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Tress. By Heav'n she wants the Heart to bid him do't.

Stan. What think you now, Sir?

Tress. I'm struck! I scarce can credit what I see.

Stan. Why you see -- a Woman.

Tress. When future Chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought Romance, not History.

Rich. What, not a Word to pardon or condemn?
But thou art wise --- and can'st with Silence kill me;
Ere'n in Death my prostrate Soul pursues thee;
Shalt not the Tears of Penitence away;

I ask

I ask but leave to indulge my cold Despair:
 By Heav'n there's Joy in this Extravagance
 Of Woe---'tis melting, soft, 'tis pleasing Ruin.
 Oh! 'tis too much, too much for Life to bear
 This aching Tenderness of Thought. (thy Crimes.

L. Anne. Wou'd'st thou not blame me to forgive

Rich. They are not to be forgiven; no, not even
 Penitence can atone 'em---O Misery
 Of Thought! that strikes me with at once Repentance
 And Despair---tho' unpardon'd, yield me Pity.

L. Anne. Wou'd I knew thy Heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my Tongue.

L. Anne. I fear me both are false.

Rich. Then never Man was true.

L. Anne. Put up thy Sword.

Rich. Say then, my Peace is made.

L. Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Rich. But shall I live in hope?

L. Anne. All Men, I hope, live so.

Rich. I swear, bright Saint, I am not what I was.
 Those Eyes have turn'd my stubborn Heart to Woman;
 This Goodness makes me soft in Penitence,
 And my harsh Thoughts are turn'd to Peace and Love.
 Oh! if thy poor devoted Servant might
 But beg one Favour at thy gracious Hand,
 Thou wou'd'st confirm his Happiness for ever.

L. Anne. What is it?

Rich. That it may please thee, leave these sad Designs
 To him that has most Cause to be a Mourner,
 And presently repair to *Crosby* House;
 Where after I have solemnly interr'd
 At *Chertsey*-Monast'ry this injur'd King,
 And wet his Grave with my repentant Tears,
 I will with all expedient Duty see you:
 For divers unknown Reasons, I beseech you
 Grant me this Favour.

L. Anne. I do my Lord--and much it joys me too
 To see you are become so penitent
Tressel and *Berkley* go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farewell.

L. Anne.

L. Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve.
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exit.

Guard. Towards *Chertsey*, my Lord?

Rich. No, to *White-Friers*, there attend my coming.

[Ex. Guards with the Body.

Was ever Woman in this Humour woo'd?
Was ever Woman in this Humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her Husband and her Father,
To take her in her Heart's extremest Hate,
With Curses in her Mouth, Tears in her Eyes,
The bleeding Witness of my Hatred by,
Having Heav'n, her Conscience, and these Bars against me,
And no Friends to back my Suit withal,
But the plain Devil, and dissembling Looks!
And yet to win her! all the World to nothing!
Can she abase her beauteous Eyes on me,
Whose All not equals *Edward's* Moiety.
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus!
My Dukedom to a Widow's Chastity,
I do mistake my Person all this while:
Upon my Life! she finds, altho' I cannot,
My self to be a marvellous proper Man.
I'll have my Chambers lin'd with Looking-Glasses,
And entertain a Score or two of Taylors,
To study Fashions to adorn my Body:
Since I am crept in favour with my self,
I will maintain it with some little Cost;
But first, I'll turn *St. Harry* to his Grave,
And then return lamenting to my Love.

*Shine out fair Sun, till I salute my Glass,
That I may see my Shadow as I pass.*

[Exit.

SCENE, the Presence.

Enter Buckingham, hastily meeting Lord Stanley.

Buck. Did you see the Duke?

Stan. What Duke, my Lord?

C

Buck.

Buck. His Grace of *Gloſter*, did you ſee him?

Stan. Not lately my Lord—I hope no ill News.

Buck. The worſt that Heart e'er bore, or Tongue
can utter,

Edward, the King! his Royal Brother's dead!

Stan. 'Tis ſad indeed—I wiſh by your Impatience,
To acquaint him, tho' you think it ſo to him: [*Aſide.*
Did the King, my Lord, make any mention
Of a Protector for his Crown and Children?

Buck. He did—Duke *Richard* has the care of both.

Stan. That ſad News you are afraid to tell him too. [*Aſide.*

Buck. He'll ſpare no Toil I'm ſure to fill his Place.

Stan. Pray Heav'n he's not too diligent. [*Aſide.*
My Lord—Is not that the Dutcheſs of *York*,
The King's Mother! coming, I fear, to viſit him.

Buck. 'Tis ſhe—little thinking what has befallen us.

Enter Dutcheſs of York.

Duch. York. Good Day, my Lords, how takes the
King his Reſt?

Buck. Alas! Madam, too well—he ſleeps for ever.

Duch. York. Dead! Good Heav'n ſupport me!

Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy Lot to hear
His laſt departing Groans, and cloſe his Eyes.

Duch. York. Another taken from me too! why juſt
Am I ſtill left the laſt in Life and Wee? [*Heav'n*

Fiſt I bemean'd a noble Husband's Death,

Yet liv'd with looking on his Images:

But now my laſt Support is gone—Fiſt *Clarence*,

Now *Edward* is for ever taken from me:

Both Crutches now the unrelenting Hand

Of Death has ſtricken from my feeble Arms,

And I muſt now of force ſink down with Sorrow.

Buck. Your youngſt Son, the Noble *Richard* lives;
His Love, I know, will feel his Mother's Cares,
And bring new Comfort to your latter Days.

Duch. York. 'Twere new indeed! for yet of him I've
Unleſs a churliſh Diſobedience may (none,
Be counted from a Child a Mother's Comfort.

From

From his malicious Grudge I know my Son,
His Brother *Clarence*' Death was first contriv'd;
But may his Penitence find Heaven's Mercy.
Where is the Queen, my Lord?

Buck. I left her with her Kinsmen, deep in Sorrow,
Who have with much ado perswaded her
To leave the Body--- Madam, they are here.

Enter Queen, Rivers, and Dorset.

Queen. Why do you thus oppose my Grief? Unless,
To make me Rave, and Weep the faster? Ha!
My Mother too in Tears! fresh Sorrow strikes
My Heart, at Sight of every Friend, that lov'd
My *Edward* living---O Mother, he's dead!
Edward my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead!
O! that my Eyes cou'd weep away my Soul,
Then I might follow worthy of his Hearse.

Stan. Your Duty, Madam, of a Wife is dead,
And now the Mother's only claims your Care.
Think on the Prince your Son,---send for him straight,
And let his Coronation clear your Eyes.
Bury your Grievs in the dead *Edward*'s Grave,
Revive your Joys on living *Edward*'s Throne.

Queen. Alas! that Thought but adds to my Afflictions,
New Tears for *Edward* gone, and Fears for *Edward*
living;
An helpless Child, and his Minority
Is in the Trust of his stern Uncle *Glo'ster*;
A Man that frowns on me, and all of mine.

Buck. Judge not so hardly, Madam, of his Love,
Your Son will find in him a Father's Care.

Enter Richard behind.

Rich. Why, ay! these Tears look well---Sorrow's the
Mode,
And every one at Court must wear it now:
With all my Heart; I'll not be out of Fashion. [*Aside.*

Queen. My Lord, just Heaven knows, I never hated
Richard;
But wou'd on any Terms embrace his Friendship.

Buck. These Words wou'd make him weep---I know him yours :

See where he comes in Sorrow for our Loss.

Rich. My Lords, good Morrow,---Cousin of *Buckingham*, I am yours. [Weeps.]

Buck. Good Morning to your Grace.

Rich. Methinks

We meet like Men, that had forgot to speak.

Buck. We may remember---but our Argument is now too mournful to admit much Talk ;

Rich. It is indeed ! Peace be with him has made it so. Sister, take Comfort---'tis true, we've all cause To mourn the dimming of our shining Star ; But Sorrow never cou'd revive the Dead ; And, if it cou'd, Hope wou'd prevent our Tears ; So we must weep, because we weep in vain.

Madam, my Mother---I do cry your mercy, My Grief was blind---I did not see your Grace, Most humbly on my Knee I crave your Blessing,

Duch. York. Thou hast it, and may thy charitable Heart and Tongue love one another ; may Heav'n Endow thy Breast with Meekness and Obedience.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old Man : That's the old But-end of a Mother's Blessing ; I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

[Aside.]

Buck. My Lords, I think 'twere fit, that now Prince *Edward*

Forthwith from *Ludlow* thou'd be sent for Home, In order to his Coronation.

Rich. By all means, my Lords---Come, let's in to Council,

And appoint who shall be the Messengers :

Madam, and you my Sister, please you go

To give your Sentiments on this Occasion.

Queen. My Lord your Wisdom needs no help from me, My glad Consent you have in all that's Just ; Or for the People's Good, tho' I suffer by't.

Rich. Please you to retire, Madam, we shall propose What you'd not think the People's Wrong, nor yours.

Queen.

Queen. May Heaven prosper all your good Intent.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Buck. and Richard.*]

Rich. Amen, with all my Heart,---for mine's the Crown ;
And is not that a good one---ha! pray'd the not well, Cousin?

Buck. I hope the prophesy'd---you now stand fair.

Rich. Now, by St. Paul, I feel it here---methinks
The massy weight on't galls my laden Brow :
What think'st thou Cousin, wer't not an easie Matter
To get Lord Stanley's Hand to help it on.

Buck. My Lord, I doubt that, for his Father's sake ;
He loves the Prince too well ; he'll scarce be won
To any Thing against him.

Rich. Poverty, the Reward of honest Fools,
O'erake him for't---what think'st thou then of *Hastings*?

Buck. He shall be try'd my Lord---I'll find out *Catesby*,
Who shall at subtile distance sound his Thoughts :
But we must still suppose the worst may happen ;
What if we find him cold in our Design?

Rich. Chop off his Head---something we'll soon
determine ;

But haste, and find out *Catesby*,
That done, follow me to the Council-Chamber ;
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in private---therefore
Away good Cousin.

Buck. I am gone my Lord.

Rich. Thus far we run before the Wind ;
My Fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask.
The conquer'd Lady *Anne* is bound in Vows,
Fast as the Priest can make us, we are One.
The King my Brother sleeps without his Pillow,
And I am left the Guardian of his Infant Heir.
Let me see----

The Prince will soon be here---let him ' the Crown ?
O Yes! he shall have twenty Globes and Sceptres too.
New ones made to play withal---but no Coronation----
No, nor no Court-Flies about him---no Kinsmen,
Hold ye---where shall he keep his Court?

Ay,---the Tower.

[*Exit.*]

The End of the Second ACT.

C 3

ACT



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Prince Edward, Richard, Buckingham, Lord Stanley, Treffel, and Attendants.

Rich. **N**OW, my Royal Cousin, welcome to *London*;
Welcome to all those honour'd Dignities
Which by your Father's Will, and by your Birth,
You stand the undoubted Heir possess'd of:
And, if my plain Simplicity of Heart,
May take the Liberty to shew it self,
You're farther welcome to your Uncle's Care
And Love---why do you sigh, my Lord?
The weary Way has made you melancholly.

P. Edward. No, Uncle, but our Crosses on the Way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more Uncles here to welcome me!

Tress. More Uncles! what means his Highness?

Stan. Why, Sir, the careful Duke of *Gloster* has
Secur'd his Kinsmen on the Way---Lord *Rivers*, *Grey*,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, and others of his Friends,
Are Prisoners now in *Pomfret Castle*;
On what Pretence it boots not---there they are,
Let the Devil and the Duke alone to accuse 'em.

Rich. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

L. May. Vouchsafe, most gracious Sovereign, to
accept
The general Homage of your Loyal City:
We farther beg your Royal Leave to speak
In deep Condolement of your Father's Loss;

And,

And, far as our true Sorrow will permit,
To gratulate your Accession to the Throne.

P. Edw. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you
all.

Alas my Youth is yet unfit to Govern,
Therefore the Sword of Justice is in abler Hands:
But be assur'd of this, so much already
I perceive I love you, that tho' I know not yet
To do you Offices of Good; yet this I know,
I'll sooner die, than basely do you Wrong.

Rich. So wise, so young, they say do never live long.
[Aside.]

P. Edw. My Lords,
I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Wou'd long e'er this have met us on the Way;
Say Uncle Glo'ster, if Our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our Coronation?

Rich. Where it shall seem best to your Royal self;
May I advise you, Sir, some Day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best Health and Recreation.

P. Edw. Why at the Tower? But be it as you please.

Buck. My Lord---your Brother's Grace of York.

Enter Duke and Duchess of York.

P. Edw. Richard of York! how fares our dearest Brother?
[Embracing.]

D. York. O my dear Lord! So I must call you now.

P. Edw. Ay Brother, to our Grief, as it is yours.
Too soon he dy'd, who might have better worn
That Title, which in me will lose its Majesty,

Rich. How fares our Cousin, noble Lord of York?

Duke York. Thank you kindly, dear Uncle---O my
Lord,

You said that idle Weeds were fast in Growth,
The King my Brother has out-grown me far.

Rich. He has my Lord.

Duke York. And therefore is he idle?

The Tragical HISTORY

Rich. O pretty Cousin, I must not say so.

Duke York. Nay, Uncle, I don't believe the Saying's true,
For if it were, you'd be an idle Weed.

Rich. How so Cousin?

(So fast,

Duke York. Because I have heard Folks say you grew
Your Teeth wou'd gnaw a Crust at two Hours old:
Now 'twas two Years e'er I cou'd get a Tooth.

Rich. Indeed! I find the Brat is taught this Lesson----
Who told thee this, my pretty merry Cousin?

Duke York. Why, your Nurse, Uncle.

Rich. My Nurse, Child! she was dead before thou
wer't born.

Duke York. If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me?

Rich. So subtle too---'tis pity thou art short liv'd.

P. Edw. My Brother, Uncle, will be cross in Talk.

Rich. O, fear not, my Lord, we shall never quarrel.

P. Edw. I hope your Grace knows how to bear with him.

Duke York. You mean to bear me---not to bear with me---
Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little like an Ape,
He thinks that you shou'd bear me on your Shoulders.

P. Edw. Fie, Brother, I have no such Meaning.

Stan. With what a sharp, provided Wit he reasons,
To mitigate the Scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

Tress. So cunning and so young is wonderful!

Rich. My Lord, will't please you pass along?
My self, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet and bid you welcome at the Tower.

Duke York. What! will you go to the Tower, my
dear Lord?

P. Edw. My Lord Protector will have it so.

Duke York. I shan't sleep in Quiet at the Tower.

Rich. I'll warrant you---King *Henry* lay there,
And he sleeps in Quiet. [Aside.]

P. Edw. What shou'd you fear, Brother?

Duke York. My Uncle *Clarence's* Ghost, my Lord;
My Grandmother told me he was kill'd there.

P. Edw. I fear no Uncles dead.

Rich.

Rich. Nor any, Sir, that live, I hope.

P. Edw. I hope so too—but come, my Lords,
To the Tower, since it must be so.

[*Ex. all but Richard and Buckingham.*]

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not instructed by his subtle Mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Rich. No doubt, no doubt; O'tis a shrewd young Master;
Stubborn, bold, quick, forward and capable:
He is all the Mother's from the Top to Toe;
But let them rest—now what says *Catesby*?

Buck. My Lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.

Enter Catesby.

Rich. So *Catesby*—hast thou been tampering? What
News?

Cat. My Lord, according to the Instruction given me,
With Words at Distance dropt, I sounded *Hastings*,
Piercing how far he did affect your Purpose;
To which indeed I found him cold, unwilling:
The Sum is this—he seem'd a while to understand me
not.

At length, from plainer speaking urg'd to answer,
He said in Heat, rather than wrong the Head
To whom the Crown was due, he'd lose his own.

Rich. Indeed! his own then answer for that Saying:

He shall be taken care of—mean while, *Catesby*,

Be thou near me—Cousin of *Buckingham*

Let's lose no Time—the Mayor and Citizens

Are now in busie meeting at *Guild-Hall*;

Thither I'd have you haste immediately,

And at your meetest Vantage of the Time,

Improve those Hints I gave you late to speak of:

But above all, infer the Bastardy

Of *Edward's* Children;

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Person;

Tell 'em, when my Mother went with Child of me,

My Princely Father then had Wars in *France*,

And by true Computation of the Time,

Found,

Found, that the Issue was not his begot,
Which in his Lineaments too plain appear'd;
Being nothing like the Noble *York* my Father;
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off.
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator,
As if my self might wear the Golden Fee
For which I plead.

Rich. If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me here,
Where you shall find me seriously employ'd
With the most Learned Fathers of the Church.

Buck. I fly, my Lord, to serve you.

Rich. To serve thy self, my Cousin.
For look when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and all those Moveables
Whereof the King my Brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I shall remember that your Grace was bountiful.

Rich. Cousin, I have said it.

Buck. I am gone, my Lord.

[Exit.

Rich. So, I've secur'd my Cousin here. These Moveables
Will never let his Brains have rest till I am King.
Go thou with Speed to Doctor *Shaw*, and thence,
Catesby,

To Frier *Beuker*--haste, and bid 'em both
Attend me here; within an Hour at farthest;
Mean while my private Orders shall be given,

[Ex. Cat.

To lock up all Admittance to the Princes.

Now, by *St. Paul*, the Work goes bravely on.
How many frightful Stops wou'd Conscience make
In some soft Heads to undertake like me.

Come, this Conscience is a convenient Scare-crow;
It Guards the Fruit which Priests and wise Men taste,
Who never set it up to fright themselves;
They know 'tis Rags, and gather in the Face on't;
While half-starv'd shallow Daws, thro' Fear are honest.
Why were Laws made, but that we're Rogues by Nature?
Conscience! 'tis our Coin, we live by parting with it;
And he thrives best, that has the most to spare.

The

The protesting Lover buys Hope with it,
And the deluded Virgin short-liv'd Pleasure:
Old grey Beards cram their Avarice with it;
Your Lank-jaw'd hungry Judge will dine upon't,
And hang the Guileless, rather than eat his Mutton
cold:

The Crown'd Head quits it for despotick Sway,
The stubborn People for unaw'd Rebellion.
There's not a Slave but has his share of Villain:
Why then shall After-Ages think my Deeds
Inhuman! since my worst are but Ambition.

*Ev'n all Mankind to some lov'd Ills incline:
Great Men chuse greater Sins, Ambition's mine.* [Exit.

Enter Lady Anne.

L. Anne. When, when shall I have Rest! Was
Marriage made

To be the Scourge of our Offences here?

Oh! no--'twas meant a Blessing to the Virtuous;

It once was so to me, tho' now my Curse.

The Fruit of *Edward's* Love was Sweet and Pleasing;

But oh! untimely cropt by cruel *Richard*;

Who rudely having grafted on his Stock,

Now makes my Life yield only Sorrow.

Let me have Musick to compose my Thoughts.

[Soft Musick.

It will not be---naught, but the Grave can close my
Eyes.

How many labouring Wretches take their Rest,

While I, Night after Night, with Cares lie waking;

As if the gentle Nurse of Nature, Sleep,

Had vow'd to rock my peevish Sense no more.

O partial Sleep! can'st thou in smoaky Cottages

Stretch out the Peasant's Limbs on Beds of Straw,

And lay him fast, cramm'd with distressful Bread!

Yet in the softest Breeze of peaceful Night,

Under the Canopies of costly State,

Tho'

Tho' lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody,
 Refuse one Moment's Slumber to a Prince's?
 O Mockery of Greatness! But see,
 He comes, the rude Disturber of my Pillow.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ha! still in Tears! let them flow on; they're Signs
 Of a substantial Grief---why don't she die?
 She must, my Interest won't let her live.
 The fair *Elizabeth* hath caught my Eye;
 My Heart's vacant, and she shall fill her Place.
 They say, that Women have but tender Hearts:
 'Tis a mistake I doubt--I've found 'em tough:
 They'll bend indeed---but he must strain that cracks 'em.
 All I can hope's to throw her into Sickness,
 That I may send her a Physician's help.
 So, Madam, what, you still take care, I see,
 To let the World believe I love you not.
 This outward Mourning now has Malice in't,
 So have these sullen disobedient Tears:
 I'll have you tell the World I doat on you.

L. Anne. I wish I cou'd---but 'twill not be believ'd;
 Have I deserv'd this Usage?

Rich. You have--you do not please me, as at first.

L. Anne. What have I done? What horrid Crime
 committed?

Rich. To me the worst of Crimes, out-liv'd my Liking.

L. Anne. If that he criminal, just Heaven be kind,
 And take me while my Penitence is warm:
 O Sir, forgive, and kill me.

Rich. Umb! no---the meddling World will call it
 Murder,

And I wou'd have 'em think me pitiful:
 Now wer't thou not afraid of Self-destruction,
 Thou hast a fair Excuse for't.

L. Anne. How fain wou'd I be friends with Death,
 --O name it.

Rich. Thy Husband's Hate---nor do I hate thee only
 From the dull d Edge of sated Appetite,
 But from the eager Love I bear another.

Some

Some call me Hypocrite---what thinkst thou now? Do I dissemble? (seem'd,

L. Anne. Thy Vows of Love to me were all dis-

Rich. Not one---for when I told thee so, I lov'd;

Thou art the only Soul I never yet deceiv'd;

And 'tis my Honesty that tells thee now,

With all my Heart I hate thee.

If this have no Effect, thou art immortal. [Aside.

L. Anne. Forgive me Heaven, that I forgave this
O may my Story, told in after Ages,

(Man.

Give Warning to our easie Sex's Ears;

May it unveil the Hearts of Men, and strike

Them deaf to their dissimulated Love.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord, his Grace of *Buckingham* attends
Your Highness' Pleasure.

Rich. Wait on him--I'll expect him here. [Ex. *Cat.*
Your Absence, Madam, will be necessary.

L. Anne. Would my Death were so--

[Exit.

Rich. It may be shortly.

Enter Buckingham.

So, my Cousin, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now, by our Hopes, my Lord, they are
senseless Stones:

Their hesitating Fear has struck 'em dumb. (dren.

Rich. Touch'd you the Bastardy of *Edward's* Chil-

Buck. I did, with his Contract to Lady *Lucy*;

Nay, his own Bastardy, and Tyranny for Treises,

Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*,

Your Discipline in War, Wisdom in Peace;

Your Bounty, Justice, fair Humility;

Indeed left nothing that might gild our Cause

Untouch'd, or slightly handled in my Talk:

And when my Oration drew towards an End,

I urg'd of them that lov'd their Country's Good,

To do you Right, and cry, *Long live King Richard.*

Rich. And did they so?

(lov'd,

Buck. Not one, by Heaven--each like *Statues*

D

Speechless

Speechless and pale, star'd in his Fellow's Face,
 Which, when I saw, I reprehended them,
 And ask'd the *Mayor* what meant this wilful Silence?
 His Answer was, the People were not us'd
 To be spoken to but by the *Recorder*;
 Who then took on him to repeat my Words.
 Thus saith the *Duke*, thus hath the *Duke* inferr'd;
 But nothing urg'd in Warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some Followers of my own,
 At lower End of th'Hall hurl'd up their Caps,
 And some ten Voices cry'd, *God save King Richard*:
 At which I took the 'Vantage of those few,
 And cry'd, Thanks, gentle Citizens, and Friends,
 This general Applause, and cheerful Shout,
 Argues your Wisdom, and your Love to *Richard*,
 And ev'n here broke off, and came away.

Rich. O Tongue-less Blocks! wou'd they not speak?
 Will not the *Mayor* then, and his *Breth'ren* come?

Buck. The *Mayor* is here at Hand---feign you some
 And be not spoke with, but by mighty Suit. (Fear,
 A Prayer-Book in your Hand, my Lord, were well,
 Standing between two Churchmen of Repute;
 For on that Ground I'll make an holy Descant;
 Yet be not easily won to our Requests;
 Seem, like the Virgin, fearful of your Wishes.

Rich. My other self!--- my Counsel's Consistory!
 My Oracle! my Prophet! my dear Cousin!
 I, as a Child, will go by thy Direction. (Lord;

Buck. Hark! the Lord Mayor's at hand---away, my
 Nor doubt, but yet we reach our Point propos'd.

Rich. We cannot fail, my Lord, while you are Pilot:
 A little Flattery sometimes does well. [Exit.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Buck. Welcome, my Lord, I dance Attendance here,
 I'm afraid the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Now, *Catesby*, what says your Lord to my Request?

Cat. My Lord, he humbly does intreat your Grace
 To visit him to Morrow, or next Day: He's

He's now retir'd with two Right Reverend Fathers
Divinely bent to Meditation;
And in no worldly Suits wou'd he be mov'd
To interrupt his holy Exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, my self, the *Mayor*, and *Citizens*,
In deep Designs, in Matters of great Moment,
No less importing than our general Good,
Are come to have some Conference with his Grace.

Cat. My Lord, I'll instantly inform his Highness.

Buck. Ah, my good Lord! this Prince is not an
He is not lolling on a lewd Love-Bed, (*Edward*;
But on his Knees at Meditation;
Not dallying with a Brace of Courtezans;
But with two deep Divines in Secret Praying:
Happy were *England*, wou'd this virtuous Prince
Take on himself the Toil of Sovereignty.

L. May. Happy indeed my Lord.

He will not sure, refuse our profer'd Love. (*Mind's*

Buck. Alas, my Lord! you know him not, his
Above this World---he's for a Crown immortal.

Look there, his Door opens: now where's our Hope?

L. May. See where his Grace stands, 'tween two
Clergymen. (*bition.*

Buck. Ay, ay, 'tis there he's caught--there's his Am-

L. May. How low he bows to thank 'em for their
And see! a Prayer-Book in his Hand! (*Care*

Buck. Wou'd he were King, we'd give him Leave to
pray:

Methinks I wish it for the Love he bears the City.

How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard

The Mayor shou'd lose his Title with his Office.

Well, who knows? He may be won.

L. May. Ah, my Lord!

Buck. See, he comes forth---my Friends be resolute,
I know he's cautious to a Fault, but do not
Leave him till our honest Suit be granted.

Enter Richard with a Book.

Rich. Cousin of *Buckingham*,
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in my zealous Meditation,
So long deferr'd the Service of my Friends;
Now do I fear I've done some strange Offence,
That looks disgracious in the City's Eye. If so,
'Tis just you shou'd reprove my Ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord; we wish your Grace
On our Entreaties wou'd amend your Fault.

Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land?

Buck. Know then it is your Fault, that you resign
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors;
Fair *England's* Throne, your own due Right of Birth,
To the Corruption of a blemish'd Stock,
While in the Mildness of your sleeping Thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our Country's Good)
This wounded Isle does want her proper Limbs,
Which to secure, join'd with these Loyal Men,
Your very worshipful, and loving Friends;
And by their zealous Instigation,
In this just Cause, I come to move your Highness,
That on your gracious self you'd take the Charge,
And Kingly Government of this your Land,
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor for another's Gain;
But as successively from Blood to Blood,
Your own by Right of Birth, and Lineal Glory.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in Silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your Reproof,
Fits best with my Degree, or your Condition;
Therefore to speak in just Refusal of your Suit,
And then in Speaking not to check my Friends;
Definitively thus I answer you:
Your Love deserves my Thanks; but my Desert
Unmeritable, shuns your fond Request;
For, Heav'n be thank'd, there is no need of me,
The Royal Stock has left us Royal Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing Hours of Time,

Will

Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reign.
On him I lay what you wou'd lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars;
Which Heav'n forbid my Thoughts shou'd rob him of.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace;
But Circumstances well considered,
The weak Respects thereof are nice and trivial.
You say that *Edward* was your Brother's Son,
So say we too, but not by *Edward's* Wife;
If solemn Contracts are of any Force,
That Title Justice gave to Lady *Lucy*;
Ev'n of his Birth cou'd I severely speak,
Save that for Reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing Limit to my Tongue. (Grace

L. May. Upon our Knees, my Lord, we beg your
To wear this precious Robe of Dignity,
Which on a Child must sit too loose and heavy;

'Tis yours, besitting both your Wisdom, and your

Cat. My Lord, this Coldness is unkind, (Birth.
Nor suits it with such ardent Loyalty.

Buck. O make 'em happy! Grant their lawful Suit.

Rich. Alas, why wou'd you heap this Care on me!
I am unfit for State and Majesty.

I thank you for your Loves, but must declare
(I do beseech you take it not amiss)

I will not! dare not! must not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse us, thro' a soft Remorse,
Loath to depose the Child, your Brother's Son;
(As well we know your Tenderness of Heart.)

Yet know, tho' you deny us to the last,
Your Brother's Son shall never reign our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the Disgrace and Downfal of your House:
And thus resolv'd, I bid you, Sir, farewell;

My Lord, and Gentlemen, I crave your Pardon
For this vain Trouble---my Intent was Good,
I wou'd have serv'd my Country, and my King,
But 'twill not be---Farewel, when next we meet.

L. May. Be not too rash, my Lord, his Grace relents.

The Tragical HISTORY

Buck. Away, you but deceive your selves. [Exit.

Cat. Sweet Prince, accept their Suit.

L. May. If you deny us, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Call him again---you will enforce me to
A World of Cares---I am not made of Stone,
But penetrable to your kind Entreaties;
Tho' Heav'n knows, against my own inclining.

Enter Buckingham.

Cousin of *Buckingham*, and sage, grave Men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back,
To bear her Burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have Patience to endure the Load;
But if black Scandal, her foul-fac'd Reproach
Attend the Sequel of your Imposition,
Your meer Enforcement shall acquittance me;
For Heav'n knows, as you may all partly see,
How far I am from the Desire of this. (will say it.

L. May. Heav'n guard your Grace; we see it, and

Rich. You will but say the Truth, my Lord.

Buck. My Heart's so full, it scarce has Vent for
My Knee will better speak my Duty now; (Words,
Long live our Sovereign, *Richard*, King of *England*.

Rich. Indeed, your Words have touch'd me nearly,
Cousin;

Pray rise---I wish you could recal 'em. (Morrow,

Buck. It wou'd be Treason now, my Lord; to
If it so please your Majesty, from Council
Orders shall be given for your Coronation.

Rich. E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To Morrow then we will attend your Ma-
And now we take our Leaves with Joy. (jesty,

Rich. Cousin, adieu---my loving Friends, farewell.
I must to my holy Work agen.

[Ex. Omnes præter Richard.

Why, now my Golden Dream is out---
Ambition, like an early Friend, throws back
My Curtains with an eager Hand, o'erjoy'd
To tell me what I dream't is true--A Crown!
Thou bright Reward of ever-daring Minds;

Oh!

Oh! how thy awful Glory wraps my Soul!
Nor can the Means that got thee, dim thy Lustre:
For, not Mens Love, Fear pays thee Adoration.
And Fame not more survives from Good than Evil Deeds.
Th' acquiring Youth that fir'd th' *Ephesian* Dome,
Ourlives in Fame the pious Fool that rais'd it.

*Conscience lie still, more Lives must yet be drain'd;
Crowns got with Blood, must be with Blood maintain'd.*

[Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.



A C T IV.

SCENE the Tower.

*Enter Queen, P. Edward, D. York, Duch. York.
and Lady Anne in Tears.*

P. Edw. **P**Ray, Madam, do not leave me yet,
For I have many more Complaints to tell you;

Queen. And I unable to redress the least.

What wou'dst thou say my Child?

P. Edw. O, Mother, since I first have lain i'th' *Tower*,
My Rest has still been broke with frightful Dreams,
Or shocking News has wak'd me into Tears:

I'm scarce allow'd a Friend to visit me;

All my old honest Servants are turn'd off,

And in their Rooms are strange ill-natur'd Fellows,

Who look so bold, as they were all my Masters;

And I'm afraid, they'll shortly take you from me.

Duch. York. O mournful hearing!

L. Anne. O! unhappy Prince!

D. York. Dear Brother, why do you weep so?

You make me cry too!

Queen. Alas, poor Innocence!

P. Edw. Wou'd I but knew, at what my Uncle aims;
If 'twere my Crown, I'd freely give it him,

So

So he'd but let me 'joy my Life in quiet.

D. York. Why, will my Uncle kill us, Brother?

P. Edw. I hope he won't-----we never injur'd him.

Queen. I cannot bear to see 'em thus. [Weeping.

Stan. Madam, I hope your Majesty will pardon
What I am griev'd to tell, unwelcome News!

Queen. Ah me! more Sorrow yet! my Lord we've long
Despair'd of happy Tydings; pray what is't?

Stan. On *Tuesday* last, your Noble Kinsmen, *Rivers*,
Grey, and Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, at *Pomfret*
Were executed on a publick Scaffold.

Duch. York. O dismal Tydings!

P. Edw. O poor Uncles! I doubt my Turn is next.

L. Anne. Nor mine, I fear, far off.

Queen. Why then, let's welcome Blood and Massacre,
Yield all our Throats to the fierce Tyger's Rage,
And die lamenting one another's Wrongs;

O! I foresaw this Ruin of our House. [Weeps.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. Madam, the King
Has sent me to inform your Majesty,
That you prepare (as is advis'd from Council)
To morrow for your Royal Coronation.

Queen. What do I hear? Support me Heaven.

L. Anne. Despiteful Tydings! Oh unpleasing News!
Alas, I heard of this before, but could not
For my Soul take Heart to tell you of it.

Cat. The King does farther with your Majesty
Wou'd less employ your Visits at the *Tower*;
He gives me leave t'attend you to the Court,
And is impatient, Madam, till he sees you.

L. Anne. Farewel to all; and thou poor injur'd Queen,
Forgive the unfriendly Duty I must pay.

Queen. Alas, kind Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
Nor think I'm pleas'd thou'rt Partner in our Sorrow.

Cat. Madam.

L. Anne.

L. Anne. I come.

Queen. Farewel, thou woful Welcomer of Glory.

Cat. Shall I attend your Majesty.

L. Anne. Attend me! whither, to be Crown'd:

Let me with deadly Venom be anointed,
And die ere Men can say, Long live the Queen.

Queen. Poor grieving Heart! I pity thy Complaining.

L. Anne. No more than with my Soul I mourn for
yours;

A long farewell to all. [Exit with Catesby.]

Stan. Take Comfort, Madam.

Queen. Alas! where is it to be found?

Death and Destruction follow us so close;
They shortly must o'ertake us.

Stan. In *Britanny*,

My Son-in-Law, the Earl of *Richmond* still
Resides, who with a jealous Eye observes
The lawless Actions of Aspiring *Richard*;
To him, wou'd I advise you, Madam, fly
Forthwith for Aid, Protection, and Redress.
He will, I'm sure, with open Arms receive you.

Duch. York. Delay not, Madam,
For 'tis the only Hope that Heaven has left us.

Queen. Do with me what you please----for any Change
Must surely better our Condition.

Stan. I farther wou'd advise you, Madam, this Instant
To remove the Princes to some
Remote abode, where you your self are Mistress.

P. Edw. Dear Madam, take me hence, for I shall ne'er
Enjoy a Moment's quiet here.

D. York. Nor I; pray Mother let me go too.

Queen. Come then, my pretty young Ones, let's
away,

For here you lie within the Falcon's reach,
Who watches but th' unguarded Hour to seize you.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I beg your Majesty will pardon me;
But the young Princes must, on no Account,
Have Egress from the Tower.

Nor

Nor must, (without the King's especial Licence,)
Of what Degree soever, any Person
Have admittance to 'em---all must retire.

Queen. I am their Mother, Sir, who else commands
If I pass freely they shall follow me. ('em?
For you---I'll take the peril of your Fault upon my
self.

Lieu. My Inclination, Madam, wou'd oblige you;
But I am bound by Oath, and must obey;
Nor, Madam, can I now with safety answer
For this continued Visit.

Please you my Lord to read these Orders.

Queen. O Heav'nly Powers! shall I not stay with 'em?

Lieu. Such are the King's Commands, Madam.

Queen. My Lord!

Stan. 'Tis too true---and it were vain to oppose 'em.

Queen. Support me Heav'n!

For Life can never bear the Pangs of such a parting
O my poor Children! O distracting Thought!

I dare not bid 'em (as I should) farewell;
And then to part in Silence, stabs my Soul!

P. Edw. What must you leave us, Mother?

Queen. What shall I say? [*Aside.*

But for a time my Loves---we shall meet agen,
At least in Heav'n.

D. York. Won't you take me with you Mother?
I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.

Queen. I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must
Be parted---then let these Kisses say farewell.

Why! O why! just Heav'n, must these be our last!

Duch. York. Give not your Grief such way---be sudden
when you part.

Queen. I will---since it must be---to Heav'n I leave 'em.
Hear me, you guardian Powers of Innocence!
Awake or sleeping---O protect 'em still;
Still may their helpless Youth attract Mens Pity,
That when the Arm of Cruelty is rais'd,
Their Looks may drop the lifted Dagger down
From the stern Murderer's relenting Hand,
And throw him on his Knees in Penitence.

Both

Both Pr. O Mother! Mother!

Queen. O my poor Children! [Exeunt severally.

SCENE the Presence.

Discovering Richard Seated, Buckingham, Catesby,
Ratcliff, Lovel, &c.

Rich. Stand all apart--Cousin of *Buckingham*.

Buck. My gracious Sovereign.

Rich. Give me thy Hand;

At length by thy Advice, and thy Assistance,

Is Richard seated on the *English* Throne.

But say, my Cousin, what

Shall we wear these Glories for a Day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in 'em?

Buck. I hope for Ages, Sir---long may they grace you:

Rich. O *Buckingham*! now do I play the Touchstone,
To try if thou be current Friend indeed.

Young *Edward* lives, so does his Brother *York*.

Now think what I would speak.

Buck. Say on my Gracious Lord.

Rich. I tell thee, Cuz, I've lately had two Spiders

Crawling upon my startled Hopes---now tho'

Thy friendly Hand has brush'd 'em from me,

Yet still they crawl offensive to my Eyes;

I would have some Friend to tread upon 'em.

I would be King, my Cousin.

Buck. Why so I think you are, my Royal Lord.

Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so---but---*Edward* lives

Buck. Most true, my Lord.

Rich. Cousin, thou wert not won't to be so dull

Shall I be plain---I wish the Bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd:

Now, Cousin, canst thou answer me?

Buck. None dare dispute your Highness' Pleasure.

Rich. Indeed! methinks thy Kindness freezes Cousin,
Thou dost refuse me then!--they shall not die.

Buck. My Lord, since 'tis an Action cannot be

Recall'd,

Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think,
I'll instantly resolve your Highness.

[Exit

Cat. The King seems angry, see he gnaws his Lip.

Rich. I'll henceforth deal with shorter-lighted Fools,
None are for me, that look into my Deeds
With thinking Eyes---

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect;
The best on't is, it may be done without him,
Tho' not so well perhaps---had he consented,
Why, then the Murther had been his, not mine.
We'll make a shift as 'tis---Come hither, *Catesby*;
Where's that same *Tirrel*, whom thou toldst me of?
Hast thou given him those Sums of Gold I order'd?

Cat. I have, my Liege.

Rich. Where is he?

Cat. He waits your Highness' Pleasure.

Rich. Give him this Ring, and say my self
Will bring him farther Orders instantly. [Exit. *Cat.*
The deep revolving Duke of *Buckingham*
No more shall be the Neighbour to my Counsels:
Has he so long held out with me untr'd,
And stops he now for Breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the News?

Stan. I hear, my Liege, the Lord Marquis of Dorset
Is fled to *Richmond*, now in *Britanny*.

Rich. Why, let him go, my Lord, he may be spar'd.
Hark thee, *Ratcliff*, when saw'st thou *Anne* my Queen?
Is she still weak? Has my Physician seen her?

Rat. He has, my Lord, and tears her mightily.

Rich. But he's excelling skilful, she'll mend shortly.

Rat. I hope she will, my Lord.

Rich. And if she does, I have mistook my Man,
I must be marry'd to my Brother's Daughter,
At whom I know the *Britten Richmond* aims;
And by that Knot, looks proudly on the Crown.
But then to stain me with her Brother's Blood;
Is that the way to wooe the Sister's Love?
No matter what's the way---for while they live

My

My goodly Kingdom's on a weak Foundation.
'Tis done, my daring Heart's resolv'd---they're dead?

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my Mind,
The late Request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest---*Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I have heard the News, my Lord. (him.

Rich. *Stanley*, he's your near Kinsman---well, look to

Buck. My Lord, I claim that Gift, my due by Promise,
For which your Honour, and your Faith's engag'd;
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and those Moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

Rich. *Stanley*, look to your Wife, if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just Request?

Rich. I do remember me, *Harry* the Sixth
Did prophesy, that *Richmond* thou'd be King,
When *Richmond* was a peevish Boy.
'Tis odd---a King perhaps.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord, I have obey'd your Highness Orders.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my Suit.

Rich. Lead *Tirrel* to my Closet, I'll meet him.

Buck. I beg your Highness Ear, my Lord?

Rich. I'm busy---thou troublest me--I'm not i'th'
Vein. [Exit.

Buck. O Patience Heav'n! is't thus he pays my Service?
Was it for this I rais'd him to the Throne?
Oh; if the peaceful Dead have any Sense
Of those vile Injuries they bore, while living;
Then sure the joyful Souls of Blood-suck'd *Edward*,
Henry, *Clarence*, *Hastings* and all that thro'
His foul corrupted Dealings have miscarry'd,
Will from the Walls of Heav'n in Smiles look down }
To see this Tyrant tumbling from his Throne,
His Fall unmourn'd, and bloody as their own.

[Exit.

E

SCENE

The Tragical HISTORY

SCENE the Tower.

Enter Tirrel, Dighton, and Forest.

Tir. Come, Gentlemen.

Have you concluded on the Means?

Forest. Smothering will make no Noise, Sir.

Tir. Let it be done i' th' dark---for shou'd you see
Their young Faces, who knows how far their Looks
Of Innocence may tempt you into Pity.

Forest. 'Tis Ease, and living well, makes Innocence.
I hate a Face less guilty than my own;
Were all that now seem Honest, deep as we
In Trouble, and in Want, they'd all be Rogues.

Tir. Stand back---*Lieutenant*, have you brought the
Keys?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I have 'em, Sir. [*Gives a Ring.*]

Tir. Then here's your Warrant to deliver 'em.

Lieu. Your Servant, Sir.

What can this mean! Why at this dead of Night
To give 'em too! 'Tis not for me t'enquire. [*Exit.*]

Tis. There Gentlemen; [*Exeunt severally.*]
That way-----you have no farther need of me.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Wou'd it were done:

There is a busie something here,
That foolish Custom has made terrible,
To the intent of evil Deeds;
And Nature too, as if she knew
Me Womanish, and Weak, tugs at
My Heart-Strings with complaining Cries,
To talk me from my Purpose----
And then the thought of what
Mens Tongues will say, of what their Hearts must think:
To have no Creature love me Living, nor
My Memory when Dead

Shall

Shall future Ages, when these Childrens Tale
Is told, drop Tears in pity of their hapless Fate,
And read with Detestation the Misdeeds of Richard,
The crook-back'd Tyrant, Cruel, Barbarous,
And Bloody---will they not say too,
That to possess the Crown, nor Laws Divine
Nor Human stopp my way---why let 'em say it;
They can't but say I had the Crown;
I was not Fool as well as Villain.
Hark! the Murder's doing; Princes farewell,
To me there's Musick in your Passing-Bell. [Exit.

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. 'Tis done; the barbarous bloody Act is done.
Ha! the King---his coming hither at this
Late Hour, speaks him impatient for the News.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Now my Tirrel, how are the Brats dispos'd?
Say am I happy? Hast thou dealt upon 'em?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in Charge
Beget your Happiness, then, Sir, be happy,
For it is done.

Rich. But did'st thou see 'em dead?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

Rich. And buried, my good Tirrel?

Tir. In that I thought to ask your Grace's Pleasure.

Rich. I have it---I'll have 'em sure---get me a Coffin
Full of Holes, let 'em be both cramm'd into it,
And hark thee, in the Night-tide throw 'em down
The Thames---once in, they'll find the way to the Bottom;
Mean time, but think how I may do thee Good,
And be Inheritor of thy Desire.

Tir. I humbly thank your Highness.

Rich. About it straight, good Tirrel.

Tir. Conclude it done, my Lord.

[Exit.

Rich. Why then my loudest Fears are hush'd;
The Sons of Edward have Eternal Rest,

And *Anne*, my Wife, has bid this World Good-Night;
While fair *Elizabeth*, my beauteous Niece,
Like a New-Morn, lights onward to my Wishes.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord.

(bluntly?)

Rich. Good News, or bad, that thou com'st in so

Cat. Bad News, my Lord, *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the Field, and still his Power increaseth.

Rich. *Morton* with *Richmond*, touches me more near
Than *Buckingham*, and his rash levy'd Numbers.

But come, Dangers retreat, when boldly they're confronted,
And dull Delays lead Impotence and Fear;

Then fiery Expedition raise my Arm
And fatal may it fall on crush'd Rebellion.

*Let's muster Men, my Council is my Shield,
We must be brief when Traytors brave the Field.* [Exit.

Enter Queen, and Dukes of York.

Queen. O my poor Children---O my tender Babes!
My unblown Flowers, pluck'd by untimely Hands;
If yet your gentle Souls fly in the Air,
And be not fix'd in Doom perpetual;
Hover about me with your airy Wings,
And hear your Mother's Lamentation.
Why slept their Guardian Angels, when this Deed was
done?

Duch. York. So many Miseries have drain'd my Eyes,
That my Woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute;
Why shou'd Calamity be full of Words?

Queen. Let's give 'em Scope, for tho' they can't remove,
Yet they do ease Affliction.

Duch. York. Why then, let us be loud in Exclamations
To *Richard*, haste, and pierce him with our Cries;
That from henceforth his Conscience may out-tongue
The close Whispers of his relentless Heart.

Hark! his Trumpet sounds---this Way he must pass.

[Trumpet sounds a March.

Queen. Alas! I've not the daring to confront him.

Duch.

Duch. York. I have a Mother's Right, I'll force him hear me.

Enter Richard and Catesby, with Forces.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Duch. York. Dost thou not know me? Art thou not my Son?

Rich. I cry you, Mercy, Madam, Is it you?

Duch. York. Art thou my Son?

Rich. I, I thank Heav'n, my Father, and your self.

Duch. York. Then I command thee hear me.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your Condition,
That cannot brook the Accent of Reproof.

Duch. York. Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my Words.

Rich. And brief, good Mother, for I am in haste.

Duch. York. Why, I have staid for thee (just Heav'n
In Torment and Agony. (knows,

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. York. No, on my Soul, too well thou know'st it,
A grievous Burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and Wayward was thy Infancy,
Thy Prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and stubborn,
Thy Age confirm'd, most subtle, proud, and bloody.

Rich. If I am so disgracious in your Eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam;
Strike up the Drum.

Duch. York. Yet stay, I charge thee hear me.

Queen. If not, hear me---for I have Wrongs will speak
Without a Tongue---methinks the very Sight
Of me shou'd turn thee into Stone;

Where are my Children, Richard?

Duch. York. Where is thy Brother Clarence?

Queen. Where Hastings?

Duch. York. Rivers?

Queen. Vaughan?

Duch. York. Grey?

Rich. A Flourish, Trumpets, strike Alarum Drums,
Let not the Heaven's hear these Tell-tale Women

Rail on the Heaven's Anointed-----Strike, I say:

[Alarum of Drums and Trumpets.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous Report of War
Thus will I drown your Exclamations.

Duch. York. Then hear me Heav'n, and Heav'n at his
latest Hour

Be deaf to him, as he is now to me.
Ere from this War he turn a Conqueror,
Ye Powers, cut off his dangerous Thread of Life,
Lest his black Sins rise higher in Account,
Than Hell has Pains to punish.
Mischance and Sorrow wait thee to the Field,
Heart's Discontent, languid, and lean Despair,
With all the Hells of Guilt pursue thy Steps for ever.

[Exit.

Queen. Tho' far more Cause, yet much less Power to
curse.

Abides in me--I say *Amen* to her.

Rich. Stay, Madam, I wou'd beg some Words with you.

Queen. What can'st thou ask, that I have now to grant?
Is't another Son? *Richard*, I have none.

Rich. You have a beauteous Daughter, call'd *Elizabeth*.

Queen. Must she die too?

Rich. For whose fair Sake I'll bring more Good to you,
Than ever you or yours from me had Harm.

So in the *Lethé* of thy angry Soul
Thou'lt drown the sad Remembrance of those Wrongs
Which thou supposest me the cruel Cause of.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the Process of thy Kindness
Last longer telling than thy Kindness Date.

Rich. Know then, that from my Soul I love the fair
Elizabeth, and will, with your Permission,
Seat her on the Throne of *England*.

Queen. Alas! vain Man, how can'st thou wooe her?

Rich. That wou'd I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her Humour.

Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, then wooe her thus,
Send to her by the Man that kill'd her Brothers,
A Pair of bleeding Hearts--thereon engrave
Edward and *York*--then haply will she weep.
On this present her with an Handkerchief,

Stain'd

of King RICHARD the Third.

Strain'd in their Blood, to wipe her woeful Eyes'
If this Inducement move her not to Love,
Read o'er the History of thy noble Deeds;
Tell her, thy Policy took off her Uncle
Clarence, Rivers, Grey, nay, and for her Sake
Made quick Conveyance with her dear Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the Way
To win your Daughter.

Queen. There is no other Way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other Form,
And not be *Richard*, that has done all this.

Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
Of hostile Arms; my self, my self confound,
Heav'n and Fortune bar me happy Hours,
Day yield me not thy Light, nor Night thy Rest;
Be opposite all Planets of Good-Luck,
To my Proceeding, if with dear Heart's Love,
Immaculate Devotion, holy Thoughts,
I tender not the Fair *Elizabeth*:

In her consists thy Happiness and mine;
Without her, follows to my self and thee,
Her self, the Land, and many a Christian Soul,
Death, Desolation, Ruin, and Decay:
It cannot, will not be avoided, but by this.

Queen. What shall I say? Still to affront his Love,
I fear will but incense him to Revenge;
And to consent, I shou'd abhor my self:
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus
By sending *Richmond* Word of his Intent,
Shall gain some Time to let my Child escape him.
It shall be so.

I have consider'd, Sir, of your important Wishes,
And cou'd I but believe you real-----

Rich. Now by the Sacred Hosts of Saints above.

Queen. O do not swear, my Lord, I ask no Oath,
Unless my Daughter doubts you more than I.

Rich. O my kind Mother, (I must call you so)
Be thou to her my Love's soft Orator,

Plead

Plead what I will be, not what I have been,
 Not my Deserts, but what I will deserve.
 And when this warlike Arm shall have chastis'd
 The audacious *Rebel*, hot-brain'd *Buckingham*;
 Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
 And lead thy Daughter to a *Conqueror's* Bed.

Queen. My Lord, farewell---in some few Days expect,
 To hear how fair a Progress I have made:
 Till when be happy as you're Penitent.

Rich. My Heart goes with you to my Love, farewell.
 [Exit *Queen*.]

Relenting, shallow-thoughted Woman.

Enter Ratcliff.

How now! the News!

Rat. Most Gracious Sovereign, on the *Western* Coasts
 Rides a most powerful Navy, and our Fears
 Inform us *Richmond* is their Admiral.
 There do they hull, expecting but the Aid,
 Of *Buckingham* to welcome them ashore. [Exit.

Rich. We must prevent him then---Come hither,

Cat. My, Lord, your Pleasure! [Catesby.

Rich. Post to the Duke of *Norfolk* instantly,
 Bid him strait levy all the Strength and Power
 That he can make, and meet me suddenly
 At *Salisbury*---Commend me to his Grace---away.

[Exit *Cat*.]

Enter Lord Stanley.

Well, my Lord, what News have you gather'd?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas, my Lord:

Rich. There let him sink---and be the Seas on him,
 White-liver'd Renegade---what does he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by Guess.

Rich. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
 He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

Rich. Traitor! the Crown---where is thy Power then
 To beat him back?

Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers?

The

The Foe upon our Coast, and thou no Friends to meet 'em!
Or hast thou marched them to the *Western* Shore,
To give the Rebels Conduct from their Ships?

Stan. My Lord, my Friends are ready all i'th' *North*.

Rich. The *North*! why what do they do i'th' *North*
When they shou'd serve their Sovereign in the *West*?

Stan. They yet have had no Orders, Sir, to move:
If 'tis your Royal Pleasure they shou'd march,
I'll lead 'em on with utmost haste to join you:
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

Rich. What, thou would' st be gone to join with
Richmond?

Stan. Sir, you've no cause to doubt my Loyalty,
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be false.

Rich. Away then to thy Friends, and lead 'em on
To meet me---hold, come back---I will not trust thee.
I've thought a way to make thee sure---your Son,
George Stanley, Sir, I'll have him left behind,
And look your Heart be firm,
Or else his Head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. As I prove true, my Lord, so deal with him.

[Exit.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord, the Army of Great *Buckingham*
By sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Is half lost, and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No Man knows whither.

Rich. Has any careful Officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Rat. Such Proclamation has been made my Lord.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken.

Rich. Off with his Head---so much for *Buckingham*.

Cat. My Lord, I am sorry I must tell more News.

Rich. Out with it.

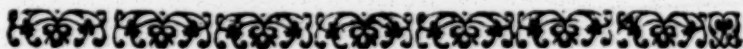
Cat. The Earl of *Richmond*, with a mighty Power,
Is landed, Sir, at *Milford*;

And

And to confirm the News, Lord Marquis *Dorset*,
And Sir *Thomas Lovewell*, are up in *Yorkshire*.

Rich. Why ay, this looks Rebellion---Ho! my Horse!
By Heav'n the News alarms my stirring Soul;
And as the Wretch, whose Fever-weaken'd Joints,
Like strengthless Hinges buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
From his fond Keeper's Arms, and starts away:
Ev'n so these War-worn Limbs grown weak,
From War's disuse, being now enrag'd with War,
Feel a new fury, and are thrice themselves.
Come forth my honest Sword, which here I vow,
By my Soul's Hope, shall ne'er agen be sheath'd;
Ne'er shall these watching Eyes have needful Rest,
Till Death has clos'd 'em in a glorious Grave,
Or Fortune giv'n me measure of Revenge. [Exit.]

The End of the Fourth A C T.



A C T V.

SCENE I.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert,
and others.*

Rich. **T**Hus far into the Bowels of the Land
Have we march'd on without Impediment.
Richard, the bloody and devouring Boar,
Whose ravenous Appetite has spoil'd your Fields,
Laid this rich Country waste, and rudely crop'd
Its ripen'd Hopes of fair Posterity,
Is now even in the Centre of the Isle,
As we're inform'd, near to the Town of *Leicester*;
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one Day's March.
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of fair Comfort, and Encouragement,
Such as will help and animate our Cause,
On which let's cheerly on, courageous Friends,

To

To reap the Harvest of a lasting Peace,
Or Fame more lasting from a well-fought War.

Oxf. Your Words have Fire my Lord, and warm
our Men,
Who look'd, methought, but cold before--dishearten'd
With the unequal Numbers of the Foe.

Richm. Why, double 'em still, our Cause wou'd conquer 'em.

Thrice is he arm'd that has his Quarrel just,
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in Steel,
Whole Conscience with Injustice is corrupted:
The very Weight of *Richard's* Guilt shall crush him.

Blunt. His best of Friends, no doubt, will soon be ours.

Oxf. He has no Friends, but what are such thro' Fear.

Richm. And we no Foes, but what are such to Heav'n.
Then doubt not, Heav'n's for us--let's on, my Friends.

*True Hope ne'er tires, but mounts with Eagle's Wings;
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *Bosworth-Field.*

Enter Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Surrey, &c.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, e'en in *Bosworth-Field*:
My good Lord of *Norfolk*, the cheerful Speed
Of your Supply has merited my Thanks.

Norf. I am rewarded, Sir, in having Power
To serve your Majesty.

Rich. You have our Thanks, my Lord, up with my Tent,
Here will I lie to Night---but where to Morrow? Well
No Matter where---has any careful Friend
Discover'd yet the Number of the Rebels?

Norf. My Lord, as I from certain Spies am well
Inform'd, Six or Seven Thousand is their
Utmost Power.

Rich. Why, our Battallions treble that Account;
Beside, the King's Name is a Tower of Strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.

Norf.

Nor. Their Wants are greater yet, my Lord---those
e'en

Of Motion, Life, and Spirit---did you but know
How wretchedly their Men disgrace the Field;
Of such a tatter'd Host of mounted Scare-crows!
So poor, so famish'd; their Executors,
The greedy Crows, fly hovering o'er their Heads,
Impatient for their lean Inheritance.

Rich. Now, by *St. Paul*, we'll send 'em Dinners and
Apparel;

Nay, give their fasting Horses Provender,
And after fight 'em---how long must we stay,
My Lords, before these desperate Fools will give
Us Time to lay 'em with their Faces upwards?

Nor. Unless their Famine saves our Swords that
Labour,

To Morrow's Sun will light 'em to their Ruin;
So soon, I heartily mean to give us Battle.

Rich. The sooner still the better---Come, my Lords,
Now let's survey the Vantage of the Ground.
Call me some Men of sound Direction.

Nor. My gracious Lord----

Rich. What say'st thou *Norfolk*?

Nor. Might I advise your Majesty, you yet
Shall save the Blood that may be shed to Morrow.

Rich. How so, my Lord?

Nor. The poor Condition of the Rebels tells me,
That on a Pardon offer'd to the Lives
Of those who instantly shall quit their Arms,
Young *Richmond*, e'er to Morrow's dawn, were friend-
less.

Rich. Why that indeed was our Sixth *Harry's* Way,
Which made his Reign one Scene of rude Commotion.
I'll be in Men's Despite a Monarch; no,
Let Kings that fear, forgive--Blows and Revenge for
me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Sir William
Brandon, &c.*

Rich. The weary Sun has made a Golden Set,
And by yon ruddy Brightness of the Clouds,
Gives Token of a goodly Day to Morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard.
Here have I drawn the Model of our Battle,
Which parts in just Proportion our small Power:
Here may each Leader know his several Charge.
My Lord of *Oxford*, you *Sir Walter Herbert*,
And *Sir William Brandon*, stay with me;
The Earl of *Pembroke* keeps his Regiment.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. Sir, a Gentleman that calls himself *Stanley*,
Desires Admittance to the Earl of *Richmond*.

Richm. Now by our Hopes, my noble Father-in-Law:
Admit him---my good Friends, your Leave a while.

Enter Lord Stanley.

My honour'd Father! on my Soul,
The Joy of seeing you this Night, is more
Than my most knowing Hopes presag'd-----what,
News?

Stan. I by Commission blest thee from thy Mother
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* Good:
The Queen too has with Tears of Joy consented
Thou should'st Espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter,
At whom the Tyrant *Richard* closely aims.
In brief (for now the shortest Moment of
My Stay is bought with Hazard of my Life)
Prepare the Battle early in the Morning,
(For so the Season of Affairs requires)
And this be sure of, I, upon the first

F

Occasion

Occasion offer'd, will deceive some Eyes,
 And aid thee in this doubtful Shock of Arms,
 In which I had more forward been ere this,
 But that the Life of thy young Brother *George*
 (Whom for my Pawn of Faith stern *Richard* keeps)
 Wou'd then be forfeit to his wild Revenge.
 Farewel, the rude Enforcement of the Time
 Denies me to revive those Vows of Love
 Which so long sunder'd Friends shou'd dwell upon.

Richm. We may meet agen, my Lord----

Stan. Till then, once more farewel---be resolute, and
 conquer.

[*Exit.*

Richm. Give him safe Conduct to his Regiment.
 Well, Sirs, to Morrow proves a busie Day;
 But come, the Night's far spent--let's into Council;
 Captain, an Hour before the Sun gets up
 Let me be wak'd---I will in Person walk
 From Tent to Tent, and early cheer the Soldiers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Bosworth-Field.*

Enter Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

Rich. Catesby.

Cat. Here, my Lord.

Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Arms
 To *Stanley's* Regiment; bid him 'fore Sun-rise
 Meet me with his Power, or young *George's* Head
 Shall pay the Forfeit of his cold Delay;
 What, is my Beaver easier than it was,
 And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is my Liege; all is in Readiness.

Rich. Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy Charge;
 Use careful Watch---chuse trusty Centinels.

Norf. Doubt not, my Lord.

Rich. Be stirring with the Lark, good *Norfolk*.

Norf.

Nor. I shall my Lord----

[Exit.

Rich. Saddle white Surrey for the Field to Morrow-
Is Ink and Paper ready?

Cat. It is, my Lord.

Rich. An Hour after Midnight, come to my Tent,
And help to arm me --a good Night, my Friends.

[Exit.

Cat. Methinks the King has not that pleas'd Alac-
rity,
Nor Cheer of Mind that he was wont to have.

Rat. The meer effect of Business;
You'll find him, Sir, another Man I'th' Field,
When you shall see him with his Beaver up,
Ready to mount his neighing Steed, with whom
He smiling, seems to have some wanton Talk,
Clapping his pamper'd Sides to hold him still;
Then with a Motion swift, and Light as Air,
Like fiery Mars, he vaults him to the Saddle;
Looks Terror to the Foe, and Courage to his Soldiers.

Rat. Good Night to Richmond then; for, as I hear
His Numbers are so few, and those so sick,
And famish'd in their March, if he dares fight us,--
He jumps into the Sea to cool his Fever;
But come, 'tis late --Now let's to our Tents,
We've few Hours good before the Trumpet wakes us.

[Exeunt.

Enter Richard from the Tent.

Rich. 'Tis now the Dead of Night, and half the
World
Is with a lonely solemn Darkness hung;
Yet I (so coy a Dame is Sleep to me)
With all the weary Courtship of
My Care-tir'd Thoughts can't win her to my Bed,
Tho' ev'n the Stars do wink, as twere, with over-
watching;
I'll forth, and walk a while--the Air's refreshing,

F 2

And

And the ripe Harvests of the new mown Hay,
 Gives it a sweet and wholesome Odor:
 How awful is this Gloom---and hark from Camp to
 Camp

The Hum of either Army stilly Sounds;
 That the fixt Centinels almost receive
 The secret Whispers of each other's Watch:
 Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neighings,
 Piercing the Night's dull Ear---hark, from the Tents,
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With Clink of Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation; while some
 Like Sacrifices, by their Fires of Watch,
 With Patience sit, and inly ruminate
 The Morning's Danger---by you Heav'n, my stern
 Impatience chides this tardy-gated Night,
 Who, like a foul, and ugly Witch, does limp
 So tediously away-- I'll to my Couch,
 And once more try to sleep her into Morning.

[Lies down; a Groan is heard.]

Ha! what means that dismal Voice? Sure 'tis
 The Echo of some yawning Grave,
 That teems with an untimely Ghost---'tis gone!
 'Twas but my Fancy, or perhaps the Wind,
 Forcing his Entrance thro' some hollow Cavern,
 No matter what--I feel my Eyes grow heavy. *[Sleeps.]*

*Enter King Henry's Ghost, Lady Anne's Ghost, and the
 Ghosts of the young Princes rise.*

Hen. O thou! whose unrelenting Thoughts, not all
 The hideous Terrors of thy Guile can shake,
 Whose Conscience, with thy Body, ever sleeps,
 Sleep on; while I, by Heav'n's high Ordinance,
 In Dreams of Horror wake thy frightened Soul:
 Now give thy Thoughts to me, let 'em behold
 These gaping Wounds, which thy Death-dealing Hand
 Within the Tower gave my anointed Body;

Now

Now shall thy own devouring Conscience gnaw
Thy Heart, and terribly revenge my Murder.

Prin. Richard, dream on, and see the wandering Spirits
Of thy young Nephews, murder'd in the Tower:
Could not our Youth, our Innocence persuade
Thy cruel Heart to spare our harmless Lives?
Who, but for thee, alas, might have enjoy'd
Our many promis'd Years of Happiness.
No soul, save thine, but pities our Misusage;
O 'twas a cruel Deed! therefore alone
Unpitying, unpity'd shalt thou fall.

L. Anne. Think on the Wrongs of wretched *Anne*,
thy Wife,

Ev'n in the Battle's Heat remember me;
And edgeless fall thy Sword---despair and die.

Hen. The Morning's Dawn has summon'd me away;
Now *Richard*, wake in all the Hells of Guilt;
And let that wild Despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled Thoughts, alarm the World.
Awake, *Richard* awake, to guilty Minds
A terrible Example.

[*All Ghosts sink*]

Rich. Give me a Horse---bind up my Wounds!
Have Mercy Heav'n! ha! Soft! 'twas but a Dream;
But then so terrible, it shakes my Soul:
Cold Drops of Sweat hang on my trembling Flesh;
My Blood grows chilly, and I freeze with Horror.
O Tyrant Conscience! how do'st thou afflict me?
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating:
I cannot bear the Thought, nor dare repent;
I am but Man, and Fate, do thou dispose me.
Who's there?

Enter Catesby.

Cat. 'Tis I, my Lord---the Village Cock
Has thrice done Salutation to the Morn;
Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

Rich. O *Catesby*! I have had such horrid Dreams.

Cat. Shadows, my Lord---below the Soldier's heed-
ing.

Rich. Now by my this Day's Hopes---Shadows to
Night

Have struck more Terror to the Soul of *Richard*,
Than can the Substance of ten Thousand Soldiers
Arm'd all in Proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.

Cat. Be more you self, my Lord? Consider Sir,
Were it but known a Dream had frighted you,
How would your animated Foes presume on't?

Rich. Perith that Thought--no never be it said
That Fate it self cou'd awe the Soul of *Richard*.

*Hence babbling Dreams, you threaten here in vain;
Conscience awant, Richard's himself again:*

*Hark! the shrill Trumpet sounds, to Horse, away,
My Soul's in Arms, and eager for the Fray.*

[Exit.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Soldiers, &c.

Richm. Halt.

Sold. Halt---halt!

Richm. How far is it unto the Morning, Friends?

Oxf. Near Four, my Lord.

Richm. 'Tis well---I'm glad to find we are such early
Stirrers.

Oxf. Methinks the Foes less forward than we thought
'em:

Worn, as we are, we brave the Field before 'em.

Richm. Come, there looks Life in such a cheerful
Haste;

If Dreams shou'd animate a Soul resolv'd,
I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to Night;
Methought that all the Ghosts of them, whose Bodies
Richard murder'd came Mourning to my Tent,
And rous'd me to revenge 'em.

Oxf. A good Omen, Sir----hark, the Trumper of
The Enemy: It speaks them on the March.

Rich.

Rich. Why then let's on, my Friends, to face 'em;
In Peace there's nothing so becomes a Man
As mild Behaviour and Humility:
But when the Blast of War blows in our Ears,
Let us be Tygers in our fierce Deportment;
For me, the Ransom of my bold Attempt
Shall be this Body on the Earth's cold Face;
But if we thrive, the Glory of the Action
The meanest here shall share his part of:
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords,
Sound Drums and Trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
The Word's Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

[*Exit.*

Enter Richard, Catesby, &c.

Rich. Who saw the Sun to Day?

Cat. He has not yet broke forth, my Lord.

Rich. Then he disdains to shine---for by the Clock
He shoud have brav'd the East an Hour ago:
Not shine to Day! why, what is that to me
More than to *Richmond*? for the self-same Heav'n
That frowns on me, looks lowring upon him.

Enter Norfolk with a Paper.

Norf. Prepare, my Lord, the Foe is in the Field.

Rich. Come, bustle, bustle, Caparison my Horse,
Call forth Lord Stanley, bid him bring his Power,
My self will lead the Soldiers to the Plain.

[*Exit. Cat.*

Well Norfolk, what think'st thou now?

Norf. That we shall conquer---but on my Tent
This Morning early was this Paper found.

Rich. [Reads.]

*Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy Master is bought and sold.*

A weak

A weak Invention of the Enemy:
 Come, Gentlemen, now each Man to his Charge,
 And ere we do bestride our foaming Steeds,
 Remember whom you are to cope withal,
 A Scum of Britons, Rascals, Runaways,
 Whom their o'er-cloy'd Country vomits forth
 To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction:
 If we be conquer'd, let Men conquer us,
 And not these Bastard Britons, whom our Fathers
 Have, in their own Land beaten, spurn'd and trod on,
 And left 'em on Record the Heirs of Shame:
 Are these Men fit to be the Heirs of England?

Enter Catesby.

What says Lord Stanley---will he bring his Power.
Cat. He does refuse, my Lord---he will not, Sir.

Rich. Off with his Son George's Head.

Norf. My Lord, the Foe's already past the Marsh---
 After the Battle, let young Stanley die.

Rich. Why, after be it then.

A Thousand Hearts are swelling in my Bosom;
 Draw Archers, draw your Arrows to the Head,
 Spur your proud Horses hard, and ride in Blood,
 And thou, our Warlike Champion, thrice renown'd,
 St. George, inspire me with the Rage of Lions:
 Upon 'em---Charge---follow me. [Exeunt.]

*Several Excursions, Soldiers drove across the Stage by
 Richard.*

Re-enter Richard.

Rich. What ho! young Richmond ho! 'tis Richard calls;
 I hate thee, Harry, for thy Blood of Lancaster;
 Now, if thou dost not hide thee from my Sword,
 Now while the angry Trumpet sounds alarms,
 And dying Groans transpierce the wounded Air;
Richmond, I say, come forth, and single face me:
Richard is hoarse with daring thee to Arms.

[Exit.
 Enter

Enter Catesby, and Norfolk in Disorder.

Cat. Rescue! rescue! my Lord of *Norfolk* haste,
The King enacts more Wonders than a Man,
Daring an Opposite to ev'ry Danger:
His Horse is slain, and all on Foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the Throat of Death;
Nay, haste, my Lord---the Day's against us.

[*Exit.*

Enter Richard and Ratcliff.

Rich. A Horse! a Horse! my Kingdom for a Horse.

Rat. This Way, this Way, my Lord---below you
Thicker

Stands a swift Horse---away, Ruin pursues us,
Withdraw, my Lord, for only Flight can save you.

Rich. Slave! I have set my Life upon a Cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I think there be Six *Richmonds* in the Field,
Five have I slain to Day instead of him:
An Horse! an Horse! my Kingdom for an Horse.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Richard, and Richmond meeting.

Rich. Of one, or both of us the Time is come.

Richm. Kind Heav'n I thank thee, for my Cause is
thine;

If *Richard's* fit to live, let *Richmond* fall.

Rich. Thy gallant bearing, *Harry*, I cou'd plaud,
But that the spotted Rebel stains the Soldier.

Richm. Nor shou'd thy Prowess, *Richard*, want my
Praise,

But that thy cruel Deeds have stamp'd thee Tyrant.
So thrive my Sword, as Heav'n's high Vengeance draws it.

Rich. My Soul and Body on the Action both,

Richm. A dreadful Lay---here's to decide it.

[*Fight, Richard falls.*

Rich.

Rich. Perdition catch thy Arm---the Chance is thine,
 But oh! the vast Renown thou hast acquired!
 In conquering *Richard*, does afflict him more
 Than ev'n his Body's parting with its Soul.
 Now let the World no longer be a Stage
 To feed Contention in a lingering Act;
 But let one Spirit of the first-born *Cain*
 Reign in all Bosoms; that each Heart being set
 On bloody Actions, the rude Scene may end,
 And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead. [Dies.

Richm. Farewel, *Richard*, and from thy dreadful End
 May future Kings from Tyranny be warn'd:
 Had thy aspiring Soul but stirr'd in Virtue,
 With half the Spirit it has dar'd in Evil,
 How might thy Fame have grac'd our *English* Annals?
 But as thou art, how fair a Page thou'lt blotted.
 Hark! the glad Trumpets speak the Field our own.

*Enter Oxford, Lord Stanley, and Soldiers with
 Richard's Crown.*

O Welcome Friends! my noble Father welcome;
 Heav'n and our Arms be prais'd, the Day is ours;
 See there, my Lords, stern *Richard* is no more.

Stan. Victorious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquitted
 thee;
 And see, the just Reward that Heav'n has sent thee:
 Among the glorious Spoils of *Bosworth* Field,
 We've found the Crown, which now in Right is thine:
 'Tis doubly thine, by Conquest, and by Choice.
 Long live *Henry* the Seventh, King of *England*.

Richm. Next to just Heav'n, my noble Countrymen.
 I owe my Thanks to you, whose Love I'm proud of,
 And ruling well shall speak my Gratitude.
 But now, my Lords---what Friends of us are missing?
 Pray tell me, is young *George Stanley* living?

Stan. He is my Liege, and safe in *Leicester* Town,
 Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. My Lord, the Queen and fair *Elizabeth*

Her

Her beauteous Daughter, some few Miles off, are
On their Way to gratulate your Victory.

Richm. Ay, there indeed my Toil's rewarded:
Let us prepare to meet 'em Lords and then,
As we're already bound by solemn Vows,
We'll twine the Roses red and white together,
And both from one kind Stalk shall flourish;
England has long been mad, and scar'd her self;
The Brother blindly shed the Brother's Blood;
The Father rashly slaughter'd his own Son:
The bloody Son compell'd, has kill'd his Sire.
O, now, let *Henry* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royal House,
Conjoin'd together, heal those deadly Wounds:
And be that Wretch of all Mankind abhor'd,
That would reduce those bloody Days agen.

*Ne'er let him live to taste our Joys Increase,
That wou'd with Treason wound fair England's Peace.*

E I N I S.

